

**A Twentieth-Century Prophet:
Oscar Jászi 1875–1957**

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

**A
Twentieth-Century
Prophet:
Oscar Jászi
1875–1957**

by

György Litván



Central European University Press
Budapest New York

©2006 by György Litván
English translation © by Tim Wilkinson

Published in 2006 by

Central European University Press
An imprint of the
Central European University Share Company
Nádor utca 11, H-1051 Budapest, Hungary
Tel: +36-1-327-3138 or 327-3000
Fax: +36-1-327-3183
E-mail: ceupress@ceu.hu
Website: www.ceupress.com

400 West 59th Street, New York NY 10019, USA
Tel: +1-212-547-6932
Fax: +1-646-557-2416
E-mail: mgreenwald@sorosny.org

Translated by Tim Wilkinson

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, without the permission
of the Publisher.

ISBN 963 7326 42 1 cloth
978 963 7326 42 4

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Litván, György.

[Jászi Oscar. English]

A twentieth-century prophet : Oscar Jászi, 1875-1957 / Gyorgy Litvan.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN 9637326421

1. Jászi, Oscar, 1875-1957. I. Title.

DB955.6J37L5813 2005

943.905'092--dc22

2005021618

Printed in Hungary by
Akadémiai Nyomda, Martonvásár

Contents

<i>Preface</i>	vii
Chapter 1 <i>Early career</i>	1
Chapter 2 <i>Huszadik Század</i>	19
Chapter 3 <i>Radicalism</i>	35
Chapter 4 <i>Rifts and Alliances</i>	57
Chapter 5 <i>Marriage and War</i>	83
Chapter 6 <i>Before the Revolution</i>	113
Chapter 7 <i>In the Revolution</i>	137
Chapter 8 <i>The Commune and Exile</i>	179
Chapter 9 <i>The Hungarian Newspaper of Vienna</i>	209
Chapter 10 <i>Danubian Cultural Alliance</i>	233
Chapter 11 <i>First Time in America</i>	257
Chapter 12 <i>Back in Vienna</i>	287
Chapter 13 <i>Between Europe and America</i>	305
Chapter 14 <i>Dissolution</i>	331
Chapter 15 <i>Disputes Between Generations</i>	357
Chapter 16 <i>American Citizen with a European Heart</i>	369
Chapter 17 <i>War Germs</i>	397
Chapter 18 <i>The Second World War</i>	423
Chapter 19 <i>Danubia—Old and New</i>	457
Chapter 20 <i>The Exile Cannot Return</i>	497
<i>Bibliography</i>	537
<i>Index</i>	539

Preface

In January 1900, the 24-year-old Oscar Jászi, together with a young group of friends and colleagues, launched a new periodical which bore the programmatic title *Huszádik Század* (Twentieth Century). This first scholarly review of sociology and political science in Hungary was founded to deal with the problems of the new century, above all the questions of modernization and democratization of the multinational kingdom of Hungary. These central problems were to be what Jászi devoted his entire life to, not just as editor of the review over the next two decades but were to represent his life and work over the next fifty-odd years of upheavals and ruptures, a notable thread of continuity in a century of unprecedented change. He wrestled untiringly with the social, political, ethical and scientific challenges of his time. The twentieth century was torn between individualism and collectivism, capitalism and socialism, democracy and dictatorship, reform and revolution, reason and violence, modernization and tradition, nationalism and internationalism, but while it lurched between extremes Jászi was able to formulate a balanced view of the issues from a position of ethical politics, weighing both sides of problems and often rejecting all the usual solutions. He may have seemed to emerge from those engagements on the losing side, yet time and time again he subsequently—often tragically—proved to have been correct.

Jászi's long life and career was divided almost evenly between Europe and America. He spent the first half of his active and public life (1895–1925) in Hungary, Austria and Czechoslovakia, the second

half (1925–55) in the United States. There is a rupture, but there is also a continuity between them, for the American phase of his life certainly cannot be understood without the Central European one.

Oscar Jászi was a daring pioneer of modern democracy in Hungary. This Central European country's path toward Western Europe, modern civilization, and political culture was staked out by Jászi and his friends after 1900, when they started *Huszadik Század*, which was followed and supported a few years later by *Nyugat* (West), a flagship magazine for modern literature and arts. It was they who formulated one hundred years ago the norms and expectations of a progressive democratic economy, culture, and politics, and applied these in almost all walks of life. One might say that an entire 'counterculture' was built by their small but influential group.

Jászi not only staked out new paths but also gathered an army to march on them. In the words of Endre Ady, the great poet of those times: "As his steams widened, like riverbeds, so the tributaries of many of Hungary's decent men and intellectuals joined him from all directions." At that time, Jászi's career could indeed be likened to a growing stream. His secret in public life was the force of his conviction, his talent as an organizer and, above all, his exceptional moral courage. By raising the most serious issues, disregarded not only by official circles but also by the parliamentary opposition, Jászi and his friends stirred waters of early twentieth-century Hungarian public life. These issues included the problems of agrarian reform, the rights of non-Magyar nationalities, and the challenge of growing anti-Semitism. The polarization thus generated proves that their questions touched the most sensitive points of national awareness. Jászi's radical movement, which got underway in 1906–8, and his Civic Radical Party (1914) were viewed by the ruling classes as their most dangerous foe. Indeed, the merciless critique of the political and social order that Jászi conducted in the daily *Világ* (World), like his ideology of comprehensive radical reform, divided opinion in much of the intelligentsia as well.

Jászi was accused of endangering historic Hungary with his researches on the nationalities problem and the propositions that he drew from that work. Yet R. W. Seton-Watson wrote to him before the First World War: "I foresee for your country a gloomy future if

the efforts of men like yourself should, by any unhappy chance (*absit omen!*), end in failure.” To the last, though he was fully aware of the threat of dismemberment or dissolution, Jászi remained an optimist who thought that the solution to the nationalities problem in Hungary—indeed, the whole Austro-Hungarian Monarchy—was federation.

He established contact and nurtured friendly relations with leaders of the Slovak, South Slav, and Romanian minorities before and during the war. Following Austria-Hungary’s defeat, he was therefore the logical candidate for the post of minister in charge of nationality affairs in the Károlyi government that was formed in the democratic revolution of October 1918. But the postwar situation was chaotic, and the task was too much even for him. The republican government, based largely on a democratic–nationalist alliance that Jászi had engineered, could not hold up against the stresses of internal opposition and international isolation. Jászi, unable to pursue his project of federation—the ‘United States of Danubia’ or ‘Eastern Switzerland’ as he often referred to it—left the cabinet even before it collapsed, but he honorably shared responsibility when the Paris Peace Conference’s ultimatum that Hungarian troops were to fall back to new demarcation lines within what had been old Hungary forced the government to resign and hand over to a decidedly Soviet Russian-oriented Social Democrat-Communist coalition. A few weeks after the declaration of the dictatorship of the proletariat in a Soviet Republic of Hungary, Jászi left the country to continue his fight for a Danubian confederation from Vienna. In the eyes of Hungarian nationalists thereafter he became one of the scapegoats responsible for the catastrophe of the country.

The Central Europe of the new successor states that emerged from the peace treaties of Versailles and Trianon was the exact opposite of what Jászi had dreamt of, and worked for. Instead of a democratic federation, new nationalist and mostly autocratic regimes encircled a dismembered Hungary, where the revanchist and anti-Semitic Horthy régime came to power with the help of the Great Powers. The widening stream of Jászi’s career seemed now to turn into an ever-dwindling creek. His former friends in the successor states displayed merrily pragmatic and limited interest, if any, in co-operating with the

democratic exiles from Hungary and working for a Danubian confederation. As leader of the democratic exiles in Austria and editor of *Bécsi Magyar Újság* (Hungarian News of Vienna), Jászi devoted his energy in the early 1920s to unmasking Hungary's counter-revolutionary régime to Western Europe, and he tried to do the same in America during a long lecture tour in 1923-24. It was then that he lectured and made friendships for the first time at Oberlin College, where he was invited the next year to teach in the Department of Political Science.

A few months after his arrival in the US, Jászi made a speech to a Hungarian community in Lorain, Ohio about "how to reconcile loyalty to the new fatherland with the fidelity to the old one? Americanization or an artificial seclusion cherishing the memories of the old country?" He believed that this dilemma was superficial, because the two kinds of loyalty were in no way contradictory:

On the contrary, I am of the opinion that the more thorough your Americanization will be, the more active and powerful supporters you can be of the Hungarian people. By a morbid backward-looking sentimentalism you would lose touch with both American and Hungarian reality.

In certain respects, he declared, the American example showed Hungary the way to liberate herself from her present conditions. On the other hand, in an Armistice Day address to the students of Oberlin College, he pointed to the obverse situation: to the importance of utilizing the tragic lessons of Central and Eastern European history to formulate a better American foreign policy "in outlawing war and the building-up of a peaceful world-wide commonwealth."

This was to be the keynote of Jászi's entire academic and political activity in America. While he kept in touch with friends and comrades, by correspondence and frequent visits, as a spiritual leader of the democratic emigration and of the small group of his followers in Hungary, he saw it as his chief mission to inform the American public of European and especially Danubian conditions. He hoped to inspire American social scientists and politicians to learn from the Central European experience, to abandon the tradition of isolationism and use their influence on the European scene in favor of democracy and federalism. In Oberlin College, in spite of his strong Hungarian ac-

cent, he was asked frequently to hold the traditional Chapel talks on Washington's Birthday, Armistice Day and other occasions, and his great success, the students' often enthusiastic reaction, proved that his past experiences had given him credibility even among inexperienced young Americans.

As Curtis L. Kendrick put it in a report prepared in 1985 for the Jaszi Lectureship Committee:

Oscar Jaszi quickly became, and remained, an important member of the faculty community of Oberlin College. He had an accurate grasp of Oberlin's problems and potentialities, and a deep loyalty to its welfare. He carried conscientiously and effectively the large and small responsibilities of a professor and department chairman. He had an influential voice in the making of college policy, to which he brought both practical judgement and clearly thought-out principles... For seventeen years Oscar Jaszi was one of Oberlin's greatest teachers. His forceful character, his pungent humor, and his urbane courtesy won the affection of his students; the substance of his teaching assured their immediate interest and lasting respect... His teaching was a continual challenge to their sense of moral responsibility.

A long sequence of books, essays and articles in this second phase of his life served these goals. His monumental *The Dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy* (1929) was published in a Chicago University Press series of historical textbooks. He regularly kept readers of *Foreign Affairs*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and other titles informed about Hungarian and wider Danubian problems with articles such as 'Dis-membered Hungary and Peace in Central Europe' (1923), 'Europe's Hope, America's Reality' (1924), 'Hungary and the Peace of Europe' (1928), 'Kossuth and the Treaty of Trianon' (1933), 'War Germs in the Danube Basin' (1934), 'Feudal Agrarianism in Hungary' (1938), 'The Future of Danubia' (1941), 'Central Europe and Russia' (1945), 'The Choices in Hungary' (1946), and 'Danubia: Old and New' (1949). He reviewed new European literature in such widely divergent fields as history, philosophy, politics and economics for major American scholarly journals, and he also participated at annual meetings of scholarly societies like the American Historical Association and the

Political Science Association. Jászi's diaries testify how often he attended and was a speaker at conferences and symposia on political and historical topics in Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, New York and elsewhere, and gave guest lectures on central European problems to universities in New York, Denver, St Louis, and many other cities. At the same time he initiated invitations to a long series of excellent scholars and thinkers, including G. Salvemini, A. Borghese, Emil Lederer, Karl and Michael Polányi, to speak at Oberlin College.

Jászi thereby became part of the American intellectual elite, in which immigrants have enjoyed such prominence. His name was well-known to the great universities and leading periodicals. In academic circles he was rated a leading authority on Central European matters. S. Harrison Thomson, editor of *Journal of Central European Affairs*, wrote after his death:

The figure of Oscar Jászi has always and everywhere commanded respect and admiration, and, from those who knew him, deep affection. He seemed a rock of courage and conviction in a day when these were rare qualities. He had been with us so long, had lived through and reflected upon so many crises in international affairs, that we had come to regard him as a living symbol of the gospel of temporal optimism.

Jászi would have liked to influence American national and international politics in a more practical and concrete way as well. At that time, however, professors of politics had little chance to address the US government. Moreover, Jászi acquired a national reputation relatively late in life. At the same time, he was not supported by the wave of the mass influx of exiles from Germany and Austria. The linguistic problem might also have been a contributory factor: his English remained always highly idiosyncratic. But on a more essential level, "the times were against him," as he noted in 1932. The new intellectual and political currents of the 1920s and 1930s were not favorable for his traditionally democratic—or as he put it, "liberal socialist"—ideas.

He was greatly alarmed by the strong attraction Soviet Communism had for the left-wing intelligentsia of Europe and America, particularly the younger generation. Although he knew that the dangerous thrust of fascism made the claim of the Communists that they

offered the only effective antidote, even more appealing, he saw with despair that even “the best brains,” including many of his old friends and students, were deserting democracy and giving up the values of liberalism and humanism in favour of Leninism. This polarization was essentially responsible for Jászi’s painful political parting of ways from Mihály Károlyi, his great friend and political leader, when the ‘Red Count’ arrived as a professed fellow-traveler to undertake an American lecture tour in 1930. Jászi, in his search for democratic socialism, was always a critic of capitalism, especially of its modern, monopolistic form. In an address on ‘Bread and Liberty,’ given at Oberlin in 1939, he said:

A new moral, social, and economic synthesis is needed. It is up to us to elaborate a new creative system of thought and action. If America cannot do it, no other nation of the world will bring the new message.

When war broke out again, Jászi swung back into political activity. He did his best to rescue old friends and colleagues from danger in Europe, and he lobbied for the gates of the US to be opened wider to refugees. He was elected chairman of the American Federation of Democratic Hungarians in 1941, and he was given an opportunity to speak to the Hungarian people by radio, calling on them to break with and turn against Hitler: “The zero hour is at hand. Take your choice!” At the same time, he criticized the State Department’s ‘United Front’ policy, which seemed to be succoring the reactionary régimes of Central Europe. Later, toward the end of the war, that worry was to be dispelled but only to be replaced by that of the growing Russian menace to Central and Eastern Europe. Jászi preserved his optimism for a time, hoping that the Soviet ‘incubator’ would assist the birth of Hungarian democracy. Events in 1947, however, induced him to abandon his “cautious hope” and declare in the *New York Times* his conviction that Hungary was heading toward a new dictatorship. His view was confirmed during his last visit to Central Europe (Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary). His meetings with the new political leaders convinced him that after 25 years in exile as an outcast of Horthy’s Hungary, “the Exile cannot return” to “Danubia, Old and New.”

In fact, Jászi's name and works were expunged from the press, the libraries, and public life of Communist Hungary even more radically than they had been in the Horthy era. When, after his death in 1957, a monograph was written on his early theoretical and ideological work, he was characterized by the Marxist author as "the spiritual forerunner of the 1956 Hungarian 'Counter-Revolution.'" His name and some of his works reappeared in the 1970s, when Mihály Károlyi, a historical pillar of the shaken Kádár régime was solemnly rehabilitated. A few of Jászi's works published by Hungarian exiles in the West and by the domestic opposition in samizdat publications in Hungary, contributed to the mental liberation of the young intelligentsia. In 1991, in accordance with his will, his ashes were returned to the new and free Hungary, to be re-buried in the grave of his parents at Farkasrét Cemetery, Budapest. His life work and historical role, however, continued to be a focus of sharp political, historical, and ideological discussions between liberals and nationalists. While his federalist ideas are on the way to being realized within the framework of the European Union, Oscar Jászi's long fight for a moral renewal of Hungary and the whole of Danubia is still unfinished.

* * *

The present work seeks to present this story in its own historical progression and context; it does not, however, attempt to evaluate Jászi's oeuvre or assign his political role its place in history. Several such assessments have already been ventured, and there are likely to be others who undertake them in the future. What no one has yet attempted to do, though, is to write Jászi's biography—unless, that is, one makes an exception for the little volume that Péter Hanák wrote about Jászi's Danubian patriotism, which includes some biographical elements but is essentially an account of how his ideas on federalism evolved. Jászi himself, towards the end of his life, made a start on setting down his autobiography, but the details published in the periodical *Látóhatár* (Horizon) in Munich only got as far as recording his childhood and early manhood up to the turn of the nineteenth into the twentieth century.

This volume aspires to be no more than a portrait of a life—a biography in the original sense of the word. In twenty chapters it traces

its way chronologically through Oscar Jászi's life, his academic and public career, his family and private relationships, his friendships and love affairs. While striving for completeness, it has naturally been necessary to pass over innumerable biographical details and publications (several hundred newspaper articles, for instance) that are of lesser significance, as that would have over-stretched and unduly fragmented the story, making the book unreadable. That would have been quite contrary to the author's intentions, given that he has sought to follow English-language traditions of writing biography, rather than the Germanic approach of the academic monograph. Nevertheless, no essential element—whether it be favorable or unfavorable to one's view of the subject—has been deliberately omitted. And final judgement has been left to the reader, as the author does not see that as being part of his job; at most he can present evidence on which judgements may be made. Jászi had a big, charismatic personality as thinker, public campaigner and private person alike, a man of many talents, with a huge sense of mission and many human weaknesses, but also a strong tendency to self-criticism. Alongside his remarkable capacity for work, his diligence and his sense of duty, throughout his life he was prey to severe mood swings, anxiety attacks, indeed nervous complaints and frequent spells of melancholy; as he grew older he was often in poor health, but he dreaded illness all the more. On top of his massive workload, his travels and lecture duties, he still found time for an intense emotional and family life, with the inevitable result that his life story cannot be purely a 'political biography'; time and time again it is necessary to touch upon the private domain as well.

Jászi was an organizer and leader for an important generation of intellectuals, so his biography would not be complete unless it presented his circle of friends and colleagues and his relationships to them. These friendships, many cemented at a young age, were extremely important to him and were maintained by a huge correspondence that he conducted during his years in exile, first in Austria and then, to the end of his life, in America. Then again, without making any claim to completeness, something also has to be said about the most important of his contacts in political and academic circles in the Danubian region (Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Romania and Austria),

Great Britain and America. The abundance of source materials has made it possible to give a relatively more detailed portrait of the American half of his life than that of the earlier decades, but this is also justified by the circumstance that the period he spent in America, and his work there, are far less well-known than the periods either in Hungary or in Vienna. Even so, the description of those three decades has remained on the sketchy side when one considers the unprecedented versatility of his activities as a teacher, lecturer, adviser, and scholar-journalist. As for the historical events that served as frame and backdrop to his life, the political developments in Hungary, Europe or America, and the shifts in fortune of the two world wars—and one is talking here of the best part of a century, and above all the first half of the twentieth century—readers will often have to make do with glancing references and the opinions or reactions that Jászi expressed at the time in his articles, letters or diaries.

The Hungarian-language version of this book was published in late 2003. This English version omits a large number of references to Hungarian or Central European history or literature that are not crucial for an understanding of the book's subject and would only burden the non-Hungarian reader. On the other hand, it has been necessary to supply fuller settings or explanations for many historically important events or personages, as compared with the Hungarian edition. The course of Jászi's life and his struggles are unintelligible without at least a rough idea of Hungarian society and political life, as well as the ethnic and political circumstances in Central and Eastern Europe at the time, so the essential historical aspects have been unavoidable.

The massive amount of primary source material that is available to the biographer substantially eased while at the same time equally complicating the work. The sheer volume of Jászi's published writings, manuscripts, diaries and correspondence in Hungarian, German and English is so great that the biggest problem is that of making an appropriate selection from the documentation. The listing of the published works and comments relating to them that is assembled in *Jászi Összkár Bibliográfiája*, as produced by the Historical Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in 1991, is fairly comprehensive but still far from complete. The works that were published in Hungary,

Czechoslovakia, Romania, Yugoslavia and Austria are, for the most part, well-known or have been assessed, but the American material is not so familiar because a portion of the articles by him or interviews with him that appeared in provincial publications have still to be located. However, a decade ago I edited a selection of Jászi's English-language speeches and writings as Oscar Jászi: *Homage to Danubia*, ed. G. Litván (Lanham, Maryland & London: Rowman and Littlefield, 1995). Extracts from Jászi's posthumous 'Anti-Marx' essay are included in the volume: *Liberty and Socialism. Writings of Libertarian Socialists in Hungary 1884-1919*, ed. János M. Bak (Lanham, Maryland & London: Rowman and Littlefield, 1991, pp. 135–93).

The bulk of Jászi's correspondence and manuscripts is split between Budapest and New York. The Széchényi National Library, Budapest, preserves the extant documents and letters from before 1919, including the notebooks he kept as a war correspondent during World War I. The biggest proportion of the letters written to his Hungarian friends are to be found there, too, though some are also to be found in the library of the Institute of Political History (in the Ervin Szabó and Mihály Károlyi Bequests), the Manuscript Archive of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and in the Hungarian National Museum. Finally, a great number of letters were collected or brought to Hungary from America by Erzsébet Vezér. As a result, through her good offices, the postwar letters to Anna Lesznai are in the author's possession. Still, so vast and varied is the Jászi correspondence that one could easily fill several volumes with quotations from that material alone. Here it was possible to draw on it only sparingly, but there were many instances when a direct quote seemed imperative for capturing atmosphere or personal character.

All the papers from the years in exile passed into the Rare Books and Special Collections archives of the Butler Library at Columbia University, New York, 15 years after Jászi's death, following a decision by his appointed trustees that bona fide researchers should be allowed access to study and make use of them. Part of the correspondence has been catalogued, among other materials the letters in English and German as well as letters from family members and well-known Hungarian figures (e.g. Mihály Károlyi and his wife); the other part, largely from Hungarian or other unidentified hands is uncatalogued. Here are

also to be found a gigantic amount of Jászi's manuscripts and printed material that is either by him or about him; and finally the 39 notebooks, running from January 1919 to the spring of 1956, that constitute his diary. From the very first sentence of the latter it is clear that he had been keeping a diary before then, and that this was broken off during the turbulent days of the 1918 revolution and was obviously lost or destroyed during the Second World War, along with so many other documents. The Hungarian-language segments of the diary, from between 1919 and 1923, was published in 2001 by the Institute of Political History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The remaining, predominantly English-language segments are as yet unpublished, and use has been made of them only in connection with a few details (e.g. the recital given by Béla Bartók at Oberlin College or Jászi's 1947 trip to Hungary). With its detailed daily record of the weather, his own mood, his reading matter, meetings, lectures, correspondence, the articles or other pieces of writing that had been completed, college and domestic business, there can be little doubt that Jászi did not intend his diary to be published. Of course it proved to be of incalculable assistance in putting together this biography—particularly in the case of events, episodes or periods for which no other source exists or is known. (Among these, for instance, are the negotiations or conversations that he conducted with Masaryk, Beneš, Maniu and other politicians, the internal disputes with fellow exiles in Vienna and America, and various other, far from exclusively political matters.) Still, the very amplitude of the diary material imposed a heavy responsibility on the author when it came to deciding which items of information might be omitted and which could not.

Jászi did not leave any written permission for (though equally he did not forbid) any future biographer to make use of the diary. It was expressly for that purpose, however, that Recha, his second wife, ten years after her husband's death, started writing her own memoirs, which primarily concern the story of their marriage, its crises and its ultimate failure, relating this in great detail over some two hundred pages, with innumerable addenda, most of it in English but some bits, here and there, in German. She intended this very consciously as a written justification, because she felt that from Jászi's diaries posterity would gain an unjustly adverse picture of her and her role beside her

husband. (The same motive drove her to provide notes and even, on empty pages, quite lengthy commentaries in those of the later volumes of the diaries to which she had access.) Quite irrespective of its purpose, the memoir, which has been placed with her husband's literary remains, contains a great many important biographical details, fine observations and characterizations not just of Jászi but also his sons and his friends, and for that reason is a major source for the period spent in Vienna and in America, though it has to be used with some reservations inasmuch as Recha's jealousy over Jászi's final love affair and her own pathological sense of inferiority took such a hold of her that she was still not rid of it years after her husband's death.

Important archival sources provide evidence of Jászi's activity in the civil service and in public life in Hungary. As yet unmined information regarding his work as a young man in the Ministry of Agriculture and on the termination of his post as a drafting clerk are to be found in the ministry's personnel archives in the Hungarian National Archive, Budapest. This also preserves the documents of the Ministry for Nationalities that Jászi headed in 1918, as well as those of the post-1919 Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which kept a very close eye on the activities of the émigré politician. Similarly, information relating to Jászi and his milieu can also be found in the collections of the Haus-, Hof- und Staatsarchiv and the Verwaltungsarchiv in Vienna, among the surveillance reports on the Hungarian exile community in Vienna during the 1920s that have been preserved there.

The author would like to thank a number of friends and colleagues for the help they gave with the Hungarian manuscript on which the present volume is based—among them, Péter Kende, Tibor Hajdu and János Gyurgyák, the head of Osiris Press. In preparing the English version, I was given much assistance by Prof. János M. Bak, who has a superlative sense of the differing needs of readers in Hungary and the Anglophone world. A special debt of gratitude also due to Harlan Wilson, my colleague at Oberlin, who has been of regular assistance throughout my dealings with Jászi. Very special thanks goes to Prof. Nancy S. Dye, President of Oberlin College, who graciously assented to a substantial grant to help fund publication the English-language edition. The Central European University Press kindly agreed to take on the editorial work of seeing this volume into print, for which I am duly grateful.

Chapter 1

Early career

I was born in Nagykároly in 1875. Even without natural or artistic beauty spots, with its little houses and gardens, not to say the nearby Somos Forest, the proprietors of which were the Counts Károlyi, and the vineyards of the town's middle-class citizenry, it did not lack attractions, as portrayed by my Zöldfa Street neighbor Margit Kaffka in her wonderfully evocative novel *Colours and Years*. As the county seat of Szatmár, the center of a rich agricultural area, it was a major factor in Hungary's economic, municipal and political life.

This was how the retired American professor, by then nearing his eightieth year, described his native town when he buckled down—sadly too late to finish the job—to writing his memoirs.

It was a town he held in great affection. This was where he had spent his childhood and his grammar-school years; this was the place to which he would repeatedly return from Budapest from around the turn of the century up till the early 1910s, when his mother also made a move to the capital, following his father's death. It was then only in 1923, after an interval of more than ten years, that he was to see—for the last time—the city, now annexed to the Romanian state and officially called Carei Mare, and the now unrecognizable house in Avram Jancu Street, and he was once more captivated, as he confided to his diary, by the town's beauty, “the Eastern pathos of the big market square... The stillness of the Calvinist church,” yet equally appalled by the “Romanian character that has been forced on the city.” He sent a picture postcard of the Piarist Order grammar school to his

second wife, Recha, in Vienna with this message in German: “How gladly I would have showed you my homeland. Here are the old church and the grammar school where I was taught. You would understand me better if you were acquainted with my roots.”¹

In truth, the family’s roots extended geographically to many other places. Oscar’s father, Ferenc Jászi (1838–1910), was born to master-glazier Manó Jakubovits in the northern Hungarian town of Eperjes (now Prešov, Slovakia). Having qualified at medical school in Vienna and completed his hospital internship in Budapest, he settled down in Nagykároly to pursue his vocation as a family physician to the end of his life. “He was an honorable, humane freethinker in his views,” his son wrote. “He did not have a combative temperament, but every injustice or inhumanity that he encountered in his life plunged him into profound despondency.”

The mother may well have been the stronger personality in the marriage, just as the maternal line was more vigorous than the paternal side. Jászi’s maternal great-grandmother, Yanette Hirsch, was born in Vienna at the very end of the eighteenth century. She married a Viennese merchant by the name of Jakob Gottlieb, and of their ten children the émigré Oscar Jászi was still able to visit Julius Gottlieb in Vienna up till 1921, whereas Julius’s younger sister, Lujza, as the wife of the Debrecen physician Ábrahám Liebermann, was his maternal grandmother and spent the final years of her life as a widow in the Jászi household in Nagykároly. (As a university student in Vienna, Ábrahám Liebermann was an active participant in the 1848 revolutionary manifestations there as editor of *Der Demokrat*, as a result of which he was subsequently forced to flee Austria.) Their son, Léo Liebermann, became a professor of medicine, the most distinguished light of the Budapest branch of the family, whose sons in turn became renowned doctors. Róza Liebermann (1853–1931), Jászi’s revered mother, was the second wife of Dr Ferenc Jakubovits, who had quickly been widowed and from his first marriage already had a son, Viktor (1868–1915)—in the eyes of his younger half-brother, a “prodigy of learning”—who ended up as professor of law at the University

¹ “...wie gerne hätte ich Dir meine Heimat gezeigt. Hier die alte Kirche und das Gymnasium wo ich studierte. Du wurdest mich besser verstehen wenn Du meine Wurzeln schon kennest.”

of Debrecen before dying, relatively young, of leukaemia to leave a grievous void in the family. The third sibling was a daughter, Alice (1877–1935). She married József Madzsar, elder son of Nagykároly's postmaster and himself a socialist theoretician, and she became a close friend of Ervin Szabó, director of Budapest's libraries, and went on to make a name for herself as the founder of a Hungarian school of physical education and remedial gymnastics for women.

A childhood playmate, the daughter of the Romanian Uniate priest, widely known by her nickname of 'Itóka' and later, as Mrs György Bölöni, secretary to Anatole France, was to conjure up their shared memories many decades later:

I see your house, at the corner of your street, the next one parallel to ours, opening onto the little road in front of a square of lawn and a few trees. The green-gated entrance opens onto a garden courtyard. How many splendidly blooming rose bushes there are in the courtyard's grassy circle! How many jasmine and lilac bushes and ornamental trees! Deeper in the garden, with its swing, were fruit trees, blackcurrant, raspberry and gooseberry bushes. What an amazing paradise that was for my childhood years and present-day memories. How wonderful it was to be with you and Aliszka, treading those sandy yellow garden paths with our children's feet.

Dr Ferencz Jakubovits, resident of Nagykároly and trainee physician, requested the Ministry of the Interior, in an application dated June 25th, 1881, to "be so good as to permit the prospective change of family name to 'Jászy' for myself as well as for my children, Viktor, Oscar and Alice, who are still minors." Two days later, the Szatmár County under-sheriff forwarded the request "favourably", though in the letter the 'y' had already been changed to 'z' since that happened to be the year when the official liberal attitude to the Hungarianization of names had altered to the extent that the adoption of historical or so-called 'protected' names was no longer forbidden, but antiquated or archaic styles of spelling (such as the use of *y*, *cz*, *ffy*, *eö*, etc.) were not permitted. In any event, Dr Jászi's application was a significant and typical symptom of the very strong and seemingly unqualified drive for assimilation that he and many Jewish contemporaries dis-

played around that time, which consisted of wishing to rid themselves definitively of their Jewishness, in one fell swoop, by a change of name and religion. This was the family climate that gave rise in the then six-year-old Oscar to a self-image whereby for a long time thereafter he was simply unwilling to acknowledge his Jewish origins.

One document extant in his estate is a birth certificate that was issued in 1895, according to which he was born into the Calvinist faith on March 1st—the correct date of March 2nd being crossed out—1875. Nevertheless, he himself recollected, albeit dimly, that the family was Christianized several years later—no doubt in or around 1881—by Pastor György Asztalos Snr. “I sensed the solemnity of the act from my parents’ behavior, but I was not aware what it was about,” he writes in his memoirs:

I was not even aware that we were Jews. Religion played no part in our lives. In line with my parents’—above all my father’s—enlightened principles, the only thing they regarded as important was for us to be brought up morally in a completely non-dogmatic spirit.

It is here that he also states that the covering up of their Jewishness and their conversion to another religion (which seems to be reinforced by the obvious falsification of even the dating of Christianization) was a serious parental mistake in their upbringing. It was a further confusing factor that his parents’ friends were mostly Christian families. The reason for choosing Calvinism was presumably that, in addition to counting as the most liberal of the faiths, it was all but dominant in that part of the world. In old age, he evidently felt that this mistake in his rearing had repercussions for his whole life and made it harder for him to face up dispassionately to his own Jewish descent. Like many other assimilated and converted Jewish contemporaries, he grew up and for a long time acted as if he had been born a Calvinist Hungarian. For him Protestantism signified a disposition more than a religion, for he never fully identified with it, despite preserving his belief in God—a period in his freethinking youth aside—right up till his death.

The propensity to self-deception must have been further reinforced by the fact that after elementary school he continued his edu-

cation at the local Piarist grammar school—the same establishment attended by Endre Ady, two years younger and later to become the supreme poet of their generation (though the two became friends, this dated from their adult years). Jászi was an outstanding student, gaining particularly high marks in Latin and Hungarian literature, no doubt because his father was also learning together with him. In his memoirs, he himself surmises that his childhood was excessively sheltered, and in that respect too he levels a retrospective reproach at his much-love parents for not confronting him with the plain, brute facts of life, so that the realities of sexuality, prostitution, and the exploitation of servants were later to have an incapacitating effect on him. From that, he concluded, maybe not unreasonably, that his upbringing in Nagykároly was not exactly suitable to prepare him for a career in politics, though it was a good introduction into what one might call ‘the politics of principle’, “which endeavors to set correct goals and seeks sensible, and thus equitable, means to that end, feeling that to-day is less important than tomorrow and being unwilling to jettison principles and values for the sake of individual happiness.”

The sheltered life came to an end, by and large, with his passing the high-school diploma, which brought the Nagykároly phase to a close. At the time he was sitting the examination, his father was taking the cure at the spa resort of Püspökfürdő (Baile Episcopiei, Romania) from where he wrote home:

What a shame that I cannot see the boy's face! Congratulations, my dear Oscie! May God continue to bless you! Didn't I say there was no need to? Now just sit yourself down as soon as possible and write me in detail how the exams went, and you, Mama, give the boy a kiss in my stead. It would be nice if Oscie could come out here 3–4 days before the cure ends.

In 1892, at the age of seventeen—a year earlier than usual—had to choose what career he was to follow. On vital matters he had always been able to depend on the advice and help of Leó Liebermann, and his uncle advised that he go into law (or failing that, the army officer corps!). Arguments in favor of studying political science and law at university included the fact that this would open up a wide range of options, and his half-brother Viktor was already active under Ágost

Pulszky, a professor in the philosophy of law. (It is striking, incidentally, that all the signs are that the bulk of the generation who went up to university with an interest in social problems in the 1890s flocked to the Faculty of Law rather than Humanities; essentially only those who intended to teach or become language specialists would plump for the Faculty of Humanities.)

According to Jászi's memoirs, "Cardinal Pázmány's once famous university [i.e. the University of Budapest] had a dearth of the great scholarly values or riveting teachers in the Faculty of Political Science and Law." All the same, among the more important professors who made a substantial intellectual impact on him he mentions Ágost Pulszky, son of the Ferenc Pulszky who had been Lajos Kossuth's ambassador to London during the 1848–49 Hungarian Revolution, but a man whose influence was not proportionate to either his learning or his talent because at this time—as Jászi himself was to note on Pulszky's death—as a representative in Hungary's Diet and Under-Secretary of State for Education he allowed himself to be carried into the 'shallows' of the politics of the day. None the less, in the young Jászi's opinion Pulszky ultimately "achieved what he had sought in vain to do in politics: he blazed a new trail, founded a new school, sowed the seed for political ventures of the future in our country." That influence was wielded more directly by his pupil, Gyula Pikler, "this unwavering seeker after truth, who in the initial part of his career strove to provide a new foundation for jurisprudence in the spirit of positivism, the natural sciences and sociology." On being asked once by Jászi which of Darwin's books he would recommend should be read, Pikler replied: "If you want to read Darwin, you would do better to read Herbert Spencer." The young man took the advice. In his correspondence around then he often refers to Pikler as 'the Master', but by the turn of the century he was taking an increasingly critical view of the doctrinaire, anti-historical positivism that Pikler espoused and of the vulgar 'intuitionism' according to which individuals in society make very purposeful use of the most appropriate means in satisfying their needs. Much as Jászi was indebted to him at the start in his rejection of dogmatic 'jurisprudence', Pikler later came to embody everything that he wished to transcend in order to arrive at the natural law so despised by Pikler.

It seems Jászi gained his university qualifications rather easily, very much at the standard time, sitting the first and second parts of his primary law examination in 1893 and 1894, then the first and second examinations for his doctorate in jurisprudence in February and May 1896, and the supplementary examination in political science in June of that same year. On July 2nd 1896 he was awarded his diploma and thus had the degree of Doctor of Political Science conferred on him at the age of 21.

In his memoirs Jászi asserts that he had no friends during his time in Nagyvárad, so his first circle of friends was the one that was formed during his university years in Budapest. Friendship as a value, and the circle of friends as life-blood, was to remain a crucial principle for the remainder of his life, one that he was able to preserve over the decades and the divisions of wars and oceans. In shaping his life, he wrote at the end,

The fact that gifted and independently minded Christian and Jewish youngsters were able to co-operate in estimable friendship and harmony had been a decisive influence. Thus, Dénes Berinkey, a prime minister-to-be, Elek Petrovics, the discerning aesthete who was later to become director of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, Ödön Wildner, the Nietzsche scholar; Ferenc Harer, who became mayor of Budapest, and more than a few of the leading 'Aryan' figures of the future did not acknowledge any differences of race or religion in their own environs.

A good few more names might be added to that list on the 'non-Aryan' side, including Rusztem Vámbéry, whom, for all his superficiality, he loved for his warm-heartedness and humour, and from whom he became estranged only toward the end, after a half century of friendship, when Vámbéry was ambassador to Washington, DC; Bódog Somló, who had originally been Viktor Jászi's fellow student at the University of Heidelberg but whom Oscar regarded as his chief intellectual partner at the very beginning of the new century; Ervin Szabó, a Marxist and Socialist who became his main debating partner; or Dániel Arnold, an agricultural economist much esteemed despite all his eccentricities, and Róbert Braun, four years junior and his most reliable assistant when it came to Jászi's editorial activities.

This circle was forged partly at university, during lectures and seminars, but more particularly in two private gatherings whose older leading personalities exerted a profound and lasting intellectual influence on Jászi and his companions. One of these he dubbed the conservative national ‘jungle’, which he associated first and foremost with the person of his future father-in-law, the wealthy landowner Geyza Moskowitz de Zemplén, who “derived pleasure from the fact that at his house people of the most diverse party allegiances and world views could meet and argue about literary and political issues until midnight.” The host was a staunch supporter and intimate of Count Gyula Andrásy the Younger, and himself the source of the word ‘jungle’—or ‘jungly’ as he pronounced it—which he had picked up from the title of the Kipling book and applied to these heterogeneous gatherings.

The other social set—a great deal more radical, indeed frankly socialist in spirit, though equally diverse in composition—met at the salons held by the railway engineer Mihály Pollacsek and his Russian wife, ‘Tante’ Cecile. The Pollacsek–Polányi family, with its beginnings in the ‘forcing house’ of Ungvár, provides an exemplary case of the Western-oriented middle-class Jewish families who showed such a rapid social rise in Hungary at the end of the nineteenth century. The son of a prosperous miller, having qualified as a civil engineer at Zurich’s Federal Institute of Technology, Mihály Pollacsek worked at first in Vienna before winning a major role in railroad construction in Hungary at the end of the century. His children, Laura (‘Mauzi’), Adolf, Károly (Karl or ‘Karli’) and Mihály (Michael) Polányi—as members of the Socialist Students Circle, the Galileo Circle, and the like—played leading roles in the intellectual and political ferment of the early twentieth century in Hungary, then after 1919 migrated further westward to win major reputations and honours, first in the Austro-German and later the Anglo-Saxon, indeed international, academic world. Their cousin, through the maternal branch, was Ervin Szabó, the first major theorist of the Hungarian socialist movement, who imported the Russian revolutionary spirit straight from ‘Tante’ Cecile’s Russian acquaintances, such as the group around Shamuel Klatschko, and propagated it in the intellectual circles of Budapest, which—in contrast to the conservative-liberal ‘jungly’—was open to leftist rather than rightist thinking. Most of the fam-

ily and their circle, with the signal exceptions of Mihály Polányi and Jászi, were later to become Communists or fellow-travelers, remaining so for the rest of their life, though that particular association arose more after the turn of the century.

A socialist or revolutionary spell of that type did not yet have much impact on the twenty-year-old Jászi's outlook; much stronger was the pull of the great nineteenth-century liberal-national tradition:

Of the members of the great Reform Era generation, József Eötvös had the greatest influence on me. I admired his profound humanity: it is him I have to thank for the striving after a humane solution of the question of national minorities, which was to become a decisive factor in my own life.

Of the immediately preceding generation with whom he still had a chance to make personal acquaintance, he mentions the name and the "insufficiently appreciated influence" of literary scholar Pál Gyulai. What he respected was the stubborn, staunch custodian of the old liberal-democratic traditions who confronted

the sham jingoism of the Compromise era, the falsifiers of the heritage of István Széchenyi, gentry high living... Every conversation with Pál Gyulai in which I had the good fortune to partake heightened in me a respect for the true values of the Hungarian past and a sense of the dreariness and hopelessness of the present.

The ageing Jászi therefore saw his youthful self as aligned to the principled European strand of Hungarian liberalism that stood against clericalism and the blustering nationalism of those who sought independence from Austria. There is, though, a piece of contemporary evidence for this in the shape of the first of Jászi's serious works to appear in print. Using the nom de plume of Oszkár Elemér, this 112-page booklet, *Arthur Görgey in 1848–49: a Brief Summary of the Findings of Historical Criticism*, was put out by the publisher Franklin & Co. of Budapest in 1896. Only in his memoirs did Jászi reveal the considerations that had impelled him to pick up his pen in defense of Görgey—by then an ageing hermit who lived in the small Danube-bank town of Visegrád, forever branded as the army commander who had

given Hungary's surrender in the country's 1848–49 war of independence—against the chorus of accusations, ultimately fed by the exiled Kossuth, of publicists and historians who were keen to brand the general a traitor. Uncle Leó Liebermann persuaded him to write the pamphlet, and it was in his home that Jászi met the general face to face, “his calm, composed, personality” making a deep impression on him, while István Görgey, the general's younger brother and vindicator, utterly convinced him of the falsity of the accusations. In the words of the preface to the work:

It is necessary to make the facts of these charges known to a wider public for two sorts of reason: one is a moral and one a national, political reason. The moral reason is that the sickening treatment Arthur Görgey has come in for is such as to outrage one's sense of justice to see a man who nobly, selflessly, risking his life at every second, fought for his country... by way of thanks has been rendered a moral monster in the eyes of posterity...

That first reason alone should justify this book in the eyes of any decent person. Nevertheless I hold the second reason to be much more important than the first, and that is that *the campaign to vilify Görgey has falsified history*. That horrendous, absurd myth has ruined the most precious thing that the nation won for itself at a cost of so many martyrs: the lesson that is to be derived from history as a guiding rule for the future.

Even if we did not know the immediate trigger, it would be obvious from the above quotation that, on the one hand, some personal experience had awakened the young man, who had been sensitive to moral problems from childhood on and bridled against injustices of any kind, that here a monstrous injustice had been done to a man for half a century. On the other hand, this same young man, with his incipient interest in politics, had grasped the true political dimensions of this ‘historical’ controversy: his aim was the publication of an instructive work addressed to many, for he frankly admits to having drawn on the earlier works of others and to having no new facts or conclusions to bring forward as compared with them. All the more ambitious, then, is the aspiration to put a misled public opinion on the

right track with his little book. It is worth continuing the above quotation—all the more so as this early literary effort is so little known and barely accessible:

Because every human and national activity is brought about not only by the causes furnished by present circumstances but also by the totality of causes that have operated in the past. Just as unfortunate and equally set to perish as the nation that is ignorant of its present is the one that misunderstands the causes accumulated by the past.

He suggests that the true story of the 1848 Hungarian revolution and war of independence has a “big fruitful lesson to serve as a torch for the future,” which is that neither party to the struggle was able to defeat the other—or in other words, the lesson was “the principle of parity that led the king and our pre-eminent statesmen to the Compromise of 1867.” Concocted to counter this was the “fairy tale or, more accurately, devil’s yarn,” which runs along the lines that the unmatched heroism of the Hungarians would have overcome ten times more numerous opposing alliance forces had it not been for a traitor. All that could have sprung from that in the end, however, would have been a further battle, further loss of blood and further defeat, as at Világos in 1849, or even worse.

An apotheosis of 1867 nationalism like that, grounded on the Austro-Hungarian Compromise, was never again to be encountered in Jászi’s journalism. What is more, barely a decade later, in a January 1907 policy article, he will be found seeking new, democratic pathways for a strategy of Hungarian independence, while by the beginning of the 1910s he was severing his last attachments to old-style liberalism and eventually allying, of all people, with Gyula Justh and Mihály Károlyi, leaders of the Radical Independents. It had been different back in the 1890s, however. Then, of the two main political persuasions, the ‘67ers and the ‘48ers, it was the former who had been the more progressive; they had been the ones who implemented the laws liberalizing ecclesiastical policy, and on several occasions they had defended rights to freedom of expression, to freedom of the press, and academic freedom against ‘patriotic’ attacks from clerics and the Independence Party opposition. No wonder, then, that a

young man and a young generation who were longing for modern European conditions, for a way out of the ‘desolation of the present’, should find their place, and subsequently a breakout point, in the progressive wing of the ‘67ers, at the side of Ágoston Trefort, Dezső Szilágyi and Ágost Pulszky—all disciples of the great liberal thinker and statesman József Eötvös—rather than among the ‘48-ers, whom they looked on as somewhat rustic and reactionary. “It’s only natural,” he wrote in his memoirs in regard to the ecclesiastical reforms,

that the bulk of young people at university should view the struggle of Hungarian liberalism, which represented a return to the spirit of Deák and Eötvös, with enthusiasm: it sensed that to fight for them was a nobler and fairer matter than to rally as street reinforcements to purblind and inane demagogues in pointless military and constitutional battles. We began to sense the approach of a better era under the leadership of considerable, serious-minded statesmen.

This state of affairs and this attitude makes it easier to understand what, in the light of his subsequent career, is the otherwise somewhat surprising fact that in 1896 Oscar Jászi should have entered—at first as a temporary trainee drafting clerk, then from 1898 as assistant drafting clerk—the Department of Economics within the Ministry of Agriculture, then under the leadership of the conservative Ignác Darányi, and should have carried on working there—later on as a fully qualified drafting clerk—right up until the formation of a national coalition government in 1906. Again, we only get to learn the background to this from the memoirs, and once more the key role was played by Leó Liebermann, who as the head of an experimental chemical station was himself an official of the same ministry. Jászi relates that after graduating he found himself in an awkward spot and so had no choice but to look for “a regular civilian career” in order to relieve his parents and uncle of the “modest but for them not negligible” burden of providing for his sustenance. He had no wish to take up a career in law or journalism, which left only the sort of “genteel post” that would allow him to continue his “scholarly and journalistic efforts.” The ministries were like that, with their working days ending at 2 o’clock, which meant that a substantial part of the day was free

time. As Jászi recalls, he received no pay “apart from a number of occasional remunerations.” That holds strictly true only for the very first years, though according to his “service and conduct record card” even in 1897 and 1898, respectively, he received 500 and 800 crowns of “assistance.” From April 1900, when he was appointed “permanent ministerial assistant drafting clerk” he was entitled to an annual salary of 1,400 and later 1,800 crowns plus a 700-crown personal allowance (for housing costs). When he became a full “ministerial drafting clerk” in 1902, he was promoted from the Class X to the Class IX income band with his annual salary of 2,200 crowns, and the following year he was even accorded ministerial recognition “for keen work.” He himself writes that he entered employment in the civil service through the need to earn an income, and correspondence relating to his change of career in 1906 shows that by giving up the job he was faced with not inconsiderable financial hardship.

Another factor that played a part in his choice of job, he writes, was his long-held conviction of “the fundamental importance of the—from the perspective of the peasant population—dreadfully neglected agrarian question.” There was little he could do, however. “All I was given to attend to were a small number of files, and even those were remote from the country’s true problem, the peasant population’s lack of land and political organization.” True, he did learn to understand Hungary’s agricultural policies from a number of top experts, and it was from his observation of the ministry’s activities that he discerned the “rigid and ruthless class character” of the country’s administration:

This characteristic feature may never have been so pronounced as during Ignác Darányi’s time as minister, with his establishing what was in reality a two-tier system of administration for affairs of the aristocrats (he did not take too much notice of the gentry)—the most influential people, in other words—and those of ordinary mortals.

One undoubted drawback or restriction of civil service employment was that one was not permitted to write openly on political matters, at least not under one’s own name (that did not apply to scholarly work or articles on one’s area of expertise). As was noted,

Jászi had already chosen to write under a pseudonym even before he entered the civil service (though then it was for the presumed greater impact), and he was to retain this in subsequent years, especially for any articles with a political content. Thus, ‘Oszkár Elemér’ was the name appearing in the by-line of the first articles and reviews of his to appear in *Budapesti Szemle* (Budapest Review), the influential monthly periodical edited by Pál Gyulai, during the very last years of the nineteenth century and even, in a few cases, after 1900, when the monthly periodical *Huszádik Század* (Twentieth Century) started up. It is noteworthy, incidentally, that Jászi should have been attracted initially to Gyulai’s periodical, which many thought of as rather strait-laced in its rejection of the Romantic aspirations of fin-de-siècle literature. Interestingly enough, others who were subsequently to make a mark as modernists and subversives, including Lajos Hatvany, set out on their careers from the columns edited by this much-feared critic, who clung so insistently to his ‘national Classicist’ and liberal principles.

Although there was no lack of outlets in which to publish, Jászi’s circle of friends—in the usual way of ambitious young generations—felt the need for a platform of their own in order to present and validate their ideas and efforts most tellingly. Planning for this had started at least as far back as 1898, when Bódog Somló made a diary entry that he and his friends in Kolozsvár (Cluj-Napoca, Romania) had decided to publish a new scholarly periodical for which Gyula Pikler himself had promised to write. Those pipe dreams finally turned to reality in the summer of 1899, when the main financial and intellectual conditions on which it was to operate were settled, although there were still some hidden tensions in respect of its character: “In my view, the periodical’s chief tendency should be current,” Gusztáv Gratz wrote to Somló on July 18th, 1899, “The standpoint from which individual issues should be discussed would be more down-to-earth than that of abstract scholarly articles. Still, a good deal higher than the standpoint of the daily press, of course.” Gratz was thus being quite self-consistent when, 35 years later, he was to write in his work on the history of *The Era of the Dual Monarchy*—simply appropriating to himself all glory for founding the periodical—that all the efforts of the group’s “bourgeois-minded” members were aimed at was that

Hungarian political life should be freed from eternal, sterile squabbling over constitutional law and devote itself in greater measure to more fruitful tasks, to social reforms and an objective examination of the big questions of foreign politics and the nationalities question.

In contrast, Jászi at the time emphasized:

We are duty-bound to preserve the periodical's sociological character and to defend it against lawyers and politicians. There are so few of us, however, which is no wonder, because our outlook is not a conventional academic outlook but a world view diametrically opposed to every other world view.

In his later reminiscences, taking direct issue with Gratz himself, the ageing Jászi explicitly asserts:

The majority of our group were well aware that the review we wanted to found was fundamentally a revolutionary initiative, since we rejected the political, intellectual and indeed moral foundations of Hungarian society of the day and demanded radical reforms.

More than half a century before he wrote that, he penned the following to Bódog Somló in Kolozsvár on August 15th, 1899:

On Sunday, I discussed with Gusztáv Gratz his plan for the periodical (I already made Gratz's acquaintance some time ago, and he is one of the most agreeable of people). You can imagine that this splendid plan filled me with the greatest pleasure. For the time being, it is a question of discussing matters of first steps. It would appear once monthly at an issue length of 80–90 pages. The editor would have an editorial board of 12–15 alongside him. For editor-in-chief it would be nice if one could find a suitable figurehead.

It turned out that others had nominated for this nominal, representative position a person called Lóránt Hegedűs, an idiosyncratic character from the banking world who nurtured literary and sociological ambitions, whom Jászi rightly suspected—though he was not yet in a

position to know how many conflicts he would have with him in the Sociological Society—would interfere in the editorial work. In the end, the post was not filled for some reason. What they did agree on, however, was the name, concerning which Jászi wrote in the same letter: “As regards the periodical’s name, 20th Century has been mentioned as a masthead. That would appeal to me. It has an air of strength and youth about it.”

A continual tug-of-war was waged between Jászi and Gratz, despite the personal good relations that prevailed between them, for *de facto* control of the periodical and determining its character. As far as the technical and organizational aspects go, everything points to Gratz having had the leading role, but on the matter of substance it was Jászi who won out in the end. In September 1899 he sent off a letter to Herbert Spencer to ask him to “support our difficult pioneering movement with a few lines of introduction in the spirit of your philosophy.” Within days, Spencer had responded to the unknown Hungarian young man:

Brighton, September 23, 1899

Dear Sir,

I rejoice to learn, that you propose to establish a periodical having for its special purpose the diffusion of rational ideas,—that is to say, scientific ideas—concerning social affairs. All the world over, down almost to the present time, a society has been regarded as a manufacture and not as an evolution. Nothing like a natural order of social phenomena has been recognized, but always it has been tacitly assumed that the order of social phenomena is determined by governmental actions. You will doubtless find it a hard task to undeceive your fellow countrymen on this matter. I cannot, however, but applaud the attempt you are about to make, and wish that elsewhere the example you set may be followed.

A minor argument broke among the founders over the manner in which the letter should be communicated. Jászi wanted to place it at the very front of the first issue, giving it as it were a program-setting tone, whereas Gratz saw it as going on the inside pages, arguing that “these aspirations do not exhaust our tasks... The content of the pe-

riodical is far from being limited to sociology... we want to produce a review on the English model.” Of course, even Jászi did not dispute that, but he had his own editorial way, and in the first issue, for January 1900, it was he who wrote a policy-setting article—to which he put his own name—with the title ‘Scientific journalism’.

It bears stating this right at the outset, but over his long life Oscar Jászi produced a huge amount of written work in the form of books and essays, but most particularly articles, letters and diary entries. Everything points to his being able to compose his thoughts easily and rapidly in writing, but he was never a truly good, let alone brilliant stylist. His sentences, especially in the early days, trundled somewhat ponderously, his language was slightly old-fashioned, and it often took a fairly complicated chain of thought for him to get to the heart of what he really wanted to say. All the same, he did get there, because he had something to say in every piece of writing, and he was always able to express that clearly and unambiguously. As a rule, he reasoned passionately, or at least emphatically, and after the early years, particularly from the 1910s on, his style, if never effortless, at least became distinctly vigorous. He may not have been funny or had a true sense of humour, but he did have devastating line in sarcasm when he wanted to undercut some manifestation or individual morally or politically.

In this first of his ‘big’ articles (it is 12 pages long) he somewhat didactically explains the adjectival construction employed in his title. He saw the main function of journalism in its acting as “an organ of growing importance in the formation of the national consciousness and will,” which works as a corrective to the faults of parliamentarism. It influenced legislation and hence “often legislation is passed and the transformation of society led by those who do not have a direct hand in the activity of the legislative body.” What made journalism *scientific*, he underlines, is when it is not satisfied with the conventional explanations for everyday events and phenomena but seeks more remote, hidden, universal causes and, “starting out from the basic laws of social life, assesses and judges future developments, the plans and processes of progress, from that standpoint and not from the perspective of resolutions by party leaderships, the intrigues of private clubs or legal fabrications.”

At the end of the article, he declared his faith in evolutionism but emphasizes that this is not the sole current of thought that the periodical will permit or want:

With evolutionism being guided by the cardinal tenet that the completely unhindered expression of ideas and talents is the most useful for mankind, we gladly give space to all papers of scientific purpose, whatever the school of thought or belief with which their authors may be associated.

They were especially glad to welcome to the periodical “the noble traditions of the journalism of Hungary’s rebirth” of their pioneering forerunners, he added. The reactionary was the one trend of thought to which the columns of *Huszadik Század* would not be open, because reactionary journalism could not be scientific (though the same thing can be said, of course, about most progressive journalism). “So let battle be joined between ideas! May opposing trends and notions clash!”—that is the challenge thrown out the leading article and watchword with which Jászi made his entry, under his own name, into his most distinctive territory: the ideological struggles of his country and century.

Huszadik Század

Reminiscing about the mentors of his youth, the elderly Jászi recalls the conversations he used to have with Ermine Vámbéry. On hearing about the plans being made by young people and the movement they were going to start to campaign for universal suffrage, the renowned orientalist remarked: “Young fellow, this will come to no good. Proclaiming Western social policies in Hungary is like trying to open a pork butcher’s shop in Mecca.” The writers associated with *Huszadik Század* had chosen to take on precisely this hard and even hopeless task, and no one within this circle was as alive to the political and ideological consequences of that enterprise as Jászi. Yet even he was not, nor indeed—at the start of a new century brimful of hope—could be he, fully alive to those consequences. It took the experience of 1905–6 and the genius of the poet Endre Ady for them all to really understand: “Our clash is with the Hungarian Hell.”

If all the signs are that Gusztáv Gratz and Bódog Somló took the lead in organizing, raising money and drumming-up collaborators in the periodical’s set-up phase, it was already apparent by the first issue, in early January 1900, that Jászi was its intellectual powerhouse. In the hands of and through the division of labor among his fellow editors, the periodical continued fairly cautiously to meet the demands of being a scientific and political ‘review’ in the issues and volumes that were to follow, for the time being without a break with university and academic scholarship; still, it was he who, with the occasional tough, combative article, declared war on scientific narrow-mindedness and political ‘reactionism.’

That gadfly role was not entirely alien to him, for he had already tried it out in *Budapesti Szemle*, insofar as its strict editor allowed. In 1897, reviewing a little book entitled *Fiatal véreim* ('My Young Flesh and Blood') by Miklós Hubai Szemere, a well-known conservative-nationalist parliamentary representative, tub-thumper and sports fan, he weighed into it for its blinkered worship of the upper class. Nor was the adoption of foreign fashions and trends necessarily salutary, he concluded; there were such things as lamentable echoes, and this pamphlet was one of them:

No one will be a wit the wiser for it. At most it may serve to reinforce a few harmful sentiments or presumptuous thoughts from which Hungarians will become even unhappier than they are.

He regularly adopted that tone, though in a more measured style, in *Huszadik Század*—initially, with an eye to his ministerial post, using the name 'Oszkár Elemér,' even though by now no secret was made about the author's true identity.

By the October 1900 issue he was already lining up the leaders of his own alma mater, the University of Budapest, in a comparison of the respective orations made by its rector and the rector at the University of Kolozsvár to mark the formal opening of the new academic year. The rector at Budapest, "undoubtedly in line with the underlying character of our intellectual life, instead of the unruffled reasoning of the scholar has blown the horn of the political agitator" by calling the empiricist, positivist trend in scientific thinking perilous, indeed a prevailing canker. The retiring rector at Kolozsvár, by contrast, had spoken about how, at the dawn of the new century, ever-larger masses of people, finding no peace of mind in religion, were awaiting solutions, solace and a lead in life's struggles from science. "Thus do diviner and wise man confront one another," Jászi asserts:

One lives from science, the other lives for science. One throws a veil over things, the other whisks it aside. The one preserves obsolete rights and prejudices under the cover of science, the other undermines prejudices and bestows new freedoms. The one justifies and glorifies all that stands for authority, the other harries and destroys all authorities that are harmful for mankind.

The article also provided an opportunity to declare his ideological allegiances: “We were the first in this country to start up a periodical to nurture and develop the ideas that the rector of our university chooses to call ‘a prevailing canker.’” In those ideas, he says, their group “saw the sole remedy for the many grievous wounds inflicted on our homeland and humanity.” Unlike the authorities and official institutions of learning, they had no means of influencing the young generation through jobs and other benefits. “Anyone who follows us does so solely on the strength of the truth.” “Buckle to it!” he carries on, by now in overt agitator mode:

The goal is noble. The weapon is clean. We have the leading figures of our age in our camp. The divinely favored artists and poets are ranged alongside the true scientists. The entirety of society’s innovative, ameliorative forces, striving for humanity’s progress and happiness, are arrayed in opposition to the knights of the paragraphs and dogmas.

It is likely that this article played no small part in prompting the long-standing contempt and unfailingly negative attitude toward Jászi and his associates that grew up in the Faculty of Law and Political Science at the University of Budapest.

The target on which he next set his sights was even more lofty. In April 1901, under the title ‘Count István Tisza, the Political Philosopher,’ he analyzed the ideas that had been expounded in two speeches by the then newly rising star of Hungarian conservative liberalism. Gusztáv Gratz, an ardent follower and admirer of Tisza, added the following editorial footnote: “We publish this interesting article without being able to fully identify with its contents.” While viewing Tisza as a statesman who was not truly of the stature of an István Széchenyi or József Eötvös, the article did nevertheless appreciate the fact that he had set Protestantism and industrialism as two fundamental planks of his policy, which happened to contain the core of the political conception held at that time by Jászi and the *Huszadik Század* circle. In a debate on the budget for the Ministry of Religious and Public Educational Affairs, Tisza had warned of the dangers of embracing economic and political theories of foreign—and above all ‘German’—origin, demanding instead a “national science.” Jászi, by contrast,

pronounced that “true science in the past was always international and it can only be that in the future as well... The realm of science is unified.” In another talk, this one on ‘Religion and Modern Life,’ given in the Evangelical Lutheran high-school in Budapest that was later to become renowned for the string of Nobel prize-winning physicists it nurtured, Tisza pronounced judgement, with all the gravitas of his position as statesman, on modern philosophical systems of thought, proclaiming—as Jászi pointed out—the superiority of submission to God’s will, and religion in general, as compared with utilitarianism and materialism.

More than likely, the most significant aspect of Jászi’s journalism and activity at the beginning of the century was his defense of freedom of thought. In the final years of the nineteenth century a neo-conservative and clerical front had managed increasingly to impose itself on the enfeebled forces of liberalism in Hungary, and it was not shy about employing aggressive methods to oppose progressive ideas and movements. In retrospect, Jászi considered that the libel suit brought in 1897 against Eugen Schmitt, a gnostic philosopher who was an ideologist and supporter of the agrarian socialist movement, was the prelude to efforts to forcibly suppress free thought. Once *Huszadik Század* had been launched, of course, it too came under fire from that quarter. In the spring of 1901, the Catholic-backed Popular Party and the St Imre Circle mounted a campaign against Gyula Pikler, accusing him of propagating “ideas that made light of the homeland and religion” in his lectures and in a new book of his entitled *The Physics of the Spiritual Life*. The object of this was to block Pikler’s appointment to a university chair, and the outcome was that although the Ministry of Education did appoint him in the end, it also removed philosophy of law—Pikler’s area—from the group of subjects that formed a compulsory part of the doctoral examination. Two years later, Bódog Somló’s own colleagues at Nagyvárad Academy of Law denounced him for giving a lecture in Budapest with the title ‘On the Theory of Social Development and a Few of Its Practical Applications,’ the text of which was published in *Huszadik Század* (it is of incidental interest that the young Ady discovered this essay and wrote a review of it for the local paper, the *Nagyváradai Napló*). Again, the charge was that of having disparaged “God, king and country,” and

the winds of the scandal carried even to parliament and abroad until the minister—in line with the spirit of the age—came up with a suitable compromise solution in this case too.

Jászi wrote inflammatory and, at the same time, policy-making articles on both cases for *Huszadik Század*. “The ideal of freedom of thought and academic freedom has to be the dominant standpoint in the whole affair,” he stressed in 1901. “There is no age, and the time must not come, in which abrogating or restricting freedom of thought can be a fitting social principle.” In connection with the Somló affair he concluded in 1903 that

Where one class in society has acquired a disproportionately large share of economic, and hence political, power it can overwhelm the ideological efforts of other classes as readily as the economic ones. For thought may be free, but it can be destroyed almost as surely as any deed. It matters not that sensitive nervous systems and creative spirits can emerge who are profoundly alive to the new ideological requirements of an age, the ideology of the dominant society will suppress them. It is not possible to remain constantly and steadily creative in the midst of indifference and hostility. Talents decline, turn sour and become exhausted.

And the remedy for this? he asks at the end. “Marxists would reply: economic struggle. That is a partisan answer. The truth is: struggle across the whole front, economically, politically, and ideologically.”

The polemical, pugnacious aspect of Jászi’s profile was already taking shape by then, but this was not the main thrust of his activity. Since the 1890s, what had preoccupied him above all were the social correlates of morality, aesthetics and art, which alone was a sign that he was already unsatisfied with the positivism of the natural sciences as an explanation for the world. After publishing a few articles in the *Budapesti Szemle*, he followed this line up in *Huszadik Század* as well. The subject on which he wrote most often was Tolstoy, to whose ideas he was drawn throughout his life, but he also concerned himself with Zola and modern English novels, the social impact of art and questions relating to state patronage of the arts, in addition to the advances, internationally and locally, and new findings of sociology as a

new discipline that was still finding its feet. Lastly, editing of the Social Sciences Library called for a great deal of work, most particularly one of the very first volumes in the series, which was a huge volume on *An Extract of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer* that had been put together in English by F. H. Collins and which Jászi shared the duties of translating into Hungarian with three friends, Károly Pekár, Bódog Somló and Rusztem Vámbéry. The other volumes comprised works by, in part, key foreign figures in the social sciences—the likes of Marx, Kautsky, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Nietzsche, Giddings, Ratzenhofer, etc.—and in part members of their own circle (Somló, Wildner, Jászi). Even decades later, the nearly two dozen volumes in the series were to be seen in the bookcases of left-wing intellectuals in Hungary. At that time the series may well have supplied much that was new, but in the final analysis it gave readers a very one-sided picture, since, as with Jászi's otherwise impressively wide sphere of interest, it had blind spots for the works of major thinkers like Max Weber, Pareto and Malinowski.

These few years at the beginning of the new century constituted what was, perhaps, the most harmonic period in the whole of Jászi's life, a time when a circle of cultivated and talented like-minded young friends came together to inspire and amiably debate with one another, and when the projects they cherished for launching periodicals, publishing books and establishing societies came to fruition one by one. Through *Huszadik Század* and the foundation of the Sociological Society in January 1901 they made a name for themselves almost overnight, as a result of which established scholars in the social sciences were willing to publish and enter into disputation with them.

The spring of 1903 was also a time of major debates at the Sociological Society. In January and February, Gusztáv Leopold introduced sessions on the subject of 'New Directions in Sociology.' On February 6th, the first to speak was Lóránt Hegedűs on the organic school, to be followed immediately by Jászi, who did not bother to hide his deep antipathy and scientific contempt for this school, which had already been articulated in a 1901 essay on 'Organic Social Theory.' Here he trenchantly pointed up the difference between Spencer's and Hegedűs's positions, finally closing his lengthy remarks with this statement:

Hegedűs holds the notion that the future can only be determined by politics, and there is no room for science to intervene. That notion could not be more wrong. The function of science is not just description, nor merely uncovering the regularities of the past, but also indicating the future direction of development... He ends by saying that he considers methodological debates to be sterile... A scientist may apply any method that appears to him to be reliable and handy... That is also true of sociology. We have much to thank the psychological method, historical materialism, Darwinism and anthropologists for. There is just one school that suffers from organic sterility, and that is organic sociology.

(The minutes register that at this point there was “noisy acclamation.”) The sensation of the second part of the debate was the contribution made by the previously unknown Ervin Szabó, who presented historical materialism in an innovative, indeed critical light.

It is likely that it was around then, perhaps precisely as a result of this sparkling contribution to the debate, that the friendship between the two became more intimate. Szabó had joined the sociologists from ‘outside,’ from his engagement in the labor movement; his scale of values and intellectual attitudes just then happened to be in transition from faith to a critical stance. Jászi, on the other hand, was starting to pay serious attention to Marxism and socialism, having just written a book about historical materialism’s view of political science. In this way there grew up, within the broad circle of friends, a very close, affectionate but not uncritical friendship between Jászi, Somló and Szabó during the first decade of the century—the years that were ultimately to decide the course of their respective careers.

Of the three, it was Somló’s that was to be settled the soonest and most simply. Gradually distancing himself from politics, and even political science, he became a distinguished scholar and professor, first at the Nagyvárad Academy of Law and later at the University of Kolozsvár, where from 1905 until 1918 he lectured on philosophy of law and international law. (Since he was more liberal and modern than his colleagues at the University of Pest, many of the young generation,

including Karl Polányi and Georg Lukács, chose to take their doctorate under him.) Jászi and Szabó's courses took shape with more difficulty. On October 7th, 1903, Jászi wrote to Somló:

The lives of a few of us are not ordered to fit the ordinary scale. Either we are going to produce something of value sometime, or not. In the former case, our conscience may be appeased; in the latter case, we shall have been wretched malingerers. It would be nice if you too could sense that the key to your moral responsibility lay increasingly in this direction. Sadly, it is precisely this feeling that gives me no rest and prompts me so often to step out into life's nasty arena of struggle. You can safely stay within the ramparts of science; you are certain to produce something of significance.

For himself he predicted: "If the signs don't deceive me, there will be a need yet for a modern socialist ideology in this country. It seems that the *Great Unknown* [English in the original] intends that role for us."

In that same year, Jászi tried, through a bit of self-confession, to help Ervin Szabó in his crisis over the course his life should take:

Highly impulsive and energetic natures hold the path of science and the arts to be protracted, gray and uncertain—so strong is the urge to directly shape the great dynamic, raging entity that is life... The Muse does not tolerate foreign deities... the final accounts have to be drawn up! An intellectual life or agitation: the two cannot be reconciled. There is no complete happiness for us, that's for sure. An unfortunate combination of political and intellectual urges makes it impossible.

He himself was tortured for years on end by the dilemma of whether to choose science or politics. Even his experiences in Paris in 1905 partly put him onto this: "Either politics or science. The two cannot go together," he wrote to Szabó. "My sociological work to date is comparable to that of a physicist studying wave-lengths amidst the din of shawms and the roar of cannon." Then, several days later, the following went to Somló: "I have had to see that in my *biological essence* I am the complete opposite of the type of person that in the West they are used to calling a scholar." Equally, he was well aware "how

little I would be satisfied with political plotting or the eternal siren call of revolution.” He did not notice that in fact he had already found his own particular niche—between theory and practice, on the fringes of both science and politics—long before, on entering the new century. He had found it, but contact with both borderlands was attended by constant frictions and conflicts, with people often calling his affiliations into question, or he himself feeling them to be uncertain.

A typical example was the session of the Sociological Society held on March 29th, 1903, at which Somló gave a lecture ‘On the Theory of Social Development and a Few of Its Practical Applications’ that caused such offence in Nagyvárad. In the debate, Jászi argued that since

he regarded the exposition and propagation of new ideas in the fullest possible manner to be the most useful for society as a whole, he considered freedom of political agitation to be the best guarantee of development. (By political agitation he did not imply incitement to overturn the existing order by *violent* means but the use of persuasion to resort—albeit with the aid of emotions and passions—to legal means alone.) It was another matter, of course, how the dominant society would proceed. That was a question of authority, and the dominant society would suppress all endeavors that were contrary to its sphere of interest.

At the end of the meeting, Gyula Pikler, who was in the chair and, unlike Somló and Jászi, held that freedom of thought could be limited in line with momentary utilitarian considerations, asked Jászi what he would do in a hypothetical situation where he held absolute political power and all the achievements of civilization were threatened with destruction if freedom of thought were not restricted or suppressed. Would he insist on complete freedom of thought or would he restrain it?

Jászi’s reply was also communicated in the next issue of *Huszadik Század*, under the title ‘Social Development and Freedom of Thought.’ Having pointed out the extreme absurdity of the question that was posed, he stood fully by his opinion. Restricting or suppressing of freedom of thought, he stressed, hampered or checked human progress:

Freedom of thought means nothing less than the freedom to communicate thoughts, not freedom to attain actual results in the outside world. Freedom of thought means freedom of the press, of art, of political agitation, of religion and science, but it does not mean, for example, unrestricted academic freedom or freedom of therapeutic intervention, etc.

It should be noted that Jászi was to return to Pikler's question after Hitler had come to power, in 1935, in an essay entitled 'Old Debate in a New Light' in the periodical *Századunk* (Our Century). In this he called for democracies to mount a tenacious self-defense, but he did not essentially change his stance, though by then he had been given a chance—unlike in the happier early days of the century—to face up more searchingly to the problems of social progress and the sometimes perverse consequences of extending basic freedoms.

At the end of 1902 the initial phase in *Huszadik Század*'s history, the one on which Gusztáv Gratz made his mark, came to a close. The differences between most members of the editorial board and Gratz had become unbridgeable by then, but a break with the moderate liberal wing did not supervene at this point. On the contrary, in the spring of 1904 Jászi and his associates in the Sociological Society put on a debate 'On the Direction of Social Development' of the kind that a year later—let alone later—could not have happened. Four main speakers and over thirty contributions from the floor were heard during the weeks that were taken up by this series of debates, with Gratz representing liberalism; Sarolta Geőcze, conservatism or Christian socialism; Ervin Szabó, socialism; and Count Ervin Batthyány, anarchism, with a spectrum of discussants that ran from the Social Democrat Ernő Garami through the liberal József Vészi to the Catholic Ottokár Prohászka. Jászi was not among those who spoke, the reason for this being found in a letter that he wrote to Somló on 26th April, 1904:

On the advice of several people, I shall be forgoing participation in the debate, for there is a risk that an overt espousal of soc[ialism] might knock my two most important concerns on the head: the trip to France and the lectureship. At the moment neither is in bad shape—particularly the trip to France. The

leave is already arranged, and the prospect is being held out that my salary will be paid. Under the circumstances, I can perhaps be forgiven for compromising. Truly, both plans will be of far more use to the Cause than my contributing to the debate. Then again, it's true, where is the boundary here? Am I going to assuage my conscience in this sort of way for the whole of my life? I'm in a rotten state, dear boy. Admirably characterized by the cynical words of that magistrate-prime minister: 'If you wish to exercise your human rights at all costs, then resign from your positions!' Sooner or later, there will truly be no other solution for me.

Thus, he himself felt he was at a threshold. It was not simply the possibility of losing his job that held him back from a definitive break. What lay behind the longed-for trip to France, as is clear from a number of other letters he wrote then and later, was the prospect of qualifying as a *Privatdozent*, or honorary lecturer—an unpaid position but a step toward a respectable university career. That had only been reinforced by a success he had met in the recent past. At the beginning of the year his book, *Art and Morality*, had appeared in the Social Sciences Library series. The inner title-page identified this as "The Winning Essay for the Gorove Prize of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences," an entry for a competition on the interrelationship of art and morality. In the foreword to this Jászi admits to having completed the work almost three years previously, but by the time the outcome of the competition had been settled he was engaged in another manuscript (the one about historical materialism), which had led him to alter his take on several major issues of the earlier subject. Before it appeared in print, he had therefore taken the opportunity to modify the text and conclusions accordingly (and certainly not in line with the advice offered by academics on the examining committee).

In a letter to Somló dated January 31st, 1904, alongside the laudatory comments made by Pikler and Somló, he refers to promises that had been made by Ermine Vámbéry: "The Kirghiz is overwhelming me with his goodness: he loves my book, he recommended me for a lectureship of his own accord, and he holds out prospects of certain success. Still, you know how the old boy overestimates his influence."

That alone makes it clear that Jászi would have welcomed Vámbéry's support and help in getting him accepted for the university post, but the year still had in store for him many swings in mood and plans. In a letter of July 7th from Sorrento, he attempts to divert Ervin Szabó, then experimenting with dissidence from the Social Democratic Party, onto a purely academic path:

Either—or! Either one steps forward and fights and organizes a party, or else one retires and lives far away from ideology and practical movements far from day-to-day politics... Of late, I have increasingly developed a loathing for politics, and for me maybe even working together with the Bebels in the civilized West would not be on a par with the joys of science and a more elevated aesthetic purvey on life... Party schooling for me is like love of money: cheap and lacklustre.

Autumn was to bring another twist, now away from science and toward politics—and socialist politics at that. In early October, Jászi's elder brother, Viktor, visited Budapest, and they spoke at length about the mood in the country. Jászi perceived that his brother, who until then had accepted things the way they were, was now judging general conditions in Hungary in much the same way as he was: "He also agrees with us that absolutely nothing can be expected from the present parties, indeed that only from socialism can anything be expected," he recounted to Szabó. The decisive point of the conversation, though, was that even the more nobly-minded people of the Hungarian middle classes—and here Jászi specifically mentions Bishop Dezső Balthazar, along with other clerics and intellectuals in the city of Debrecen—"are thirsting for socialism," but dangling before their eyes is "the specter of the existing Socialist party's treasonable ambitions." Though his experiences, his reading and the ideological discussions he had carried on with Ervin Szabó had already primed Jászi, this triggered a fevered state in which he expounded his new, redemptory concept in long letters to his two friends. The essence of this he explained as follows:

Socialism has ceased to be the exclusive movement of the hungry masses but has turned into the cultural problem of the

age... There is not a single thesis in the program of international social democracy that would be opposed to a more refined Hungarian patriotism.

(He adds that here he has in mind the wholesome patriotism of Hungary's doctrinarians.) The solution he sees as being very simple:

Have a bunch of clauses [in the program] that are presently in fine print set in letters as big as your fist; have a bunch of sentences in letters as big as your fist inserted in explanatory brackets; but first and foremost, overtly acknowledge the sovereignty of the Hungarian state.

"Like this, and only like this," he carries on three days later:

To crush the nightmare of treason, incorporate the movement into historical development, on the basis of a Deák-style nationalities law, as the *legitimate heir* of Hungary's doctrinarians, and on the other hand, discard a bunch of obsolete German dogmas and introduce the idea of reformism in place of catastrophe... and *voilà* the program of a Hungarian Socialist Party, the blood purity of which all modern socialist thinkers will acknowledge. And if, perhaps, not a Kautsky or Bebel—*je m'en fiche*.

He hardly bothered to conceal that he intended to play the role of a Hungarian Jaurès, and he hoped to find an ally in Ervin Szabó, who had just launched an offensive by organizing an opposition faction against the Social Democratic Party's dogmatic leadership. "The thing would only be a complete success if you too were to accept the challenge," he wrote to Szabó. The only trouble was that Szabó was dissatisfied with the party and its leaders from the diametrically opposite side from Jászi, who noted about the latter: "Inferior leaders cannot make a great historical movement... for me it is a true cultural slap on the face to engage in conversation with them." Szabó, for his part, considered them far too reformist, in addition to which he wished to keep the labor movement clear of the Latin intellectuals whom Jászi envisaged as taking a leading role in the movement, as he imagined it, which was emphatically not one based on economic class war: "It is not possible to divide society into parts in the way your group is in

the habit of doing,” Jászi argued. “And it is not possible to declare that we, 400,000 or one million organized workers, we alone will construct the new society. You, the 15 or 20 million of you, can only be against us.” In the end, of course, there was equally no way of coming to agreement with the utterly anti-nationalist Szabó when it came to disavowals of anti-nationalism (“from which you don’t seek to deliver souls because it doesn’t trouble the workers”). But by now Jászi, as he wrote to Somló, had decided to act anyway: “with Ervin or without Ervin, or even against Ervin.”

It becomes clear from the same letter that his situation at the time had also stiffened his resolve:

Burnt bridges behind me. I wouldn’t go to the provinces. I hate bureaucracy. My lectureship can be considered a totally lost cause... Position and science and so much passion and desire for action that it kills me or gives me the impression that I am only doing half a job in each field. I’ll tell you something else: for me to be able to do pure science it is absolutely necessary to be able to find an outlet for the motor tendencies of my personality in another field.

He felt that the ideal solution for him would be a way of life consisting of “half a day of action, half a day of contemplation.”

The first step in his ‘drive’ to prepare the way for a ‘Hungarian Socialist Party’ was a leading article on ‘Socialism and Patriotism’ that Jászi wrote for the January 1905 issue of *Huszadik Század*. No doubt he dropped his originally planned subtitle—“Towards a revision of Hungarian socialism”—because after setting out general principles he intended to enlarge upon the Hungarian position, and the nationalities problem and question of the Social Democratic Party in particular, in a subsequent article.

There can be no doubt by now, for the theoretical researcher no more than for the clear-sighted practical politician, that the history of the immediate future is going to be determined by the relationship that two huge social trends, nationalism and socialism, entertain toward one another

That is the startling prediction with which the piece opens before going on to analyze the emergence of the two ideologies and how they had come into collision:

The national culture before long becomes a class culture for maintaining certain prejudices and for keeping certain aspirations at a distance; in a word, for promoting the range of ideas that best accords with the power position of the rulers... The national becomes religious and conservative; patriotism degenerates into nationalism.

He contrasted that with the policy of genuine national evolution established by Hungary's Reform generation (József Eötvös and his associates), "which, by eliminating power and class interests, seeks at all costs and by all means to extend the law, wealth and culture to the whole population." According to him, in all places where citizens made progress with true national traditions they were only able to do so by an alliance with socialism. In this way, having for a good while allowed itself to be painted into the corner of being devoid of national sentiments, of stateless wandering, socialism everywhere would sooner or later take up the pure ideals of national aspirations free from class interests. There was no conflict, therefore, between the pure concepts of socialism and the national; indeed, "socialism is a direct continuation of the aspiration of national struggles for equality, liberation of serfs and raising the level of culture." The leading article culminates on this note, so it lacks not only the subtitle but also any polemical tone, and thus it is not a patch on the dramatic force and innovation of the above-cited letters of October 1904. One can only suspect that the explanation for this may lie in the fact that, in the end, he went against his original idea, which was to have the published article signed by a fictitious 'Balázs Rab', and submitted it under his own name, thereby making it impossible, because of his job, to come down from the theoretical level to the more burning domestic reality.

Jászi was justified to conclude a year later: "I was the first person in Hungary to clarify the relationship of the nation-state and socialism, and I demonstrated that socialism did not entail being unpatriotic." What he was clearly expecting from airing the issue was that the

process of national integration of socialism would commence in 1905. The manner in which he aired it, however, ensured that it would fail, from the very outset, to gain a broad and favorable response. He could well have admonished himself the way he had admonished Ervin Szabó six months previously: "Either—or! Either one steps forward and fights and organizes a party, or else one retires..." In the end, the lack of success was not his fault, for history took another course, and the exact opposite of what had been expected came to pass. In 1905 the bodies of ideas surrounding 'homeland' and 'progress' came into a conflict which was to persist for the entire remainder of the century.

Radicalism

In January 1905, Jászi left Budapest for a half year in Paris. We know from his memoirs that this was on an official assignment “to study certain export relations.” This was not something he had any competence in, he himself admits as much, but the signs are that the pretext did not entail much work. That left him all the more time to devote to acquainting himself with the city, with French academic life and with what was new on the political front, which was also facilitated by a scholarship that he received from the Hungarian Ministry of Education. These six months, he was to write, “shook me to the very core of my being and became the big thrill of my life.”

He had not been abroad much before then. When he was a student, his uncle Leó Liebermann had booked him a trip on the Fiume–Barcelona–London line, on one of the Adria Company’s steamships, leaving impressions of Barcelona cathedral and of London’s dizzying commerce and metropolitan grandeur that were still alive in old age. That apart, it is clear from a diary entry made in Austria that he spent time there as a volunteer on military service, and during the early years of the century he took vacations on the Italian coast and in the Swiss mountains. He had no overall grasp of western Europe, and his command of languages could be said to be broad rather than thorough. He spoke and wrote German quite well, though not flawlessly and, above all, not elegantly, according to people who knew him. He studied French together with Ervin Szabó during the early years of the century, regularly reading specialist literature, so that by the time of his stay in Paris he already un-

derstood and spoke the language tolerably well (as no less a person than Romain Rolland noted in his diary). He subsequently, chiefly during his years in Vienna, even composed memoranda in French, albeit with the occasional minor error. He read English from a young age, but before his move to the USA he only learned to speak it and to express himself in the written language to some degree while he was living in Vienna. Even after three decades of living and teaching in America his English stood out with its unmistakable thick ‘eastern Hungarian’ accent. On the whole, then, he did not have a marked gift for languages, but during his international studies he nevertheless felt obliged to learn at least to read Romanian, and his Italian—likewise mentioned in his American autobiography—is likely to have been at much the same level.

Jászi’s letters and the articles from him that appeared in *Huszadik Század* are quite copious sources of information about the happy, productive months in Paris, since he was assiduous in both areas. He wrote the first letters from the rue de Vaugirard, where “I have a nice, friendly room with a fine view over the Luxembourg, and have escaped the hotel’s racket and the indiscreet screams from *grisettes* on being cuddled.” He promptly plunged into explorations of the workshops of French sociology and what was happening in politics and the socialist movement. “I have already attended three meetings of the revolutionists,” he informed Ervin Szabó on January 28th:

Yesterday’s was vast. The speech made by [Anatole] France swept one along with it... I am beginning to understand *Révolution*’s greatness and purpose from these assemblies. I understood more from watching the play of features on a little 16-year-old *ouvrière* who was seated next to me, and listening to the interjections that broke forth from her lips, than from an entire debate between Bernstein and Kautsky.

A week later and he was admitting that he was getting more pleasure from science, all the same:

Yesterday evening, Le Dantec took up a dispute with the Abbé Naudet in a lecture at the Universitaire Populaire. The effect on my politically tortured soul was like a cleansing shower, that talk

imbued with wisdom, sheer intelligence and a refined mind. My topic, by the way, has led me on to reading up on biology, and I can tell you, the morning hours in the Bibliothèque are the source of a great deal of pleasure.

It emerges from the correspondence that this topic was no less and no more modest than ‘human nature,’ because this was what he was expecting to provide answers to the question most on his mind, “the question of Evolution and Revolution.” The first article that he wrote in Paris, which appeared in the March issue of *Huszadik Század*, bore the title ‘The Revolution’—not about the Russian revolution at the beginning of the year, nor even revolutionary movements in general, but about the antimilitarist struggles which he expected to make all wars impossible in future.

Jászi’s thirtieth birthday found him in a gloomy mood:

Thirty years is not gift of the gods, to be sure, when the balance of life is: No familiarity with natural sciences. No positive knowledge of sociology, economics or history. A depressing position, Scientific administration. Hostile milieu. Depressing politics that time and again rob one of one’s peace of mind.

As was his habit, though, he soon threw off the depression: “What about myself?” he writes his friends in early April:

This is still a dream, sometimes very sweet, sometimes very bitter. I often have a lump in my throat... We are so terribly backward... I sadly became convinced of that on the occasion of my visit to [Émile] Durkheim. These people know such a huge amount... According to D., for instance, Spencer’s sociology of religion—one of the most solid pillars of the system in Pikler’s and our own view—is *pur enfantillage*, sheer childishness, that all researchers have dropped by now... because Spencer was unaware of a lot of facts that now represent basic inductions in the sociology of religion.

A month later and he is making profitable use of his library researches and professional discussions in an article entitled ‘The Sociological Method—Two Opinions.’ This relates to one of the key con-

cerns in Hungarian sociology at the beginning of the twentieth century. Jászi sets off from the premise that “all those who work in the field of sociology have a more or less painful sense of the uncertainty that prevails in our young discipline. There are as many methods as there are writers—indeed, even sadder: as many rules as there are writers.” Posing the question to two of the great figures in French science, the biologist Le Dantec and the main authority in sociology, Émile Durkheim, he wanted to know whether self-observation, individual psychology or investigation of the social environment, or possibly adoption of the methods of the natural sciences, was going to lead to explanations for social phenomena. Le Dantec’s responses almost literally conjured up the dogmatic exponents of scientific positivism back in Hungary, so that Jászi took his leave with “a sadly negative outcome.” From Durkheim, naturally, he gets the satisfactory answer that sociology, unlike biology and psychology, deals with social facts rather than with individuals. In winding up the article the message that Jászi sent home was:

However repugnant many of Durkheim’s results may be for me, I hold it to be beyond dispute that the underlying idea of his method is correct, and that all young warriors who set off on to seize the citadel of sociological truth should only be allowed to adopt one slogan: *We need facts! More facts! Still more facts!*

This was followed in the June issue of *Huszadik Század* by an analytical review of two French sociology yearbooks, with a lot of criticism but also a basic acknowledgement of the direction being taken by the Durkheim school. Already in this Jászi cited—though without mentioning any names—a reproving letter from Gyula Pikler, but even so he was unable to fend off his master’s irate and public contention that “there is no basis to Jászi’s contention that the kind of sociology which is constructed largely or entirely on the facts of individual consciousness is unreliable and unscientific.” Jászi was not one to back down before authority, but he did not get personal either; in his reply, under the title ‘The Two Schools of Sociology,’ he upheld his notion of an objective science that examined facts. This was, in effect, the point at which Hungarian sociology stepped beyond a childish belief in dogmas and a search for fundamental laws.

The Paris experiences resulted in debate in another sphere as well, this one with Ervin Szabó in the domain of political ideology. The same June issue with the review of the sociology yearbooks also contained a report by Jászi on the united Socialist Party that had been formed at a unifying congress of France's socialist parties and groups that Easter, including the various trends of thought and the diverse, even antithetically inclined groups that existed within it. Among them, as ill luck would have it, he included the adherents of *action directe* and the *Bourse du travail*, or trade union center, of the syndicalist movement led by Hubert Lagardelle, unaware of just how close the links of one of his best friends were to the group. Despite the fact that, on his own admission, while in Paris he came closer to a revolutionary and class-based point of view, he spoke of the aforementioned group's Marx-fetishism and class-war fanaticism in a tone of biting mockery and contempt:

Oh, Marx! The new divinity! The great fetish of socialism! It would be hard not to write a satire about this. Amazing what they attribute to him. Is there any colorful *Fussnote* that the *junges Sklavenvolk* would not garland him with and that the old man would doubtless tear from himself in impatience, were he still alive? This new idolatry undoubtedly deserves a separate study, because the old practice of religious systems takes on a new lease of life in it.

He too reckoned that Marx had earned immortality "by his demonstration of the dynamics of class war, by laying the foundations of historical materialism, crude though they were, and by his pioneering work in the first international organization of labor," but "any scientifically-minded person will turn away in disgust from a science that chooses to live parasitically off exegesis of the Master's writings instead of investigating real regularities." After an analysis of the reformist trends, Jászi reached the conclusion that huge contradictions still lurked within the French Socialist Party beneath the unity that had been established, yet "the work of preparing the future can only be integrated work."

Ervin Szabó was all the more upset by the article because its publication came as a complete surprise to him. In Jászi's absence, it

would normally have been his task to take on the editing work, but at the time the June issue was being put together he happened to be away in Italy. On his return, Szabó produced a lengthy, hard-hitting response, under the title 'Marx Ruminants and Class-War News Vendors,' for the July issue of *Huszadik Század*, and promptly informed Jászi as much, who, even though he knew he was in the right, was shaken as he had not intended to offend his friend: "My dear Ervin," he wrote,

though your friendship is one of the very few things that for me give value to life, I nevertheless want to respond with complete objectivity to the issues you have raised, not to defend our friendship but to state my opinion, frankly and honestly, about the problems that divide us—or, more properly, seem to divide us.

The essence of the far from simple extenuation was that he personally agreed with the policy of the revolutionary syndicalists, but he thought nothing at all of Lagardelle and his associates as scientists: "It's a prostituted science—almost as prostituted as that of Prohászka's group" (this is a reference to the Catholic theologian and later bishop who was the main representative of the Church's resurgent militancy in Hungary). With regard to Szabó himself, who had asked him how he could call someone his friend when he held his work in such disdain, Jászi assured him that he approved of his political tactics, because the socialist movement needed a revolutionary tendency alongside its integrationist efforts, while in the scientific field he had a particularly high opinion of him, indeed, after the months spent in Paris he had moved even closer to his position. In the end, they agreed that Szabó would withdraw his article and Jászi would send a brief clarificatory piece from Malta or Naples: "I feel relieved of big weight," he wrote directly before embarkation at Marseilles, whence he returned home by way of Italy.

He remained good friends with Szabó throughout; indeed, for the next two years moved in next door, into a house on Hunfalvy Road, on the flanks of Castle Hill in Buda. Nevertheless, after the disputes of 1904 and 1905, both reconciled themselves to the fact that politically they would generally take separate paths. Jászi could see only too

well that revolutionary syndicalism was an absurdity; after Szabó's death, moreover, he was to take the view that his friend would have been unable to withstand the lure of communism (which may be said to have been doubtful on both sides, but certainly signified a retrospective dissociation from him). Ervin Szabó's struggles through his time in the Social Democrats and his eventual break with the party, in any event, provided Jászi with a graphic example of what an intellectual who was fastidious about his independence of mind could expect within the Hungarian Social Democratic movement.

All the same, the really crushing lesson of his months in Paris was the one summed up in this sentence:

In all fields we are just tardy, pale echoes of the great Western efforts, with no intellectual trend emerging from Hungarian soil to have a substantial impact on world civilization... no Hungarian thinker ever truly engaged the minds of humanity.

This is the opening to an essay entitled 'The Reasons for Our Cultural Backwardness,' written in May 1905, which appeared at the front of the July issue of *Huszadik Század*. He strenuously rejects 'racial' explanations and regards it as beyond question that "the reasons for our intellectual backwardness are to be sought solely in social structures." Based on a comparison of Hungarian and French cultures, he casts the net far and wide: "Back home [in Hungary] today any work that is indeed of the European front rank is a social-structural impossibility." This was precisely the time when process was taking place about which, just a few years later, in 1908, Ignóty was to declare with such pride that intellectual life was improving by leaps and bounds as a result of the country's industrialization. But in addition to the usual well-known retarding factors Jászi placed a strong emphasis on a lack of differentiation, the absence of a highly developed division of labor, and especially the low esteem accorded to those working in the cultural domain. Hungary was still lacking a cultural public opinion that would assign an Anatole France to an incomparably more elevated position than any minister: "In our country, science and the arts are as yet humble slave girls that show deference to their powerful lord, politics."

Jászi returned to Hungary in the summer of 1905 to find himself in the midst of acute political conflict and a genuine constitutional crisis.

The general elections that had been held early in February had seen the defeat of the Liberal Party under István Tisza, which had been the governing party for the past 30 years, and victory for the Independence Party and other clericalist opposition groups with their nationalist demands. Emperor-king Franz Josef, however, was unwilling to invite them to form a government and instead, having ‘temporarily’ suspended the constitution, in mid-June appointed Field Marshall Baron Géza Fejérváry, then commander of the Royal Lifeguard, as prime minister of what was generally called the ‘Lifeguard government,’ against which the opposition parties called for a ‘national resistance’ movement. Instead of the usual summer ‘silly season,’ everything was in turmoil.

A meeting of *Huszadik Század*’s ‘proprietors’ was called for the end of July, with the regular agenda points being supplemented by a proposal from Gusztáv Gratz that the editorial board be expanded. Jászi had already warned Bódog Somló two weeks earlier that Gratz and Pál Wolfner, proprietor of one of Hungary’s major publishing houses and himself a dilettante writer and sociologist, were preparing to go on the attack to seize control of the periodical. The very next day, there arrived a detailed memorandum—or perhaps more accurately, indictment—in which Gratz accused the current editors of a string of failings. According to him:

The periodical has not been endeavoring to accomplish its objective in an expedient direction, because in recent years it has seemed to identify the concept of progress with the aspirations of a specific party group which is not even identical with the Social Democratic Party as a whole but proclaims the views of what is just a faction—and the most rigid and doctrinaire faction at that—as being the only true faith.

Furthermore,

“The periodical has not exhausted the means by which the causes of progress may be promoted in Hungary... nor is it able to meet the tasks that it in the domain of gathering progressive elements together...”

Progress cannot be conceived merely as someone wishing *pur et simple* to implant French or German or Italian ideas, or in short

the ideas of more advanced cultures, here... before these have even struck roots in our country.”

For this reason he proposed that the editorial board be reshuffled and expanded.

On behalf of the editorial board, Bódog Somló refuted Gratz's accusations point by point and in detail (the document, with Somló's signature at the end, has survived but it is highly likely that Jászi had a hand in its formulation, even though there is nothing about that in their correspondence). He listed the articles and subjects that had been published, examining to what extent they met the objectives indicated by Gratz or covered the deficiencies he had signaled (which of course was still a matter of dispute). In relation to the more specific question of effectiveness, Somló pointed out that the periodical's subscription base was slowly but surely growing, year after year, as was membership of the Sociological Society, while this dual forum was exerting a growing intellectual and moral influence on the younger generation. He also rejected the proposed expansion of the editorial board, but the key part of his response was that, contrary to Gratz's opinion, it was not a matter of compromising with foreign directions: that could only happen if the new aspirations were already strong enough to force the old ones to concede. When the new still existed only in the bud, that would be “tantamount to entrusting a lamb to make a compromise with the wolf.” This was now the intransigent language of a radical. That note of inflexibility was picked up by Gratz with regret in his rejoinder, for he underlined that he was seeking not so much a change in the periodical's direction as in its ‘foreign policy’ so to say. The flat rebuff by the other party was probably addressed not so much to Gratz's proposals, since they were at least in part worthy of consideration, as to the forces and the strained situation that lay behind them. Events within the Sociological Society a year later were to demonstrate that both the society and the review had acquired an authority that would have been useful for those who had no wish at all to collaborate with Jászi and his associates in the new political situation.

What had precipitated this new situation was that on July 27th József Kristóffy, minister of the interior in the ‘Lifeguard govern-

ment', announced to the leaders of the Social Democratic Party his intention of bringing in universal suffrage should they fail to give their support to the national coalition. The government and the sovereign had realized that the only forces they had to mobilize against Hungary's 'political class' were the workers and those strata among intellectuals and the middle classes who were allied to them: they could be used to blackmail the parties of Hungary's gentry. No matter how, the issue of electoral reform—in practice, a significant extension of voting rights to 6–7 per cent of the population and a secret ballot—came to the forefront of political life, and all at once both a democratic transformation of Hungarian parliamentary traditions and a breaking of the aristocracy's and gentry's grip on power by new classes of voters looked feasible. Many well-known representatives of the liberal and radical intellectuals joined Garami's SDP in siding with the government benches: these intelligent men were awaiting a miracle, but the very fact that they were hoping that Baron Fejérváry or Kristóffy, in complying with Franz Josef's wishes, might be the architect of Hungarian democracy is testament to their political naiveté. On the other hand, it is true that electoral reform had already been accomplished in the Austrian half of the Monarchy, thus raising justifiable hopes in respect of Hungary.

The year of 1905 marked the start of political activity in Jászi's life as well. In August, with a group of friends, and with the support of the socialist chiefs, he founded a League for Universal Suffrage by Secret Ballot, with himself as a member of the executive committee. The proclamation drawn up by the League warned that, despite all the promises, electoral reform was still not assured, so the movement aimed "to have united in one great and vast league all those who are unconditional supporters of universal suffrage by secret ballot... and not to rest until we have this *sine qua non* of our national liberty and our material and intellectual well-being enacted among our fundamental laws." Organizing the League, according to his own reports, entailed a great deal of work, so that he was unable truly to reap much benefit from his new apartment in Buda. He felt increasingly uneasy in a political role: "My nerves are shot, my capacity for work has been destroyed, a political hangover is making me nauseous, in the ministry I'm surrounded by hatred," he was already writing by September 20th

to Somló, whom he also asked for assistance in gaining his lectureship at the University of Kolozsvár. He was no longer even trying to get into Budapest university, seeing the way out in gaining a post as a *Privatdozent* at Kolozsvár and in “intensive scientific activity” alongside the assistant drafting clerk’s post in the ministry. He had a feeling that if he did not obtain the lectureship, his ministerial position might also become precarious (though it was more than just this: it was about becoming lastingly, even permanently compromised in the eyes of the ruling élite).

As to a topic, two of the various options that were floated struck him as the most attractive: “I am concerning myself of late with the nationalities issue, especially from the standpoint of our domestic conditions in relation to the class struggle and socialism, and as an addendum to my article on ‘Socialism and Patriotism’ from the standpoint of national unification.” This, in a letter dated September 27th, indicates that what was later to be his big theme was already then starting to preoccupy him. The other option was likewise related to one of his perennial subjects: “I would gladly work my way through the more important inquiries that deal with democracy.” He was thinking, for instance, of the works of Tocqueville and Viscount Bryce in the older literature or Ostrogorsky’s more recent magnum opus, and more specifically a critical conspectus, in an essay to be entitled ‘The Future of Democracy.’ In the end, he plumped for the latter, but it was quite a few more years before he would be accepted for a lectureship. The newspaper *Világ* (World) was to report on February 6th, 1912, that Oscar Jászi had been made a *Privatdozent* at the University of Kolozsvár. The old sense of feeling torn between science and politics continued:

The campaigning has worn me out and the future uncertainty is plaguing me... I have dealings with few people, and I find solace only in the peace of my home and the beauty of the panorama from there.

A framework for radical politics took shape only with difficulty. Even by mid-October he did not see his way ahead more clearly, though he was still hopeful:

If K[ristóffy] brings in straight suffrage, maybe our entire group will join the Progressive Party, and we shall try to preserve our autonomy within that and drive the party leadership toward our ideas. If the suffrage is faked, we'll form a separate extreme radical party.

Meanwhile, new opportunities were cropping up—within the Freemasons among other things. He was being asked, he wrote to Somló, to found a separate, explicitly socialist lodge that would bring an infusion of new blood into the ossified organization. They, for their part, could exploit freemasonry's huge financial and organizational resources. Jászi actually was admitted into the 'Democracy' lodge in 1906, but the original plan was realized only somewhat later in the form of the radical 'Martinovics' lodge, of which he became the founding lodge master, with the likes of Endre Ady, Zsigmond Kunfi and Pál Szende among its members.

One encouraging development in the eventful autumn of 1905 was that, as he wrote to Somló, "some 70 socialist students" asked him to launch a sociological seminar. From that he immediately drew the conclusion that he must waste no time in doing something about a plan he had hatched in Paris for bringing to reality a Free School of Social Sciences, on the model of the Collège libre des Sciences Sociales, offering courses for workers. He was counting on attracting at least 200 students, and in the autumn of the next year popular science courses really did get under way, while the Free School—one of the most lasting achievements of Jászi and his group—was already fully up and running by 1907. This allowed outstanding writers, critics, journalists and scholars to introduce working men and women in their hundreds into the world of contemporary learning, modern culture and science, but the institution had a significance that went beyond itself, for it represented the first time that white-collar intellectuals even from the gentry world had—as teachers—entered the previously closed world of Hungary's trade union and labor movement, and thereby also into an enduring collaboration with the Social Democrats. The party substantially ceded cultural instruction of the working class to the intellectuals, while for Jászi—and not him alone—it was a way of resolving the dilemma of being unable to iden-

tify, despite his basically socialist convictions, with the Social Democrats, whom he considered dogmatic and, increasingly, pretend revolutionaries.

For Jászi, then, this sphere of activity was of magnified significance, as was well illustrated by the frequency with which it crops up as a subject in his correspondence of that period. "By and large, there is no other soil for culture in Hungary than the workers. I myself much prefer to be on the receiving end than to be creative," he asserts at the beginning of 1906. In the absence of a strong, highly developed, self-confident middle class, what the civic radicalism that was emerging over 1905-6 represented, in effect, was a democratic movement of intellectuals who sought to fall back on—without identifying with—the working class and its organizations. By the turn of the 1905 into 1906, relations between the government's supporters and those who espoused a national coalition were so strained that Jászi, whose own job was under threat, occasionally accused even Somló of 'wobbling,' while he was toying with the idea of submitting a motion to the Society of Free Thinkers to expel István Apáthy—a professor of physiology whom he had formerly much admired and was later on to admire again—for ranging himself with the nationalists and the Christian Socialists. By now he was actively seeking rather than avoiding the occasion for a break.

The full frontal attack was launched half a year later. In the January 1906 issue of *Huszadik Század*, Jászi presented himself in both his capacities, with two substantial publications. At the front of the issue was Part 1 of his dissertation on 'The Future of Democracy' that had been written with an eye to qualifying for the lectureship, this section providing a review of democracy's past and the literature about it, while Part 2, which was to appear in the next issue, was about its present, its social preconditions and its prospects for the future. It declares unequivocally that "the democratic ideal that citizens struggling under feudalism equated with complete equality before the law is far from sufficient for realization of a genuinely democratic order of social life," and delineates the economic and social tendencies by which democracy is corrupted and emptied, but—naturally—is optimistic with regard to the end result. He sees guarantees for democracy in workers' organizations assuming control of production and co-

operatives regulating the distribution of incomes (even at that amazingly early stage). Yet even in the midst of an abstract scientific exposition he finds the opportunity to expatiate, in a fairly lengthy footnote, on domestic circumstances, pointing out—contrary to the self-deluding diagnoses of “model Hungarian democracy”—the obstacles to democratic evolution, first and foremost among which was the fact that in Hungary, unlike in the West, “genuine civic living conditions and power relations have not evolved.” What one finds in this essay, despite its showing signs of having been written to meet a deadline, cramming too much in and being a bit on the dry side, are several basic elements of his subsequent system of beliefs and political activity, as well as the leitmotif of his life: the struggle for democracy that had to be waged in Hungary both on the theoretical front and in practice.

The other January article was a survey and analysis of the extraordinarily tangled political situation that had arisen in Hungary. The piece proves that Jászi, who was ranked as an unpatriotic ‘Lifeguard’, was highly critical in his assessment of the plight and the intentions of Vienna’s appointed government. He shows that the Fejérváry government had clashed with all the country’s traditional parties and social forces, “and, what matters even more, it has been unable to awaken a keener sympathy toward itself and its program even in progressive and radical elements.” He sees clearly that it is a “highly *fausse position* to produce a radical program starting from the Crown, from the top down.” The government’s program was

an uncomfortable mixture of indeed modern and up-to-date reform ideas and the weary remnants of the politics of grocers, of pioneering initiatives and sheer vote-catching promises, but above all else, of radical content and the language and measures of appeasement and compromise.

He too considered it was most improbable that the ‘Lifeguard’ government would implement an epoch-making reform, but he was convinced that the process of disintegration that would lead to a modern Hungary was now underway, and that delighted him as a sociologist as well: “No finer a spectacle for those who view events with a sociologist’s eyes!” In the analysis of the process going on within the coalition, he saw the basic reason for the crisis in Hungarian politics as being that

“the constitution of today no longer corresponds to the Hungary that half a century of its economic and cultural labours have created—of course, despite rather than because of any legislation that has been passed.” In other words, the Hungarian constitution needed to be changed, whether peacefully or by the revolutionary route. “In either case, the key to the situation is in the hands of Hungarian organized labour,” he declared, while adding that “in this struggle we are counting, besides the workers, on the genuinely patriotically minded members of the ’48 [Independence] Party who genuinely have the interests of the people at heart... and in the end we are counting on the genuinely progressively minded and radical section of the middle classes.”

The whole tone of the article, especially in its closing passage, cannot have left any reader in much doubt that this was not actually a review but an agenda-setting paper, and its author was the leader of a radical party, not as yet established, that was allied to the labour movement. From this point on, that is indeed precisely how Jászi writes, speaks and corresponds. From time to time, he upbraids Bódog Somló for his passivity, but then he praises him for having discovered Ady in Nagyvárad. He had instantly recognized a great poet in the author of the 1906 volume of *New Verses*, and in an enthusiastic letter had greeted him, in his own name and on behalf of his friends: “You now no longer belong just to yourself and to Madame Léda but to us and to the country,” he warned, asking him to take care of himself, and also to find time for a few days of rest and conversation on the property of sociologist Lajos Leopold.

1906 saw an end to the fretting and anguish over “science or politics.” Jászi found himself and his role as an ideologist for the Opposition, precisely on borderline between science and politics, theory and practice. For the moment, even his ministerial position was not under threat; indeed, under Artur Freilitzsch as minister, temporarily more favourable opportunities were opening up for him. It was mooted that sorting out the library at the then new Agricultural Museum in Budapest would be entrusted to him, but then an even better solution quickly emerged: he was to take six months’ leave and one thousand crowns for travel expenses “to study the case of agricultural workers”. The minister in person provided an “open letter of introduction” so that local authorities should give him their support (which meant that

he was free to travel and carry out investigations in those parts of Hungary where ethnic minorities were prevalent). One superior tried to torpedo this assignment by showing the minister a newspaper report which indicated that Jászi had delivered a speech in public, in the city of Győr, on behalf of universal suffrage, but Freilitzsch noted on the file not only that the activity was compatible with a civil service status but that the contrary was actually incompatible with it. At the start of 1906, Jászi wrote to Somló in relief:

My life is a completely new life... and if I had a job on which I could work with complete faith, I would be a completely happy man. Even so, life is beautiful, sometimes too beautiful... I am learning a lot: the worker question, agrarian socialism, history, agric[ultural] labour economics, and then I sometimes write an article, hold a conference, make plans, instruct young people who ask for my advice (I'm starting to get old, sadly!). I edit H[uszadik] Sz[ázad], chase after *grisettes* who don't exist, and seek the Woman who is even less real...

He could not consider himself free when it came to his livelihood, however. In a draft letter dating to early 1906 that gives no addressee but as it starts "your Honour" this must have been someone influential (in all likelihood József Vészi):

I am busy night and day, in monomaniacal fervour and desperation, with the decisive struggle that freedom of the people is waging today with a selfish and hidebound reactionary force... The battle is becoming more important, stiffer and more danger-fraught from one day to the next. I would like to take up my pen and write leading articles and pamphlets, travel around the country, hold meetings and scientific talks, recruit people, etc. But I can't. My shackles tie me down. I therefore turn to you, your Honour, in comradely trust, and ask you to help strike off my shackles... The solution might be: 1) I am at present a drafting clerk. I need to be appointed with the salary of an assistant secretary to any kind of post anywhere in the country. That amounts to an income of 2,400 forints, after which I could retire on something like 1,000 forints if the reactionary

forces were to be triumphant. 2) Simultaneously, I need be given one year of sabbatical leave to study, let's say, the issue of agricultural labourers.

In the spring of 1906 it was already evident that the political crisis was going to be resolved by the worst possible unprincipled compromise. In early April, the sovereign indeed appointed a 'national coalition' government under the premiership of the cynical Sándor Wekerle, who made sure that neither national demands nor any electoral reform should come to fruition. Even at the last minute, in mid-March, Jászi made an attempt to open the matter out internationally; as secretary-general of the Sociological Society he wrote an analysis of 'the Hungarian imbroglio' for the Paris-based weekly *Courrier Européen*. A response came in the very next issue from Jenő Rákosi, chief editor of the *Budapesti Hírlap* (Budapest News) daily newspaper and a respected spokesman for conservative nationalists in Hungary, who naturally attacked Jászi's group as agents of the Fejérváry government. According to Ady's commentary on the Paris press, Rákosi "had the incredible cheek to write to *Courrier Européen* that the struggle of the Hungarian coalition was a freedom fight," while Jászi noted in his rejoinder that "the sole aim of the grandes' revolution is to stop the birth of a democratic Hungary."

The battle was decided at a political level for the time being, with fronts hardening, the careerists and the tractable joining forces with the strong-handed 'national government' while on the other side efforts were made to marginalia or polish off the progressive elements and organizations that had been compromised. With Ignác Darányi returning to the Ministry of Agriculture, Jászi's position became untenable. To this day there lurks in the ministry archives a marked copy of a leading article by him, under the headline 'Lessons', from the June 2nd, 1906 issue of the daily newspaper *Budapesti Napló* (Budapest Diary), and there can be no doubt that Darányi did not look on it in the same way as his predecessor would have done. Backed by a medical certificate, Jászi tried to apply for a six-month extension of his sabbatical, given that he was incapable of regular office work on account of a nervous condition exacerbated by neuralgic facial pains. He proposed to carry on with his study assignment, and if his condition

did not improve, he would ask for the pensioning-off procedure to be set in motion. The ministry chiefs, however, were not willing to do any deals. On the advice of ministerial counsellor Bartóky, Jászi was informed on June 7th that he was being transferred to the ministry's inspectorate of settlements in Kolozsvár. He simply got no response to further petitions, so on the appointed day, June 14th, he set off for Kolozsvár and from there—with his nerves, to judge from the handwriting, clearly the worse for wear—sent off his last letter to the minister, announcing:

On arrival, my nervous condition has deteriorated to the point that I feel unable to endure any further bureaucratic delays or perform even just a few days of official service. I thereby draw the conclusion from this situation that I must resign from my post with immediate effect.

Out of consideration for his parents, he wished for “the matter to be silently put to rest,” without any scandal or demonstrative resignation. It soon became clear, however, that the change did not pass by without leaving its psychological scars on him. “My nerves are so dreadfully upset (for reasons I myself don't fully understand) that Bódog daren't let me travel to Pest on my own,” he wrote to Ervin Szabó on June 17th. “So I shall wait for him, and until then I go up to Mágura for rest and some ethnographic looking around.” At the start of July, he continued his rest at Fano (near Pescara), in Italy, then in Switzerland, but he soon realized that “absolute *dolce far niente*” was anathema to him, and so he asked Szabó to send him books relating to the history of the philosophy of law.

All the signs are that he was preparing for a tranquil, industrious summer, but at the beginning of August, as events would have it, he suddenly found himself obliged—along with his nine fellow board members, in accordance with the body's statutes—to convene an extraordinary general meeting of the Sociological Society. What had led up to this was spelled out publicly and in detail by Gyula Pikler, one of the Society's vice-presidents, at the August 7th assembly. It became clear from his account that the wing of the Society's leaders that was loyal to the government (Lóránt Hegedűs, also a vice-president, Gusztáv Gratz, secretary, and Pál Wolfner) had been engineering a

putsch in the summertime ‘dead’ season, counting on getting the rest of the board to resign so that they could take over control. Minister of the Interior Count Gyula Andrássy, the nominal president who had been elected in 1902, supported them with his unexpected resignation, giving the signal to go into action. Pikler and Jászi, however, returned home and—against the protests of those who had started off the whole affair—called a general meeting, cabling members who were taking summer holidays in all manner of places. In an interview that he gave toward the end of his life, the philosopher Georg Lukács related:

All I remember was that I was taking my summer holiday in the Tatra Mountains, and it was only with great difficulty that I managed to get hold of some money to travel from the Tatras to the meeting in order to be able to stand by Jászi and his group against Pál Wolfner and the Andrássy camp. I say that only to illustrate that I was a supporter from the very outset of social ambitions of that kind on the part of *Huszadik Század*. Philosophically, however, I condemned that whole Jászi-style positivism outright.

Throughout this part of the interview Lukács refers to “the Jászi group,” although the credit for the revolutionary spirit in which the extraordinary general meeting was conducted, as well as the exposure and expulsion of the wreckers, was primarily linked to Gyula Pikler and Bódog Somló, who after all had been personally offended and affronted by the vulgar impropriety of the tactics—unusual as they were in those days—employed by the other party. All the same, the chief speaker at the meeting was Jászi, who spoke up almost at the very end of the meeting, after the personal issues had been clarified, and delivered the first revolutionary speech of his life, and with such self-abandonment as to address the Society’s members at one point as ‘Comrades’. “Let us turn to the serious question of principle, the question that we are engaging in politics.” Already then, in other words, the main charge against the Sociological Society was that it was politically engaged under the pretext of being science. Jászi’s answer to that was that, in its own way, any body and forum that concerned itself with social issues was also engaging in politics in accordance with its own out-

look and goals, whether liberal, agrarian or clerical. They were being attacked, however, because for a long time they had been the first “who had discussed the problems of social development from the standpoint not of a narrow class, a narrow clique, but of the totality;” and who did not attribute the country’s troubles, emigration, white slavery and illiteracy solely to Vienna or to the usury of Jewish bankers but pronounced that the misery of the population was the *morbis latifundii*—the blight caused by Hungary’s aristocratic big landowners: “Our trouble is that we have dared to declare that class rule based on big estates is what is paralyzing and impoverishing the country.”

In the rest of the address, in no small measure under the influence of the Russian revolution at the start of the year, Jászi expounded with complete conviction that the country was in a revolutionary situation, perhaps on the very brink of revolution:

We are facing momentous critical and revolutionary times... when the profession of free, scientific convictions incurs dangers not just of careers being sacrificed, not just of financial losses, but even in terms of the criminal law.

That was a prediction directed primarily at himself. The final thread that tied him to official Hungary and its ruling strata had now snapped.

The September 1906 issue of *Huszadik Század* was given over to minutes of the extraordinary general meeting, with a leading article under the title ‘Crisis at the Sociological Society,’ no doubt from Jászi’s pen. On the one hand, this pointed out that what should be discerned in the events was not the scheming of a few aggrieved individuals or social climbers or the campaigning by a few government newspapers: “what has taken place in the Sociological Society is simply a process of differentiation that will get under way in the whole country in the near future.” It notes that it is natural that this differentiation should have happened first, and in most acute form, precisely in the most highly qualified body of social philosophy, and it made no secret of the fact that this was a matter of an ideological and political clash: “the ideology of modern social progress has collided with the backwardness of ossified authority.” At the same time, “this thirsted-for cleansing ended in a splendid victory for the cause of progress.”

At the following general meeting it was recorded that although 37 members had resigned from the Society as a result of the crisis, on the other hand they had gained 207 new members. It is doubtful if the balance can be drawn so simply on this numerical basis. Withdrawal by figures like Apáthy certainly represented a loss, both scientifically and politically speaking; but, over and beyond that, this marked the start of a fateful split in the Hungarian intelligentsia that was to characterize its history over the rest of the century. *Huszadik Század* and the Sociological Society thereby irretrievably lost some of their diversity, as well as a fair few valuable members, and they shifted away from learning that was free from preconceived ideas and toward ideological instruction. Jászi attempted to explain this change in an article under the title of 'Science and Politics' in the next issue of the periodical, though so unconvincingly that Bódog Somló was left fearing for his own academic prestige, so by mutual consent Jászi finally took over from him the position as editor of *Huszadik Század* though Somló stayed on as a vice-president of the Sociological Society.

The true, albeit paradoxical significance of the Society's August general meeting was articulated by *Népszava* (The People's Voice), the Social Democrats' daily newspaper:

Civic radicalism saw its birth today in the Sociological Society. Its first appearance was passionate, fiery and combative. This is a bourgeoisie that Hungary's class-conscious workers—whilst jealously preserving the class character of their self-sufficiency—will gladly fight alongside in accomplishing the tasks of the immediate future.

Rifts and Alliances

By the middle of 1906, it would be fair to say, civic radicalism had in effect emerged and been articulated in Hungary—a political and ideological current that, despite its basically liberal character, was at odds not only with old-style domestic liberalism but also, in its unrelentingly fierce critique of régime and society, with the sort of bourgeois liberalism that, although critical, adapted to the existing régime. By doing so, it roused in the historical ruling classes an understandable loathing that lives on in their successors to this day, while also managing to turn the greater part of the middle class, including the petty bourgeoisie, against itself. Where it met with an enthusiastic response was among the intelligentsia, either better-educated individuals of Jewish descent or, to a lesser degree, professionals from the middle class. The Sociological Society, where this radicalism was most vociferously manifested, nevertheless remained an academic forum, to say nothing of the fact that other trends, including socialists, syndicalists, anarchists and even more moderate liberals, continued to be represented. All the signs are that Jászi, by the end of the year, considered the more urgent task to be not forming a party but intellectual clarification, so in order to outline policy he produced a major article, ‘Toward a New Hungary,’ which opened the January 1907 issue of *Huszadik Század*.

The psychological impact of the protracted Russian revolution was still perceptible, the article starting with a glance back to the February of 1848, when skies may have seemed hopelessly dark, “yet behind the dark chaos of daily events the sun of a new era was already ris-

ing.” This draft of a radical program attempted, on the one hand, to rest on a Hungarian historical perspective while, on the other hand, also having an eye to the lessons of modern Western development; in other words, it set off from the idea of what the poet Endre Ady, a little bit later, was to term people of binary persuasion, “democrats and socialists in outlook.” Jászi may well have been summing up his own earlier, still not entirely resolved intellectual stages, that is to say, reconciling the idea of a socialism stripped of dogmatism and lack of patriotism to a radical-democratic program, while finding—at least on paper—a resolution of his long-running debate with Ervin Szabó. The introductory part closes on the following note:

It is necessary and important that the supporters of radical progress differentiate between a *radical civic party* that struggles for the advent of a bourgeois civic Hungary and achieves such reforms as can be implemented under the given power relations, and an *intransigent revolutionary labor party* that enforces the most characteristic needs of the working class and by its broad propaganda makes it possible for civic radicalism to tear down the obstacles to democratic progress.

(Precisely the reverse of this was to happen in 1919, at the time of the Soviet Republic of Hungary, when the extremist revolutionary party stood in the way of pushing through democratic transformation.)

This part of the strategic plan is totally unrealistic as it simply ignores the already existing liberal and national parties, not to say the Social Democrats, who were about as far as can be from the syndicalist shock-troops of Ervin Szabó’s imagination. Jászi thus again managed only to show how out of his depths he was in navigating around the internal disputes of the labor movement. He was better equipped—in respect of the theoretical aspects at any rate—to define and position a radical party. Before anything else, he made it clear that this new party “will be neither ’48 [i.e. pro-independence] nor ’67 [pro-Austrian] in spirit, because its prime function will be to do away with this constitutional ideology.” It could not be indifferent, however, to the dominant sentiment in Hungarian public life, which was the ideal of an independent Hungary, which alone had the ability to mobilize significant masses for significant efforts. The remainder of

the article is essentially looking for an answer to the question of what will be the radical party's relationship to the idea of independence that the "agrarian–feudal–clerical reaction" had distorted and compromised in the eyes of precisely the most progressive strata in society. Jászi's answer was a policy of radical independence, which would create economic self-sufficiency, populist local governments, educational reform, secularization of church estates, a transfer of the health service and judicial system to state control, and complete freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, and freedom to withdraw one's labor. The new party would break with the policy of forced Magyarization of those from other ethnic groups and would strive to preclude any constitutionally and nationalistically inflammatory agitation.

This radical independence program instantly came under attack from dogmatic Marxists. It was not some Social Democratic Party functionary who took this on but a certain József Diner-Dénes, an art historian, ideologist and member of a circle of Archduke Franz Ferdinand's supporters who were known as the 'Deutsches Haus' and who, in the course of his long life, managed to reconcile a curious blend of Marxist orthodoxies with business and political intriguing. He provided an instant critique of the nationalism and absence of a program in Jászi's article in two periodicals, *Szocializmus* (Socialism) and *A Munka Szemléje* (Labor Review). In his view, neither industrial nor agricultural workers were sitting up and taking notice of the "old and weary" slogan of independence any longer. The one point of view that he accepted and gave thanks for from the whole thing was that for Jászi the key question for the new party was the agrarian program, but that—contrary to Diner's notions—went and spoke of a thriving smallholder class replacing the large estates of the landed interests.

Both the policy-setting January article and the dispute with Diner demonstrated that Jászi, while he had reached a position of radically rejecting the government, the official world of scholarship and the dominant nationalist ideology in its entirety, was still searching passionately for ties of continuity with the great nineteenth-century liberal nationalist tradition, or else the means by which the socially progressive camp could free itself from the label of being unpatriotic and

the bad tradition of national indifference. Intended to serve that purpose, besides the above-mentioned articles, was his almost 200-page book under the title *Toward a New Hungary: Conversations on Socialism*, the drift of which was the same as the policy-setting article under the same main title but set in the form of dialogues between a father, who is a 65-year-old retired judge and an old liberal, and his 30-year-old son, an economist and sociologist with a doctoral degree who has just returned to Hungary from a two-year study trip abroad. In the Preface, which is dated May, 1907, he noted:

The conversations that I have noted down here are not pure figments of the imagination but at most stylized summaries of the exchanges of ideas and arguments that are now going on across the country between two generations that do not understand one another. Out of the many cases, I opted for the most favorable, which is when the liberal patriot is confronted with the new—the liberal patriot who grew up on the ideas of what was still modern rebirth. Because the difference between this worldview and the new one is not so profound as it may seem at first sight, compromise is possible between them. Division is only unavoidable in those distressingly not uncommon cases when it is not the liberal but the merchant, go-getter, nationalist, or gentrified spirit who is brought face to face with the new. But then those types have as little to do with Széchenyi and Eötvös as with Marx or Jaurès.

In the long conversation between father and son, by the nature of things, it is the later who throughout holds the advantage in knowledge and logic, and when at the end he reassuringly explains that the nationality question will also be solved through socialism, because then all hatred and gravitation to the outside would cease, the father gives in and ends the discussion on a note that Jászi would have liked to hear from the representatives of ‘old Hungary’:

I am an old man now, son, and when one gets toward the end of one’s life it is not possible to serve new ideals. Our debates have awakened a great many qualms and a great many hopes within me. I cannot dispel the doubts that arise in me, but you

are young: you see the goal and you see the means. Old people should not interfere in the business of the young. This country has endured the Turks, religious wars, foreign powers. This country understood the Reformation and the ideals of the French Revolution. It would be faint-hearted to be fearful of socialism.

By the time he had sent the book to press he had moved to a new apartment, this one also in Buda, at No. 57 Városmajor Road, with a balcony overlooking the Városmajor park, and the chance to enjoy the spring sunshine on the slopes of the nearby Little Sváb Hill behind the house. His way of life had not yet changed, and although in his correspondence around this time there are barely any references to a private life, he carried on living his bachelor's existence without any obvious sign of contemplating marriage. (After he died, his second wife noted, in a memoir in which she recorded the story of their marriage, that there was one thing on which she and Anna Lesznai, Jászi's first wife, had been agreed: that Jászi should never have been allowed to marry. He would have been much better suited to a 'monastic' way of life that was centered on work—albeit one with service from women included.)

We know very little about his love life at this period. Mention of a mysterious 'baroness' crops up in a letter to Somló, but already in the past tense. On the other hand, there has survived a correspondence of a highly sentimental character with Renée Erdős, a writer well-known for the mildly erotic flavor of her novels, from which emerges the picture of a strange and probably unconsummated love that carried on for years. In May 1904, he confessed to her: "You have been the greatest female sensation in my life to date... And although love has indeed slipped away, ties of a new kind bind me to You." Their further correspondence certainly suggests that they would not let go of one another, even though Ervin Szabó had heaved into view in the writer's company. Jászi at any rate considered it necessary, while he was in Paris, to dissuade his friend from accompanying Erdős on a trip to Italy, saying that next to her he would be unable either to work or to rest: "For such purpose Renée is the worst company. Even if she doesn't irritate you, she will envelop you with an atmosphere like

some sweltering tropical greenhouse.” In the autumn of 1905, on the other hand, with more than a touch of coquettishness the writer disclosed to Szabó, who was receiving medical treatment abroad, that she and a woman friend had been comparing notes on the two men, and that had worked out in his favor. Yet even as late as the summer of 1907 Jászi could write to her:

Sometimes I think more about you that is either sensible or justifiable. About the past, of course, since I don't know the Renée of today. But the marvelous woman of times past is still very close to me.

He had no wish to renew the relationship but he was clearly unable to forgive himself for having given her up. Meanwhile, Renée Erdős moved to Florence, and from there in the summer of 1908 she asked Szabó about Jászi: “You could give me some of the gossip about Ossie. Does he still carry his head in that impossible way? Does he still have those child's eyes?” With there being many signs that Jászi took a long time to grow out of the starry-eyed phase of his young days, it is not out of the question that she considered him to be immature.

In the autobiographical novel, *Kezdetben volt a kert* (“In the Beginning was the Garden”) published in 1966, at the very end of her life, Anna Lesznai introduces an ‘Ákos Faludi’ who stays as a guest at her family's house in the village of Körtvélyes (Hrušov, Slovakia) and to some degree represents what she, as a young woman, saw in Jászi at the time:

Ákos has a lot of clever things to say. True, he's not good looking or dashing, not romantically pale and not even stylish. I would be more inclined to say he is odd: his big, shaggy head is like a buffalo's, and when he thrusts his broad brow forward while speaking, it's as if he were preparing to butt. Yet his eyes are gentle and elongated, golden-brown dates.

With his *Sturm und Drang* period coming to a close in 1907, in the years that followed Jászi lived the driven and mercurial life of a respected editor and leading journalist of the opposition. At the beginning of that year, he also took on the job of editing a ‘Free Thought’ supplement which ran popularizing articles on scientific and culture

topics for *Budapesti Napló* since he had already been publishing pieces on historical, political, philosophical and religious issues in the newspaper for years by then. This was in fact where his series of conversations about socialism originally appeared in installments.

The optimism may be explained in part by a congress on free schooling that was held at Pécs in early October 1907. This was the first opportunity, since the big debates of old in the Sociological Society, for progressive and conservative social scientists—or ‘nationals’ and ‘internationals’ according to the *Budapesti Hírlap*—to meet and dispute in person. What was at stake was the freedom of academic freedom, which Albert Apponyi, the minister of education at the time, was seeking to curtail, as well as bringing education that was given outside schools under his purview. Official academia, however, proved no match for the assaults launched by the socialists (primarily Kunfi) and the radicals. The *Budapesti Hírlap* discerned the reason for that defeat in the lack of training in theoretical debate received by the average Hungarian scholar. The terrain they were accustomed to fighting on was not one of open combat but one of intrigue, as it was the mediocre who danced attendance on the authorities who obtained the teaching posts in university, academy and the better high schools. In his article about the congress, Jászi compared the significance of this shaking of official academia with a one-day general strike that took place at much the same time, on October 10th. “This was our most considerable success to date,” he wrote to Bódog Somló, whom he veritably hauls over the coals for staying away: “After all, you are bound by your past, and now is not the time for you to be preaching that ‘value-free’ science,” he informed his friend, who had cited urgent work and his anti-political frame of mind as reasons for not attending. “The sole fact and reality in this wretched country is that it is the duty of every modern and honest person to take sides on every vital matter of principle.”

He found it hard to reconcile himself to Somló’s slow but steady withdrawal from the affairs they had jointly embarked upon, though they were still a long way from the end-point.

In the same letter, Jászi also informs Somló: “I’ve written that little popularizing pamphlet on sociology. I am curious to know what you

think about it. I believe it manages to show the pitfalls of the intuitive school and to present the position of sociology today.”

After a succinct survey of the main schools and trends in the discipline, this booklet, *What is Sociology?*, which appeared in 1908, finally gets down to the relationship between sociology and politics, and especially the question that preoccupied Jászi and his associates, which was whether science was capable of exerting an influence on human nature and society. He makes a sharp distinction between the sociologist and the agitator: the latter is not going to ask the former for advice, while sociology might only have a practical result, though according to the notions he held at the time it might have “to work out the future in advance, what must necessarily come about, or in other words what it might be worth agitating and stirring-up for in some hope of its being accomplished.” But with reference to Durkheim, he points out that explanations constructed on individual causes do not hold water. Sociology, unlike biology, investigates the *social*, and its laws are only to be sought in society.

His main attention and activity, beyond the day-to-day tasks, was by then directed elsewhere. On July 20th, 1907, he imparted to Somló:

I am toiling continuously but with variable ardor on the nationality question. The excursion to Lugos [Lugoj, Romania] made a big impression. After all, my work is not purely a theoretical investigation but seeks to smash the dreadful shackles of servitude of a people of eight million.

From then on, this was a motif that was constantly cropping up in his letters. In the summer of 1908, he wrote to Ervin Szabó that he was going to work on the subject in Nagyvárad, at his parents’ place. In 1909, he mentioned to Georg Lukács that he had just returned from “a ramble in the Slovak national purlieu.” A letter from November 1908 apprises that the book on Hungary’s nationalities was “semi-finished,” but he wished to put in another 1–2 years work on it: “In Paris or London a major and proud work might become of it, but hardly here. In any event, it will be a strong arsenal. We shall see.”

One witness of the aforementioned trip to Transylvania in the summer of 1907, the Romanian Professor Onisifor Ghibu (1883–1972), made this known only very much later. In a volume of mem-

oirs that was published at Cluj Napoca in 1981, he described their chance encounter in Szelistye (Săliște, Romania) and their subsequent conversation. A protest happened to be in progress at the community's railway station because Professor Ioan Lupas, who had been convicted by a Hungarian court for subversion, was setting off to Szeged to serve his prison sentence there. Jászi, arriving at the same time, started to make inquiries about what was happening, and was roused to indignation by the information retailed to him. He was aware of Lupas by name and from his work, and he pronounced that this kind of attempt to solve ethnic conflicts by coercion was shameful. He identified himself and informed Ghibu that he happened to be visiting Transylvania specifically in continuation of local studies. At his request, Ghibu had undertaken to be his guide and interpreter in the Romanian community. Jászi asked for a résumé that gave a breakdown of the inhabitants by nationality and occupation, entered conversations with various people and groups in order to ascertain their housing and work conditions. Ghibu was amazed that he had not taken any notes, relying solely on intuition and memory, but the almost nine hours they spent together had inspired in him nothing but admiration for Jászi's powers of observation and the breadth of his interests.

It was primarily this activity that brought Jászi into contact and eventually a long-lasting relationship with "Scotus Viator," as R. W. Seton-Watson was known under his journalistic nom-de-plume, who was carrying out his own, parallel study of ethnic relationships in the Monarchy, and Hungary within that. As a result—since he worked more superficially and more quickly than Jászi—he had already published several books that had come under heavy fire from the nationalistic Hungarian press, but through them Hungary's nationality problem had started to trigger international interest. In early 1909, Jászi sent Seton-Watson a copy of *La Hongrie contemporaine et le suffrage universel*, a French-language edition of the December 1908 special issue of *Huszadik Század*, containing papers that presented the country's economic and cultural state as well as foreign views of Minister of the Interior Gyula Andrássy's proposals for so-called multiple or plural voting. By this means, as stated in the editor's foreword,

We seek to disclose the country's true state to the all educated people who have an interest in our conditions and aspirations... Maybe this work will convince educated Western public opinion that everything in Hungary which so rightly displeases them also pains us, and we are working honorably for a New Hungary.

This gesture, this appeal to “the educated West,” the “telling of tales” to the outside world, for which Jászi and his associates were also to show a penchant on subsequent occasions, naturally represented the overstepping of a further boundary that publicists on the nationalist side—on this occasion, the ‘67-ers and ‘48-ers in unison—were not shy to exploit.

In reply to Seton-Watson's thank-you letter, in which he assured Jászi that he was not an enemy of Hungary but he too urged reforms in the country's own interest, Jászi told him that they regarded him as a highly esteemed comrade-in-arms in the common struggle, from which they must not allow themselves to be deterred by chauvinist attacks. Seton-Watson's book, *Racial Problems in Hungary*, along with the attacks to which the author had been subjected, were reviewed by Jászi, with some critical remarks but overall great appreciation, in a big article that appeared in the July 1909 issue of *Huszadik Század*. In the end, according to Jászi, the picture that the book painted of modern Hungary was perfunctory in places, and jarring here and there, but on the whole it was the most comprehensive and profound since the works of József Eötvös. Seton-Watson only thanked Jászi for this after a quite considerable delay, at the beginning of 1911, but then in a very graciously worded letter:

It is easy enough for a foreigner like myself, sitting comfortably in remote Perthshire, to publish the plain facts in a free country; it is quite another thing to defy public opinion in one's own country, to risk the charge of lack of patriotism and the danger of political persecution. I can only wish you with all my heart success in your campaign—all the more so, as I foresee for your country a very gloomy future if the efforts of men like yourself should by any unhappy chance (*absit omen!*) end in failure.

Their relationship was later to turn into a personal, cordial familiarity and singular political alliance that even survived a world war on which they were on opposite sides, though never what one would describe as a friendship. Seton-Watson's sporadic protracted silences, which would eventually be broken by amiable letters or gestures, were to be the source of a great deal of puzzlement to Jászi later on.

In time, signs of a more positive attitude began to re-emerge after the sense of defeat and depression that followed 1905–6. In 1908 the scope for seekers of the new expanded in two major areas. January saw the launching of the famous literary journal *Nyugat* (West), while in November there was the foundation of the Galileo Circle as a center for young progressive and socialist intellectuals. Already in the second year of the new periodical, its editor in chief, Ignotus, claimed to sense the change it had wrought in the atmosphere: "the climate is more artistic, more literary, more scientific—more intellectual than at any time before." These new literary and journalistic and scientific efforts were mutually supportive, even if they did not answer for one another in every respect. For Jászi, the most thrilling of those involved in *Nyugat* was still Ady. He wrote to him in the spring of 1909 to thank him again for the solace and hope that had been derived from his poems:

The name and poetry of Endre Ady will still be living on when every fruit of this generation of ours has long been made dust by time's passing, and the names of all those who pursued philosophy, art, science and journalism have been lost.

Although *Huszadik Század* rarely communicated expressly literary analyses, Jászi made sure that the periodical discussed and demonstrated Ady's significance with due weight:

Endre Ady's significance cannot be judged from an exclusively aesthetic standpoint... even those great aspirations of the age who seek to tear down the old values find artistic consolation, hope and fighting spirit in him...

he wrote in an editorial note to correct one of Lajos Hatvany's less successful articles. He asked Georg Lukács to provide a piece, which ended up with feathers being ruffled because the essay was too long

and the periodical would only have been able to publish it in two parts, with the result that the ever-renewed seams of mutual antipathy that were laid down on each other over the ensuing years eventually ruined their relationship. On the other hand, this marked the start of true personal friendship with Ady, which ran to his giving the poet advice on medical treatments.

Spring 1909 was again devoted to science: Jászi spent April and May at the Solvay Institute in Brussels, which was then a major center of sociology research in western Europe. Hardly had he returned home than he was again discerning that—to use a pet expression of his—“the tide’s up,” so it was time to grab the oars because “the twilight of the toffs has arrived.” Inside the Independence and ’48 Party a dispute had grown up over the question of an independent national bank between its conservative wing, led by Albert Apponyi, and a more go-ahead, anti-Habsburg wing, led by Gyula Justh, which was soon to lead to a break-up of the ‘national coalition.’ Even before the government fell, though, Jászi had a presentiment of the historical significance of this turning-point, the possibility that the left wing of the Independence Party becoming democratized: “Yes, if all the signs do not deceive,” he wrote, “Gyula Justh’s party will become the missing link between the Hungary of the *Kurucz* freedom fighters and modern democracy.”

That optimism was nourished by other signs as well. By the start of 1910, almost 500 new members were enrolled in the Sociological Society, which even opened a new branch organization, with 120 members, in Arad, Transylvania, while the ten-year jubilee issue of *Huszadik Század* sold an extra 1,000 copies above the normal print run of 2,000. The most important development of all, however, was the launching of a new radical-Masonic daily newspaper, *Világ* (World). This was a venture that had come to nothing a number of times with the *Budapesti Napló* yet now circumstances were a good deal more favorable, given that *Világ* had more substantial financial backing, a greater depth of editorial staff and reporters, and it did not require Jászi to take on the work of editing it, which would have been a full-time job in itself. The real editing work was taken on by Ödön Gerő, an experienced and talented man, whereas Jászi became one of the regular leader writers. For a while after the launch, in fact, he wrote three leading articles every week, on topical political, historical, social, ethnic and other issues. One

of the very first and finest was a piece entitled 'Széchenyi, praeceptor Hungariae,' which commented on the currency of the great statesman and thinker's efforts to create and foster a sense of nationhood, while 'The Peasants of Kiskér,' 'The Awakening of the Bourgeoisie' or 'Lessons of Pócs' gave joyful—or maybe just hopeful—news of changes that were taking place in certain social strata.

Now it was entering its second decade, a new phase also began in the history of *Huszadik Század*. Jászi himself surveyed the review's first ten years at the front of the January 1910 jubilee issue and prophesied that

It will possess the power of an authentic record of its time for historiographers of the future, who from it and through it will be able to establish what sorts of ideas and ambitions the most turbulent, most impatient and most international segment of Hungarian society responded to the most spiritedly at the beginning of the 20th century.

After a historical retrospective, he designated three lines for its future activities: 1. to nurture a purely scientific content and existing contacts with the social sciences abroad; 2. to popularize findings in the field; and 3. to use European research methods in continuing to investigate Hungary's past and present, and thereby prepare the future.

The main feature of the jubilee issue was brief articles provided by the periodical's regular contributors and friends that gave an account of their current work, their researches, and the issues that were chiefly engaging their attention. Jászi gave his piece the title 'Hungary, Our Nationalities and the Outside World,' with a very fine sense that this would be the most burning issue for Hungary in the decade to come, and one that the opposing parties would be at complete odds in attempting to solve—for the most part by glossing it over or by force. Jászi himself saw it in the following terms:

Hungary has just one means of preserving its good name internationally: to uncover and pillory before the eyes of the outside world the ruthless feudal exploitation of agrarian labor that gives birth to this shameful system, and to organize Hungarian democracy against it.

He gave a pledge that *Huszadik Század* would continue this work, despite the wrath of the nationalists, and straightaway provided an example of the sort of exposé he meant by giving an account of the proceedings taken against Octavian Goga and several other Transylvanian Romanian intellectuals.

Developments during the second decade of the century, to some extent, tempted Jászi into much the same self-deception as 1905 had done. The government of Károly Khuen Héderváry and István Tisza's new National Party of Work emerged through Tisza's remaining in the background, indeed feigning to speak from an opposition position, and duping not just the liberal middle classes but even, for a while, the likes of Jászi and his associates into thinking that Khuen was preparing to introduce universal suffrage. As Jászi saw it, not for the first time:

It is not out of the question that a few of our own people might get into parliament. Perhaps even me... The nationalist gentry would seem disposed to give support to a 'sociologist-socialist-radical' bloc at the elections...

he reported to Bódog Somló and his wife, Margit Bánóczy, to whom he had once been quite partial himself.

There had been a similar temporary wavering over where the radicals saw themselves as belonging in 1909, after Jászi discerned and pronounced that the '48-er group under Gyula Justh might be a chief ally in the fight for suffrage and democracy. In the spring of 1910, Jászi fell for the maneuver that was intended to set Tisza and Khuen apart: in an article that appeared in the March issue of *Huszadik Század* under the title 'Hungary's Reaction Organizes,' he in part delivered a swingeing attack on Tisza, even to the point of stating: "the road to democracy lies ahead solely over the dead political body of István Tisza," but equally he expressed uncertainty about the direction of the democratism that Justh and his group were proposing, and came to the following conclusion: "the Khuen government, whether they like it or not, will be obliged to strive for a radical solution on suffrage." This was a damagingly mistaken and misleading prognosis, and even Jászi woke up to it after the sweeping victory that was won by the National Party of Work in the general election of early June (to

which votes from liberals and the left wing also contributed), though he was in no position to know that this fateful election would cement Tisza's party in power for eight years—right up to the revolution in the autumn of 1918.

Jászi suffered a severe personal blow at the end of 1910 with the death of his dearly loved father, which was soon followed by the winding up of the family home in Nagykároly. The house was sold, and Jászi's widowed mother moved to the capital. On Pasaréti Road, in what was then the still barely built-up green belt of Buda, he purchased for her a big garden and had a new family home constructed there, named 'Chez Ferenc' after his father. Jászi himself moved in there, turning one of the attic rooms into a suitably sequestered study with a wonderful view that he was to cling to even after he had married. His life was still hectic, and that is the excuse he gives to the growing infrequency of his correspondence even with Somló:

When one has been working for months on end for 10–12 hours a day, and in the most conflicting directions at that, when I have to keep all the strands of an increasingly complex administration and program in my hands, and besides that organize, agitate, give speeches, write leaders, brawl, and rejoice if 2–3 hours are left for my poor book, and when to all that is complicated by an elderly lady's upset physical and psychological balance... then you can imagine, Bódog, that despite all the old affection I feel for you, I am not up to writing letters. Perhaps also because I am almost afraid to give an account of my life within the frame of a letter to a friend.

Yet he was increasingly in a position to accomplish his aims in life. He was by now in the final stages of writing his book on Hungary's nationalities, but then there were the editorial difficulties thrown up by the huge material he had collected. He had enough data to fill four volumes, he wrote to Somló in late July, 1911, also recounting the plan for a German edition. This letter was dispatched from Berlin, where he spent some three months in the middle of the year, sending regular reports back to *Világ* about Germany's cultural and scientific life. From boyhood on, Jászi's orientation had been primarily toward England and France, and for a decade he had tirelessly kept an eye on

and reviewed the specialist political and sociological literature published in those countries; he had paid considerably less attention to Germany's output, which happened to be becoming increasingly important in this period. His reports from Berlin testify primarily to a frank amazement at German culture, urban policy and administration; he was entranced by the degree of order and organization—the absence of Austro-Hungarian sloppiness, to put it another way. Besides the heavy daily work and writing of articles, he informed his friend, he had made the acquaintance of a number of interesting people: the revisionist Marxist theoretician Eduard Bernstein, who was often to be of assistance to him; the pastor Friedrich Naumann (1860–1919), who was soon to put forward a plan for economic integration of central Europe under German leadership (*Mitteleuropa*, 1915); the Social Democrat Wolfgang Heine; and Professor Bernhard, “who lectured on the Hungarian question at the university as I would do and with reference to me.” He also met with Ferdinand Tönnies (1855–1936), a founder of the German Sociological Association, with whom he was already acquainted, and also a number of times with sociologist Franz Oppenheimer (1864–1943), with whom he was to maintain contacts, both intellectual and personal, for some three decades to come.

Shortly after getting back to Hungary, in October 1911, a long-expected conflict over the failure of electoral reform to materialize, which had been simmering ever since the previous year's elections, finally erupted. A majority at the Social Democratic Party's congress accepted the offer of alliance with Justh's party, then the daily *Népszava* published a sharply critical attack on the radical *Világ*, which was siding with the government against the tactic of parliamentary obstruction that was being pursued by the Opposition, and taking Jászi to task for defending the newspaper's policy by his silence. Jászi responded the very next day—in *Népszava* rather than in *Világ*, since the editor of the latter refused to allow him the opportunity—to announce that he was resigning from *Világ*'s editorial board. In an open letter, he admitted that the decision had been maturing within him for months, because he felt he owed a responsibility to the progressive camp that supported the paper and read his articles. This was a definitive moment, because socialists and civic progressives were once again faced with a decision similar to that in 1905: to fight for the

vote with the radical Independents, or to wait for it to be promulgated courtesy of Vienna and a Hungarian government that enjoyed the emperor's trust. The left wing of the Social Democrats and part of the civic opposition favored the latter course. After his letter had appeared in *Népszava*, Jászi, who just 18 months before had been lending his voice to dissuading readers from voting for Justh, now warned them in a series of articles that were later reprinted as a separate pamphlet ('Why Did I Resign from *Világ's* Editorial Board? Obstruction and the Vote'):

Hungary's petty-bourgeois are still blind in their choice of means and cowardly in their choice of struggles. The descendants of former serfs, foreign-tongued citizens and yellow-badged jews still instinctively quail before descendants of the bellicose nobility with their sinecures. That is why Hungarian democracy is having such a hard time being born.

The Independence Party, he emphasized, was "the only historical party that really does have populist roots in the country." Its parliamentary representation had for a while assumed a feudal appearance, but Justh had led it back toward its original aspect, and "out in the country the party itself had always remained the old Hungarian peasant party behind which the little man rallies in his thousands." Those lines were to characterize Jászi's policy for striking alliances right up to the revolution and even beyond. After the Social Democrats, and along with them, a collaborative venture was forged with Justh's group, the most nationalist of the nationalist parties, within the framework of a Suffrage League.

At the same time, however, Jászi also wished to extend cooperation to the democratic elements and organizations of Hungary's national minorities: "One cannot contrive democracy for just 50 per cent, and if we permit suppression of one half of the nation, then the oligarchy will also employ that against the other half," he wrote in *Világ* in early 1911, addressing that warning to all who underestimated the import of the nationality issue. He was well aware that there were people like that not just on the nationalist side but also in his own camp. That same month he went to the Galileo Circle and in a truly personal lecture he explained to this group of young left-wingers,

proud as they were of their modern enlightenment and lack of prejudice, that nationalist sentiments and national consciousness were deeply rooted realities:

One cannot start at internationalism, however much we are wedded and shall remain wedded to the noble ideal of international solidarity. The human race is formed in such a way that the only route to internationalism lies through the national. No other cultural recipe is possible. One cannot make the Slovak, Ruthene, Romanian and other peoples cosmopolitans in one go; illiteracy has to be eradicated first, and that can only happen in their own languages.

On his initiative, within the Galileo Circle a smaller group was formed of Serbs, Romanians and Slovaks studying in Budapest who held regular meetings with their Hungarian fellow-students to debate the minimal program, as sketched by Jászi in his lecture, and conditions that would have to be met for national reconciliation to be possible.

The main results and conclusions of *A nemzeti államok kialakulása és a nemzetiségi kérdés* (Emergence of the Nation-States and the Nationality Problem), Jászi's big book on Hungary's ethnic minorities, were already presented in essentially their final form in that lecture. However, the book itself was to be published only one year later, in April 1912. Ady, quite rightly, called its appearance a feat:

Not for decades, perhaps, has there been a grander, braver, more Magyar deed than this book. He has found democracy's 'Archimedean point' in our nationality question, this truly 'bloodiest' of all questions, and with dazzling labor, erudition and faith has dared to put it on display here.

The book truly did represent a heroic accomplishment in every respect. In five years Jászi had not only digested a library of literature on the history and modern-day models of nation formation and national movements, he had also made lengthy excursions, often on foot, to rove all over the areas of Transylvania and Upper Hungary where non-Magyar nationalities were in the majority, gaining huge amounts of first-hand experience in the process. He had distributed questionnaires to, and made contact with, the more democratically

mindful leaders of movements and organizations that represented the nationalities, as well as influential foreign investigators of the issue such as Seton-Watson and Louis Eisenmann, a Frenchman of Hungarian descent. Leaving aside the “tyrannicide” book—*Against the Tyrant*—that he co-wrote with John D. Lewis toward the very end of his life, he did not put in as much work on any other work, even including *The Dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy*. That remarkable thoroughness was not unequivocally to the book’s advantage, however, most particularly because from the point of view of its subject the climate and time in which it appeared were very different from those in which he had conceived the plan. In the intervening five years, the tensions surrounding the nationality problem had grown enormously, the pace at which the national movements were emerging had accelerated, and the foreign-policy dimensions (for example ‘pan-Slav’ ambitions) had suddenly expanded. Although Jászi himself had been turning into a true politician and, of course, kept abreast of the new specialist literature and political developments in the field, it seems he was unable to alter to the whole tone, approach and structure of his work as he was going. He ended up publishing a scholarly book, furnished with a lengthy historical introduction, on a live political issue that was just reaching boiling point.

If that circumstance did not contribute to the work’s immediate impact and success, its value was increased by fact that, in Ady’s phrase, it “dared to show” the general, international roots and regularities of the problem, and hence the issue that was unsettling public opinion was no Hungarian specialty, nor even a ‘fabrication’ of ‘pan-Slavic agitators’ or political cliques, but concerned what was practically a natural process. That warning was addressed not only to nationalists but also to Marxists, who in their dealings with this problem were fond of seeing it a ‘bourgeois diversionary maneuver’ from the class struggle and of classing the national minority movements simply as nationalist.

What also counted as pioneering, though, was a new notion of Hungarian history that differed both from feudal-nationalist and from Marxist-internationalist historiography. In that respect, Jászi was going down untrodden paths, especially when it came to Hungary’s Middle Ages and early Modern age, on top of which he displayed a

partially justified but also somewhat overdone mistrustfulness toward professional historians. While breaking with the 'national Romantic' approach that had been developed over the nineteenth century, he also held apart from the class-ridden dogmatism of Marxist historians, by seeking to integrate national and socioeconomic aspects in a way that was not simplistically full of hatred and contempt for the Hungarian nobility and did not judge its behavior or policies any more severely than those of the ruling classes in other countries or the house of Habsburg's centralizers, while also not denying the national and middle-class character of Hungary's revolution of 1848.

The work also broke new paths in its use of historical statistics. As a sociologist, Jászi was well aware that social problems like the future of the nationality question and the prospects for assimilation could not be tackled in a voluntarist manner, purely from the side of history or constitutional law, but they also had to be examined in regard to their social trends. In the book, he made a large-scale attempt, on the basis of historical, demographic and statistical data from rather scattered sources of uncertain value, to reconstruct how ethnic relations had evolved in Hungary over two centuries. From data that, by and large, still stand their ground today, however, Jászi fell into the trap of exaggerating in two respects, painting a picture that was too rosy on one hand yet too dark on another. Thus, he was too optimistic in what he said about spontaneous assimilation, the process of 'Magyarization' that had taken place over the past two centuries, but too severe in what he said about forcible assimilation, the imposition of the Magyar language and culture. The two errors were, of course, linked and pointed to the well-intentioned and basically correct advice that people should abandon petty attempts on the part of the authorities and educational system to stifle the cultivation of national languages and cultures, because those efforts were condemned to fail from outset and, indeed, were counterproductive and served only to provoke defiance and resistance. Given the bulk of the book and its analysis, the positive proposal on which the author ends is remarkably compact and simple:

First, good schooling, good local government, and good administration of justice in the language of the local population.

Second, recognition of the right of all nationalities freely to cultivate their language and culture.

Jászi did not work out a detailed program for solving the nationality question. He knew that no one was able to devise a program that would satisfy both parties, because the situation essentially boiled down to a choice between staying together or separating, and the sole chance for the former was not so much a matter of mutual confidence being restored (after all, it had never existed) as created. Jászi was subsequently often asked why he did not proclaim the principle of national self-determination and secession, or the necessity for a reorganization of the historical Hungarian state on federal lines, but even as things were he went to the utmost extreme that a Hungarian politician could go in those days and still retain credence in his beliefs as a political factor. Yet it is also a fact that at this time, and indeed even after the First World War, Jászi was all for preserving historical Hungary, only he sought to achieve that not by duress, let alone violence, but through generous concessions and gestures. In his liberal-democratic utopia he underrated the strength and stamina of the nationalisms ranged against it and overrated the cohesive force generated by centuries of co-existence.

There can be no doubt that the reception given to the book was a big disappointment for Jászi. Extolled by Ady, indeed all but placed on a pedestal, and sent out by its author with earnest dedications to dozens of friends and fellow experts, the work gained little in the way of genuine reviews, discussion or critical assessment either directly after its publication or even subsequently. It also proved unable to stimulate a wider, more productive debate, let alone practical steps or reforms. The reviews that were printed in 1912–13 may be divided, by and large, into two sharply distinct groups: collegial praise and hostile invective. Critical remarks in the former case tended to be restricted to minor matters of detail while the arguments in the latter case were mainly limited to political denunciations. In *Huszadik Század* Pál Szende provided a detailed précis of the book's contents, citing a few deficiencies, questioning Jászi's assertion that the middle classes of the ethnic minorities are more democratic than their Hungarian counterparts, and expressing confi-

dence that it would be impossible either to accuse the work of selling its country out or to put a tight lid on it. He was wrong about that, though. Even the most objective review managed to discern in it the destructive Marxist ideology of radicalism. An essay by László Boross in *Nyugat* was virtually the only one to regard *The Nation-States* as a pioneering initial step and basis for discussion in clarifying an issue hitherto treated as taboo, and he duly weighed in by taking issue with a number of its propositions and conclusions, primarily on the matter of urban and rural assimilation.

An opportunity did nevertheless present for serious, substantive debate, though not in public but purely in correspondence, with two truly competent experts in this area and genuine representatives of Independence Party thinking, the elderly Lajos Mocsáry, whom he did not know personally, and Professor István Apáthy of Kolozsvár, Jászi's relations with whom had been restored to normal civilities since their parting of ways in 1906. Mocsáry—of whose letter Jászi was so proud that it was one of the very few documents he took with him into exile—opened on a note of praise and agreement:

We are both in the same boat, kindred spirits, and rather than quibbling over details I can only express my pleasure over the fact that God summons up men in time so that a man of this caliber should have been so well equipped to revive, once again, a matter that is now, give or take, a hundred years old.

His objections were confined to two points: the assessment of the political role, historically speaking, of the Hungarian nobility and gentry, and the plans for a German edition of the book. In sending and dedicating a copy to Apáthy, Jászi made reference to their earlier arguments in the hope that “it may be opportune for dispelling the ‘illusions of proximity’ and convince you that what we are dealing with here is not the machinations of individuals but a natural process.” Apáthy, though, while acknowledging that the book was right in many respects, considered that Jászi was placing too much trust in the good faith of ethnic minority leaders and their loyalty to the Hungarian state. In his view, the nationality issue had to be handled differently in regard to the non-Hungarian-speaking masses and the middle classes. “You believe in things that I, sadly, have learned to doubt,” was how

he expressed the charge, later to recur many times, that Jászi was ‘naïve’. Here one can only add that he, by and large, represented the most democratic strand of opinion in the entire nationalist camp.

Naturally, notice was taken of Jászi’s book by the intelligentsia in Romanian national circles in Transylvania and Slovak national circles in Upper Hungary. Jászi had made use in writing the book of facts and opinions supplied by Peter Makovicky, among the Slovak leaders, but already in 1912 his associates started to express their misgivings that Jászi and his school merely represented a more civilized (and, for that very reason, more dangerous) form of keeping up the repression of ethnic minorities. The reception on the Romanian side was mixed. In the June 23rd, 1912 issue of the newspaper *Telegraful Român*, which was produced in the city of Nagyszeben (Sibiu, Romania), Emil Babes penned a truly appreciative, indeed grateful leading article about Jászi, who deserved

credit for the fact that we Romanians are not branded for our sentiments; that the enemies of the homeland do not curse us for our patriotic ambitions; that special laws and measures are not being demanded against us; that the masses in the capital no longer act against us, because the mass now gives more credence to Jászi than to his prejudiced enemies, who are our enemies too.

From May to August of 1912, essentially every issue of this weekly title contained an extract from Jászi’s book, then a few months later it disclosed the questions and reservations that it had regarding where Jászi and radicalism stood on nationality, the first of which related to capitalism, the second to religion, and the third to the state taking over the running of all schools. In essence, it judged the freethinking of the civic radicals to be alien to the cast of mind of those Romanians who were faithful to their religion and nationality. That did not yet amount to the rejection of a later date, but Jászi, who of course promptly responded to the questions, must have got a feeling that this third attempt of his to win allies was encountering even more difficulties than the first two.

In the latter part of the year, the Sociological Society celebrated its tenth anniversary with a general assembly. The president’s opening

address, given Gyula Pikler's absence, was held by Ervin Szabó, who exhorted his fellow members to return to science, the laws and functions of which differed from those of politics: "With all the action, we have no time for thinking," he declared, perhaps with his best friend in mind, who by then was swamped in his work for the anti-Tisza suffrage campaign. But Jászi, who delivered the scientific address at the jubilee session, could also make distinctions, and he chose as the subject for his talk a question that, in his view, served as a basis for their entire scientific and political activity: 'Does Social Progress Exist?' Before giving his own answer, he outlined the known extreme philosophical positions, that of Condorcet, with his optimistic stance, and that of the pessimist Karl von Hartmann, with his rejection of the very concept of progress, then went on to survey the notions held by the two founding fathers of sociology as a scientific discipline, Comte and Durkheim, who regarded the question as unscientific in principle, since there was no objective common basis for making comparisons of human happiness in different times and places. That was distressing for Jászi, who protested that any problem that so forcibly beset the human spirit as the question of social progress could not be dismissed as sterile. He considered it to be a proper starting-point that

A positive response to the question is to all intents and purposes a precondition for a bold will and profitable action, while pessimistic rejection of it would be tantamount to plugging the most productive aspect of the drive to act.

Such cold objectivity was anathema to him, and he declares:

No rational rule of individual and social morality whatsoever is conceivable that would pass by the problem of social progress with the indifferent shrug of the shoulders suggested by the Comte–Durkheim doctrine.

Following this hardly scientific introduction and approach, he gets down to a serious analysis of the issue. He concludes that progress and development are not synonymous concepts, because the latter signifies an objective process that is independent of our value judgments, whereas social progress is a subjective, teleological concept that exists only between people who understand one another. He

goes on—citing Durkheim and arguing continuously with his idea—to acknowledge that the development of civilization *per se* does not offer greater happiness. All the same, “the balance of happiness for the common man in the most developed countries of western Europe is on the rise.” From that he dares to draw the inference that the idea of progress is not utopian but “a justifiably targeted ideal of social action, the means for the accomplishment of which are at our disposal to an ever more profuse degree.” As what that ideal might mean for him, that comes out best in the final paragraph of the long paper, where Jászi speaks of “a belief in progress,” which in itself embraces the most valuable elements of religious thinking but without any of the class-rule and exploitative tendencies that cleave to all dogmatic religions. In an ever more skeptical and irrational world, Jászi expected and hoped it would be from this “new religion,” this “rationalistic and socialist pantheism,” and its conscious cultivation, that the ideal of social progress would become reality.

Marriage and War

In early summer 1912, the skirmishing in the Hungarian parliament turned serious all at once. In a debate on the Armed Forces Bill to vote for the annual number of recruits to be raised in Hungary, as demanded by the sovereign and his government, what was really at stake was the looming war. István Tisza, as speaker of the House, wanted to have the bill passed as quickly as possible, which the Opposition, being in a minority, could only delay by filibuster and, almost literally, by bellowing and trumpeting, allied to demonstrations outside parliament. A mass protest of workers on May 23rd which was bloodily suppressed by the authorities was called by Jászi, in *Huszadik Század*, the most momentous date in Hungarian history since 1848, a true revolutionary action. Tisza, however, did not let it bother him: he got the Armed Forces Bill voted through parliament on June 4th by the crude device of having protesting representatives escorted from the chamber by armed guards and prohibiting them from re-entering by surrounding the building with detachments of soldiers.

A long series of protest meetings were held the length and breadth of the country. On June 16th, Jászi made a joint appearance in Miskolc with Count Mihály Károlyi of the Independence Party, the Social Democrat Jenő Landler on a platform of pushing for universal suffrage. This was the first time Jászi had met Károlyi, who was then a known conservative and later to become a great friend, and whom the right-wing press were not shy of ridiculing “for attending rallies in the company of international socialists and agitators of the national minorities.” Károlyi’s response to that was that “I gladly accept even

Oszkár Jászi as a fellow spirit if he adopts the same point of view as me.” That declaration indicates that something must have gone well on their being introduced, but in all likelihood the two men did not enter any conversation either on the journey there or at the meeting place itself. Direct contact, then, was still missing and indeed it did not take place for a good five years, for all the shared political goals and mutual admiration. Ten years later, at the height of their friendship, Károlyi relates in *Fighting the World*, his first volume of memoirs, that as they were on their way back from the rally, where Jászi had

delivered a speech with an uncommon abundance of ideas and to great effect, I spoke enthusiastically about him to Ignác Darányi. ‘I know Jászi well,’ Darányi rejoined. ‘He’s a very talented but also a very dangerous young man. Watch out for him!’

The story is very plausible as Darányi may well have had clear recollections of how, just six years before, he had dismissed the ‘dangerous young man’ from the ministry, quite obviously on political grounds, and it is also credible that Károlyi formed a good impression on meeting a type of intellectual that he may well have never previously encountered. Nevertheless, he did nothing to initiate a further meeting; unquestionably, Károlyi’s social milieu would either have militated against it or made him feel awkward about doing so—if, indeed, he had any such inclination.

Of course, Jászi did not attempt to initiate further contact either. Well-known a figure he might have been in Hungarian public life, and far-flung as his connections might be in the circles in which intellectuals, writers and journalists moved, he was still a long way from mixing with leading politicians and aristocrats on an equal footing. At this time, his position as a member of the alliance between the Independence Party, Social Democrats and radicals was growing stronger, yet he was also feeling a degree of uncertainty in his relations to his old intellectual base through the break with *Világ*, which became involved in a new conflict during this very period. In an article he wrote about the ‘Bloody Thursday’ events of May 23rd Jászi referred to the ruling power—in a highly intemperate phrase—as a “Junker–Jewish coalition,” adding that “the power of Jewish usury in this country has

never before been so complete.” A few days later, an open letter appeared in *Világ* that was signed “A Jew” (in reality the editor in chief), which accused Jászi of anti-Semitism and described his activities as harmful from the viewpoint of Hungarian radicalism. Jászi responded the next day in an open letter to the editor, pointing out that several comrades had also misunderstood his article. He saw no reason to make excuses, and having set down in six points his perspective on “arriviste Jews” and “the usurious accumulation of capital by Jews,” which he did not regard as any more exaggerated an expression than “the usurious accumulation of land by blue bloods,” he added a comment on a more personal note:

I presume I am speaking to cultivated people who are well aware that it cannot be supposed of me, by virtue of my entire career in public life and by my descent, that I would seek to attack the likes of Jesus, Spinoza, Heine, Marx and Lassalle in general, or so many noble fighters for the rights of the Hungarian people, my beloved comrades in arms, but solely the *Fendaljud* [i.e. ‘feudal Jew’], that instrument of all bloodsucking and all Junker-style coercion that stops at nothing. Sadly, the soul of the Jewish petty bourgeoisie is still so deeply entrenched in the ghetto that its liberalism is used up by shallow anticlerical propaganda...

The sole instrument for pulling down the ghetto is democracy: the extension of law and free inquiry. Let us not be afraid of them even if they sometimes affront old sensitivities!

Undeniably, on the Jewish question Jászi’s basic attitude—under no circumstances to position oneself on ‘racial’ grounds, not to resort to discrimination, whether negative or positive, and to make the same social or moral distinctions among Jews as among others—was legitimate and justifiable, but it is also a fact that in his writings and even his spoken pronouncements Jászi was also later on prone to strongly and, at times, unduly or unnecessarily stress the predominantly Jewish character of certain economic, social or cultural phenomena, such as the leadership of the Hungarian Soviet Republic in 1919 and the exile community of Hungarian Communists, the capitalist tycoons who backed the Tisza and Bethlen governments, etc.

There can be little doubt that in this respect he was driven by the conviction that these strata and elements of the Jewish community were seriously damaging to the country, and especially to progressive movements that were linked to them, and that they therefore had to be named and kept separate. But it is equally certain that a part was played in these attitudes by personal antipathy and some form of wish to be freed of his own Jewishness, which he was never able to feel as a true destiny and indeed, so he sensed, was hindering him from fulfilling his mission. This was often put down (as it would be today) to anti-Semitism. That was incomprehensible to him, even later in life, but it is a matter of fact that he often found himself at cross-purposes with self-aware Jewish organizations, groups and individuals. As he himself admitted in the memoir he wrote in old age, he found it difficult to acknowledge his own Jewishness, and for the greater part of his life he bore it as if it were a hump on his back, because he felt that it was a heavy shackle that would hinder him in accomplishing his life's work. He therefore instinctively tried to forget about it, push it into the background, but he was much too honest ever to have disguised or denied the fact. One of the rare statements that he was to make later on in this connection, in a letter answering one of his old flames, runs:

I don't think there is a drop of racial prejudice in me, since as far as that goes I have always exercised a large measure of self-criticism, and I was the first to warn Hungary's Jewish community that it was going down the wrong path to enter the service of the robber-barons. As a result, they persecuted me for years on end as an 'anti-Semite'...

This two-way pull was manifested not only in his circle of friends but also with the loves in his life. The volume *The Nation-States* bears the dedication "To E. Z. E. as a token of friendship," who, as far as one can ascertain, was called Margit Papp, the wife of a writer on economics and, as it becomes clear from later letters, a lady of rank from a conservative Christian background. There is nothing reliable to go on with regard to the nature of their relationship or its actual duration. His other great love, 'Margitzi' or Margit Kendeffy, was also from an illustrious landed gentry family, her older sister, Katinka, being married to

Baron Imre Biedermann, a landowner and parliamentary representative. These relationships seem to have ended a little bit like a third with someone from this milieu, Rózsa Kende, who, in a letter that she sent to Jászi in America two decades later, called to task the traitor who had defamed “Hunnia”, calling on him to examine his conscience and return home. Then there were lovers who were from the ranks of Budapest’s Jewish middle-classes—no small number by all accounts. One such may well have been the sister-in-law of the journalist Ignóty, Mrs Viktor Véghelyi, to whom he seems to have been drawn—as an exception—by an uncomplicated erotic attraction. Another, shortish ‘fling’ was to have more serious consequences: Mrs Margit Rosenthal, to whom he felt no spiritual or intellectual bond, bore him a daughter, the delicate little Alice, whom he probably never saw. Going behind the back of the aggressively demanding mother, he strove to provide for his daughter from exile through the offices of Imre Csécsy, but she did not survive the 1944 Holocaust, taking her own life.

Nevertheless, the most intense and longest-lasting love affair, one that was combined with the human loyalty that was so important for Jászi, was his link with Ella Tiller, the well-educated daughter of a well-off Budapest inner-city family, wife of the painter Lajos Kunffy and one of the sitters immortalized by the painter Rippl-Rónai. She spoke French exceptionally well, and in 1918–19 she drafted or edited a number of the documents that were sent out internationally by the Károlyi government. Jászi had made the acquaintance of the Kunffys in 1905, at the Rodin Museum in Paris, and their friendship endured for a round half a century: the last visit Jászi made before leaving for exile in 1919 was to their home in Somogytúr, where he left his correspondence, diary and other documents for safekeeping. He again spent several days there during his trip to Hungary in 1947, and in late 1955, by which time he was seriously ill, one of the very last letters that he wrote was to them. The love affair lasted even after the exile began, but its precise beginnings cannot be dated with certainty—not even whether it started before or after Jászi’s first marriage. All we know, from a description provided by his second wife, Recha, is that Anna Lesznai was aware of the relationship, and although in principle she offered and assured her husband freedom in the life he led, it was hard for her to bear.

On July 20th, 1913 Jászi informed Ady:

My dear Friend, I am hereby letting you know that I have married Anna Lesznai. We both hope that our ties of friendship to you will hereby become even closer. May Pasarét be *the* place where you can relax and feel at ease.

This is the only surviving letter that gives news of the event, and we have no idea of what the circle of friends thought or how they reacted, or even what the couple's motives were for marrying. By the time of their marriage they had been acquainted for almost twenty years as Jászi had been a frequent visitor to the Moskowitz house during the 1890s, when Anna, or Amália (commonly called 'Máli'), was a child. They had also met over the intervening years since then; indeed, there is a letter from Jászi in 1906 which comments: "I have also become close to Mrs Károly Garai [i.e. Máli's married name after her first husband], she too is far from average. She may make a Renée Erdős yet." By 1913 neither of them were truly in the flush of youth, so it was harder for them to accommodate, which made the enterprise all the riskier: Jászi was 38 years old, and although Amália Moskowitz was ten years younger, she already had one marriage behind her and a son, Károly or 'Kari', who was a problem child. By nature, range of interests and way of thinking, the two were polar opposites. Jászi was a man of principles, centered on politics and science, strict in his judgements and combative by nature, who would approach even the arts via theory. Máli, by contrast, was a poet, painter, writer of fairytales and a cultivator of arts of every kind, with a childishly pure soul even in her large body, accepting everything human and natural, non-judgmental, having little to do with principles, ideals or politics, though clever enough to know her way around when necessary. The traits that they shared, on the other hand, were strength of will, passion and loyalty, all of which were to complicate as well as strengthen their marriage and the lifelong affinity that succeeded it.

Some light is thrown on the essence of their relationship to one another and the reason for the marriage taking place by a letter of August 1919 that Anna Lesznai wrote in response to a long 'indictment' that her husband had sent from Vienna, in which Jászi set out

point by point his reasons for divorcing her and to which she was responding, likewise point by point but in a very different style:

My darling old thing, I respond with a friendly kiss to what you set down at length and honestly. So be it, then, and with God's help all the best to the two of you... At any rate, you are not to blame: 1) you didn't want to marry me; 2) loving is not your métier; 3) your intentions toward me were always good. Our life together was based on my love, which, I need not be ashamed to say, was not inconsiderable. That is quite in order: the woman always should love the more strongly, for it is anyway us who get less of the spice of life, so let there be more love, it's good to love. But you, my sweet, like all those with a 'calling,' you are a hard person to love. All professionals are like pregnant women, full of 'unselfish' pious selfishness over their work. *That* was the very thing I liked most about you, that is what I respected, but my love was not strong enough for this burden. For you, my sweet, your wife can only be an intelligent echo, a gentle mirror. Loving you is, in a certain sense, to commit 'hara-kiri.' As long as you did me the honors with warm, love-tinged affection I was able to do it, but when you said 'let me not throw the whole weight of my desire for happiness on you, let me be myself again,' I knew and I said to you: you are losing your affection for me.

It is just possible that the death of Máli's father, Geyza Moskowitz, in the spring of 1913, precipitated the marriage or speeded it up. In any event, Jászi—on the evidence of a letter to Ady—profoundly shared the grief. Thereafter, however, relations with one another's families were not without troubles. Jászi for his part had many objections to the child-rearing methods of his mother-in-law, 'Mama Hermin,' who came from the baronial Hatvany family, as well as a host of other traits that went hand in hand with her wealth, whereas with Kari an irritated, near-hostile relationship developed. Though less overt, it pained him all the more that the relationship between his mother and his wife was not particularly affectionate, yet just before the outbreak of war they ordered their lives to share the same dwelling. In the early days, Máli lived in the Jászi's small house in the

Pasarét district, but she soon had a separate, grand, Secession-style villa built for herself, to her own plans, on the hillside section of the enormous (and possibly newly expanded) garden. According to family oral tradition, her husband kept the room in his old house, close to his mother, as a study. It was to here that he could retire to do his work or to escape the fairly frequent marital spats. Within four years three sons came into the world out of this marriage. Little Ferenc, named for his grandfather, came in 1914 and died shortly after birth (all that is left to attest to him is the name added to the grandparents' gravestone in Farkasrét Cemetery, Buda). He was followed by György in 1915 and András two years later. Both of them, as indeed grandson Péter (György's son), who was born in 1946, inherited Jászi's large head and features, but they grew up to be much taller than him, who only looked tall when seated. Jászi was later to prove a kind and considerate father, but in the early years he did not have much to do with his sons; his time was completely taken up by work, which for him by that stage was in practice an amalgam of organizing and politics, teaching and writing.

In February 1913, he re-embraced *Világ* (or to be more accurate, the paper re-embraced Jászi), albeit only to the tune of one leader—in the Sunday edition—per week. Recurrent subjects of these articles were topical social, cultural and popular educational issues; Tisza's actions as speaker of the House and, later on, as prime minister, including the negotiations over a pact with Romania; and ever afresh, the nationality question. Under the aegis of the Free School of the Social Sciences, he gave talks on the latter subject at Nagyvárad (Oradea, Romania), Szatmárnémeti (Satu Mare, Romania) and Selmecbánya (Banská Štiavnica, Slovakia), and then on January 31st, 1914, at the request of the Galileo Circle, a big public lecture in the country's old parliament building in Sándor Road, Budapest. From the stenographer's record of the text of this (which, with a few cuts, was carried by *Huszadik Század*), one gets a sense of what an excellent lecturer Jászi must have been speaking off the cuff when he tried to persuade his public on a subject that lay close to his heart—in this case university students on the dangers inherent in the latest developments on the nationality question. With logical argumentation and startling examples, albeit some simplification, he demonstrated that

Tisza's newly found friendliness towards Romania sprang simply from Vienna's (and Berlin's) military needs, and that the fiction of Hungarian as a non-existent but enforced lingua franca was the main reason for the country's disunity. The plans to sign a pact, he explained, were not the appropriate way to solve the nationality question; for that even political democracy alone was not enough, if it was not linked to linguistic and cultural democracy and to a solution of the peasant question. His conclusion was that until a democratic-minded solution was found for the nationality and peasant questions, one half of the country could be turned loose on the other in the spirit of *divide et impera*, and Hungary would stand under the threat of dismemberment.

At the same time, in *Világ* he strove to use Tisza's treaty negotiations with the Romanians as a way of persuading the Independence Party and shifting them out of their old chauvinism, asking:

If the kinglet of Bihar has been capable of revising his policy on nationalities purely out of considerations of the party's hold on power, why should the Independence Party not revert to its old, big-hearted traditions in the country's interest?

He duly got a frank answer from István Milotay, an extremist who was later to become a fascist, in the columns of the Independence Party's paper, *Magyarország* (Hungary): "We have no wish for the kind of democracy that can only be built on the ruins of a united Hungary." Jászi was all the more interested in Károlyi, stubbornly hoping that the man who had taken over chairmanship of the Independence and '48 Party in 1913, and in 1914 was setting off on a speaking tour of America, and meanwhile engaging in diplomatic negotiations with the French: "The young and temperamental Károlyi" would derive even bolder and more resolute political motives from his contacts with the Hungarian émigré community in America, and perhaps this trip "will finally instate him as the standard-bearer of radical progress," he predicted. In the meantime, he could also see, and a few weeks later, after Károlyi's inaugural meeting Cegléd, he wrote that Károlyi's trying-out of his democratic wings were being hindered by his party's feudal bonds: "Yet the only serious opposition policy to-day rests in that trying-out of wings."

It seems as if the compacting of problems was goading and driving Jászi too into a race against time. In early April, after a one-year interval, he got a letter from Seton-Watson, who announced that he would be visiting Budapest in May and sent him an outline idea of a periodical he was intending to start up under the title of *The European Review*, asking Jászi to collaborate. Contrary to his habit, Jászi waited almost a month before replying, which he then put down to being away, but one can read into the way the answer is worded a reluctance to be tied to the condition of being a collaborator. After acknowledging the importance of an impartial forum and Scotus Viator's qualifications to be an editor, Jászi continues:

You are aware how extremely difficult and ticklish is the position of those in Hungary who are fighting feudalism that wears the mask of chauvinist patriotism. I am therefore keen to take part only in literary propaganda that, while condemning the grave errors committed by the Magyar oligarchy against the nationalities' language and culture, at the same time respects the ideal and legitimate self-interest of the Hungarian people, which wishes to realize a productive harmony between all nationalities within the historical framework of our State. I therefore ask you to leave out of your program any appearance of hostility that is directed not against the ruling classes, usurping as they do the rights of the Hungarian people and nationalities, but against the Hungarian nation itself. I urge this viewpoint on you all the more as it represents not only a rational way of proceeding but also, in my opinion, the entire truth of Hungarian development.

Seton-Watson was ready to show consideration toward a moderate Hungarian line but saw it as possible to discuss that only in person. A meeting duly took place on May 31st, over lunch in the garden of Jászi's house in Pasarét. Since the world war interrupted further correspondence between them for many years, we do not know the outcome of that chat in garden tranquillity, though it obviously lost its validity in any event. It is clear from the above quotation from his letter, though, that Jászi did not wish to be inevitably compromised even more as a home-grown ally of the Scot, who had already come under sharp attack from Apponyi in parliament—clearly having in

mind, first and foremost, the interests of a potential alliance with the Independence Party and Károlyi. In Károlyi he had the good eye to discern the makings of a leading figure for Hungarian democracy, a candidate for the role for which he himself had at one time been preparing but which he had given up, not just due to his origins but more particularly because his personality was more that of the teacher than the politician. In *Világ* at this time there appeared the first biographical sketch—more than likely penned by Jászi—about “land reformer Károlyi,” who, along with his beard, had also shed the circumstances that attended his earlier entry into politics. The article considers, reasonably enough, that the biographer of the future was also going to be at something of a loss to discern the motives for this “sensational transformation,” because these were primarily internal rather than a product of external influences.

Nevertheless, impatience, or perhaps precisely the possibility of political alliance with Károlyi, persuaded Jászi to carry out his long-postponed plan and establish the National Civic Radical Party. It is actually quite hard to understand why in June 1914, of all times, he took a plunge that later on he was to call the biggest mistake he made in his life. After a couple of preparatory articles, it was only at the end of May that in *Világ* he posed the question “Is a Civic Radical Party Needed?” in which he warned Gyula Andrássy and Mihály Károlyi,

these serious and unsullied politicians, not to be taken in by leg-pulls that are in any event futile. The planned boycott of Radicals would be the handiwork of a petty jealousy that would weaken the opposition's positions for no reason at all.

This boycott of opposition parties in parliament was initiated by Vilmos Vázsonyi, a well-known lawyer and politician, leader of the Democratic Party which drew much of its support from Budapest's Jewish lower middle class, who was anxious to nip in the bud the formation of what he saw as a rival party.

In that situation, Ady's support and solidarity were uncommonly important. On June 1st Jászi expressed his thanks for that, adding:

We shall have a tough fight, but things are going with a great swing. Vázsonyi cannot stifle the new party, however much he

might wish to. The launch on the 6th will be impressive and splendid. I implore you to greet the party with a few lines, if you are unable to fire the troops' resolve by your presence in person. Your name is the most resplendent banner in Act 1.

Ady did in fact make an appearance, and even took the floor, at the inaugural meeting in Nagyvárad on June 14th. The poem that he wrote for this occasion—"Várnak a táborozók" (The Encamped are Waiting)—and his address were rapturously received. At the formal institution of the party in Budapest on June 6th, Jászi was elected chairman, Pál Szende executive vice-chairman, while Ady was made a member of the party's governing committee.

Jászi and Karl Polányi, who became the party's secretary, place great weight on organizing in the areas most densely populated by national minorities, albeit with variable success. János Mudron, a lawyer based in Turócszentmárton (Turčiansky Martin, Slovakia), assured them that the party's chairman and program had his unconditional support but also informed them that, in accordance with family traditions, he would be retaining his links to the Slovak national party. Miklós Milutinovics at Pancsova (Pančevo, Serbia) warned Jászi that the new party's members in the countryside did not always follow its principles, even though it was important that they show themselves to be true democrats locally: "Anyone who is a radical democrat should also dare to be radical on the nationality question!" Particularly high store was placed on the inaugural assembly at Versec (Vršac, Serbia), with supporters and the curious being invited to attend from Szabadka (Subotica, Serbia), Újvidék (Novi Sad, Serbia), Temesvár (Timișoara, Romania) and other cities in the areas principally inhabited by the southern Slavs.

"So, here it is," Jászi began the leading article for *Világ* in which he announced the formation of the party:

In a new, viable organization, based on a sure, grand program of principles, accompanied by anathemas from alarmed leaders of cliques and sitting members of parliament, garlanded by the holy zeal of bright-eyed twenty-somethings: the National Civic Radical Party, the militant organization of the under-forties, has hereby set off on its arduous path.

In the remainder of the article, he presents the movement that was bringing the party into existence as a product of the ideological and political struggles fought by the generation who were university students in the 1890s, proudly accepting,

To be sure, we are a doctrinaire party, and we also wish to remain that way. The distant future is of more interest to us than the stormiest parliamentary scandal of the moment.

In the draft of his memoirs Jászi also mentions that party members were recruited “largely from graduates of the Sociological Society,” yet the article strikes an optimistic note in respect of being able to count on affiliations from fresh circles and strata, speaking of indications and, indeed, applications from smallholders, teachers, intellectuals from the national minorities and, above all, physicians. Jászi hoped that, unlike in the “parties of lawyers” to date, public health workers most particularly would feature in the party, alongside teachers and employees of private firms. He was also content with the party’s ideological spread, being very buoyant in his view that

A single decade will be enough for nationalist whoops to be superseded once and for all, for the soul of the Hungarian people to be imbued with new ideals, and for the country to be fully connected with the blood circulation of western Europe.

That decade of peaceable explanatory work was not given to Jászi and his party, and blame for its failure might therefore easily be shifted to circumstances outside its control. That was not Jászi’s style. In a 1938 article he noted, not for the first nor the last time:

I consider the foundation of the Civic Radical Party as being the biggest blunder of my career. Under the given power relations, a party of that kind was condemned to perish, or could only have played the pitiful role of a more progressive version of Vázsonyi’s beliefs. Its only consequence was testiness and jealousy on the part of our socialist ‘step-brothers.’ Without it, we would have been able to propagate our principles with more force and greater clarity and to concentrate on demanding the most essential reforms.

But the intrinsic problems which made the party incapable of more vigorous action, even at the end of the First World War, were something that he had already spotted earlier on, at the time he began life in exile. Three different groups existed within the Radical Party: the real middle class radicals (craftsmen, tradesmen and entrepreneurs inclined to antifeudal policies); Marxist socialists, led by Pál Szende, who for various reasons did not belong to the Social Democratic Party; and finally a tighter circle of free socialists around Jászi. Equally, it was clear to Jászi that the bulk of the actual middle classes remained unorganized throughout, with no party of their own, since Vázsonyi's party only managed to rally Jews and did not concern itself with social or economic issues, while the Smallholder Party of István Nagyatádi Szabó and the Christian Socialist Party were unable to make an unambiguous break with the ruling classes. As that situation did not change, it was to leave a strong mark on the course of the 1918 revolution.

As he had done virtually every summer before, in July of 1914—despite the assassination in Sarajevo at the end of June—Jászi traveled to Italy's Adriatic coast at Riccione, near Rimini, to take a rest from the excitements of founding the new party. This was where news of the outbreak of war (and just prior to that of the murder of Jean Jaurès in Paris) reached him, and from here that he wrote to Ady on August 3rd that he was about to start for home, full of alarm and worries: "Unless there is a miracle, we are on the brink of the greatest catastrophe in world history."

Jászi's negative attitude to the world war was, from the very outset, more clear-cut than with most of his contemporaries and even friends, as he was later able to relate with a somewhat bitter touch of pride. In October 1914, he wrote to Ady, employing the pathos-laden tone that was particularly reserved for him:

In these dark times, I feel it as a solace and a pointer of fate that your feelings and insights should run parallel with mine. Yes, we remain all along, faithfully and consistently, the people who we used to be; hooray patriotism is not going to cloud the freedom of our consciences. And the time will come when the work of culture and freedom has to be begun again. Then,

without any posing or lies, we shall be able to point to the uninterrupted integrity of our spiritual development and to the fact that we never disavowed the international solidarity that we wish to live and die as soldiers for.

The shared experience of founding the party and the early days of the war was, in a sense, the high-point of Ady and Jászi's friendship. (Later on Ady was to be more distracted by his marriage and illness, and they were perhaps also driven apart a bit by a difference in view that arose between them on the subject of *Mittleuropa*.) Ady mentions in one of his letters that for Lajos Biró, Jászi and himself in Nagyvárad "the drama of the heir to the throne literally brought tears to the eyes." In his correspondence around that time, Jászi's name crops up time and time again as the source of his information, as advisor or sympathetic friend. Whenever he was in Budapest, he would make his way to the Jászi dwelling and spend an evening with him and Anna Lesznai. But whereas Ady could retire to Csucs in Transylvania (Ciucea, Romania), Jászi, being an editor and leader-writer, was supposed to be taking sides in the midst of the war hysteria of 1914.

"It's not true that there are backers of the Serbian war in the ranks of the worker's or thinker's Hungary!" he declared in a leading article on July 19th (the last he was to write until November 1914), in the closing passage of which he struck a peculiarly sharp tone:

From the heir to the throne's tragic catafalque it is not armed revenge but the thought of universal suffrage and a democratic people's state that should ring out with renewed strength. Every step in the contrary direction can only increase the revolutionary tension of today's unlucky situation... That is roughly how the true representatives of the people ought to have been addressed in the Hungarian parliament.

That article found an appreciative response in Hungary's Serb-language press. In the next day's issue of *Srpsstvo*, published in Novi Sad, L. Milan Popovics wrote: "Oszkár Jászi is the only person who is assessing things logically and in a full awareness of historical development. Among Hungarian politicians he is the only one who has had the courage to come out in defense of the Balkan peoples."

In the meantime, however, Jászi had picked up the change in the broader climate of opinion which, though not wishing to fall in with it himself, nevertheless was a phenomenon that intrigued him as a sociologist. At the end of a combined June–July issue *Huszadik Század* published an anonymous editorial note under the title ‘Toward a Psychology of War.’ In this he expounded:

A scientific elucidation of the problem of war would be extraordinarily important for us to gain a precise understanding of the psychological transformations of individuals and masses when faced with various classes of war events.

He therefore requested those who were not taking direct part in the fighting to collect data and experiences on these psychological phenomena within their own circles of contacts and spheres of action. Of course, nothing came of this scientifically-targeted collection of data, but Jászi himself, when he broke his demonstrative silence to start appearing again on *Világ*’s title page during November 1914, in one of his first articles dealt with the psychological and cultural destruction wrought by war. Everyone could see by then, he wrote, that it was not just on bloody battlefields that everything our European culture had boasted of for so long had broken down, but our entire moral balance had also overturned in the world of the ‘peaceable’ civil population. Yet having demonstrated, with a series of examples, how the demands for humanity were being put to shame even in Europe’s most cultivated areas, ‘belief in progress’ gets the upper hand of his pessimism, and he comes to the following conclusion:

Our culture too has failed not because there is no culture but because the revitalized forces of coercion, feudalism, barbarity and anarchy have destroyed the incipient culture.

The problem of the psychology and ethics of war was also to exercise him much later on, when phenomena that were almost incomprehensible to start with had been made more ordinary through sheer habituation. In May 1915, an essay entitled ‘Who Are Glad About the War?’ appeared in which he lists and characterizes the types of people for whom war brings gratification and joy: the vengeful and punitive, the victims of ‘overpopulation,’ those with financial interests, the

somewhat liberated, world haters, bilious idealists, nationalists, the bloodthirsty, empty braggarts, the beneficiaries of future accords, and those who have become 'important.'

The last two issues in the volume of *Huszadik Század* for 1914—slimmer than usual—were devoted to an examination of the economic and social dimensions of war. In the second of these, Jászi had a lengthy essay on 'War and Culture,' in the final part of which the concept of an economically unified Central Europe as put forward by Friedrich Naumann was contrasted with nationalist notions. This is one of a series of his writings at the time which sought to derive hope from the idea that war, loathsome as it was, in the final analysis was accelerating the process of social advancement and to that extent was fulfilling a historically useful function. He also wrote about this in *Világ* in mid-December:

However dreadful the devastation wrought by the war of today, the sole hope that we keep alive in relation to it is that a braver, more democratic, more honest and more serious generation that is more conscious of its own value and prouder of its human dignity will emerge from it, a generation that will be strong enough to create a United States of Europe or, what comes to the same thing, to provide definitive guarantees of peace in Europe.

By the following year Jászi had returned to publishing regularly in both *Huszadik Század* and *Világ* on the most varied topics, ranging from current developments in the war and in politics, through prospects for the future and the great personalities of the past to commemorating the friendships sacrificed to the fighting. Particularly outstanding among his leaders is one on 'The Dumbstricken Creed,' which was about how Hungary's 'moderns'—writers, scientists, politicians—were holding their ideological and moral ground and the campaign of abuse that was being directed against them. Jászi denied that the 'creed' had been silenced, but he considered it natural that

Our poets have not been able to become violinists for war in this intellectual and moral climate. The modern mind is able to scientifically understand and maybe even to politically justify

the war; it may even be able to reconcile the moral dilemma that is evoked by it in a higher philosophical synthesis; but it cannot approve of or derive any enjoyment from it... That is why there is no longer any enduring war poetry.

The end of the article, though, is already speaking in the tones of the imminent moral victor of the war crisis:

The catastrophe of war itself has produced its fanners and grave-diggers. Those fifty Crowns that a poor elementary schoolteacher sent for the goals of a Radical Party that has been buried by our enemies is a triumphant symbol in this respect. The creed has never yet been so strong as it will be after the war.

Seemingly a debate was going on at this time within the 'creed.' In an article entitled 'The Failure of Individualism,' which appeared in August 1915, the writer Dezső Szabó, who increasingly saw himself as a prophetic figure and was later to turn markedly to the right, blamed "the régime of individualism," the democracy of free competition, and unrestricted freedom of expression—liberalism, in short—for the war and the breakdown of culture, and he demanded that Catholicism and collectivism ("a strong social system") be given power of life and death over them. For all the friendship and high esteem that Jászi had for him, he could not fail to comment on a piece of writing that, as it turned out, was a harbinger of the counter-revolutionary rhetoric of 1919, despite the fact that its author made it very clear that he belonged "totally to Oszkár Jászi's camp in the shared desire for final goals." This being very much his own particular territory, Jászi responded cuttingly rather than with hostility. He too was well aware, indeed had been proclaiming for years, that

A mass movement of any size cannot come into being unless the ruminations, aspirations, desires and ideas of individuals are unified in some supra-rational sensual and aesthetic synthesis. In that respect I completely agree with Dezső Szabó. The difference between him and me is that in my opinion a new, salvationist religion can only come into being in a spirit of individual freedom: not on a Catholic basis, which is the method of conservation and the reaction, but on the basis of the *Déclaration des*

droits de l'homme, which is the morality of progress and revolution... Anyone who attacks these values is not only confusing the development of the past but is also making it more difficult for the true *Übermensches* of action and thought to be in a position at some time to succeed to the present role of the pseudo-personalities of the big estates and banks. Anyone who declares for Catholicism—in Dezső Szabó's sense of the word—is declaring for eternal war!

In the Jászi estate a fair number of letters have survived that he received from the front during this period, both from acquaintances and from strangers. Mór Szegedy-Ormai, on one-year voluntary service, wrote about the low spirits of the soldiers of the 32nd Infantry Regiment, knowing they were not going to win the war, and authorized Jászi, as a person who would some day be the most authentic chronicler of those times of war, to make use of his communications in whatever way he wished. Sándor Rákos, an officer fighting at the front, gave a similar report about the mood of his peasant recruits. Endre Weisz of Zalaegerszeg, having been conscripted in 1916, left a "tidy sum" for Jászi to use as he saw fit for purposes of "progressive propaganda."

For a year and a half, from the autumn of 1915, Jászi was himself to spend the greater part of his time at the front as a war correspondent. In 1916 and the first half of 1917, in Jászi's absence, Ervin Szabó took over as editor of *Huszadik Század*. It is not possible to make out from Jászi's diary-type notes and incomplete correspondence precisely how Jászi came to volunteer or undertake this role, which incidentally he shared with quite a number of other well-known writers and journalists, such as playwright Ferenc Molnár. At the time, just coming up to his fortieth birthday, there was a threat of conscription, and Jászi had no wish to be assigned to the infantry. At the end of his one year as a volunteer in 1897, the signs are that he was unable to sit the officer's examination, so the idea arose that he might apply for a post in the Catering Corps on the basis of his old army discharge papers and a course on the subject that he completed in Vienna. It is more than likely that the far better 'solution' of becoming a war correspondent came up. The most important footings

for his activities and travels at this period are provided by two pocket notebooks and the actual articles and reports that appeared in *Világ*. From these, it is clear that from the beginning of October 1915 to the end of February 1916, with the exception of a Christmas-New Year break, he was on the eastern front; in April 1916, in Montenegro and Bosnia; in the latter part of May, again in Galicia; in August, on the Italian front at Doberdo; in October, again in Galicia; then in February 1917, in Serbia.

He got to see new regions in the north and south, met types of people hitherto unknown to him, including generals, professional soldiers and reserve officers, and the rich and poor of the ghettoized Jewry of Galicia. Even in the midst of this constant moving around, and the occasionally miserable, bleak or life-threatening conditions, he did not stint himself, his passion for reading, his social interests, his neurotic tendencies. In one of the notebooks he described a visit that he paid on a fortune-teller at Ostrava (Czech Republic), who told him “surprising things” about himself. First and foremost, this Célestine gave him an accurate sketch of his family circumstances: of the elder brother he had lost not long before, his only sister, his legitimate son and illegitimate daughter, and she spoke about his “cooling relationship” with his wife. She prophesied that “a big turn in fortunes” was to be expected when he was around 45 years old (that is, in 1919–20), new possibilities in life, renown in politics, divorce, and “great literary success.” She pinpointed his tendency to melancholy and that his “biggest trouble” was that he was very fond of “profound things, and neither life nor love gave him enough experiences of that kind.” (Friends suggest that Jászi occasionally visited fortune-tellers later on in life too.)

In October 1915, at all events, he was “en route to the Eastern front,” travelling by rail and cart around Cracow and in wartime Galicia, from where he sent back reports on, among other things, General Szurmay’s army group and the Jewish question in the East. In truth, he was trying out a new genre: a literary-sociographic description of what, to him, was an unknown world that had been ravaged and thrown into chaos by Russian occupation and then Austro-Hungarian ‘liberation.’ He does not deny that he was being enriched with new experiences and encountering surprising phenomena at

every hand. He was astonished by the Polish and Galician cities, the beauty of Cracow above all, the Italianate charms of the center of Tarnov, Lemberg/Lvov's typical Central European, cosmopolitan, Berlin-style tenement houses. He notes "by the way" that one positive result of the universal disorder might be the discovery of the Monarchy's geographical and artistic beauties: "We only ever wanted to look abroad!" he admits. His other startling discovery was of the 'medieval' lifestyle of the Jews of Eastern Europe's ghettos, and how divergent they were in their autonomy as a national minority from the social situation of Jews elsewhere in the Monarchy. The process of assimilation had been arrested in the parts of Poland that were under Russian rule, as a result of which the response to the recurrent pogroms was, on the one hand, emigration of the better-off Jews to America and, on the other, Zionism. (Jászi, incidentally, had no faith in the possibility of settling in Palestine, because he considered it unimaginable that Jews might pursue modern, mechanized farming methods.) Last, but not least, the horror stories that he heard about the months of the Russian occupation confirmed him in his opinion about the barbarity of the Russians and the Germans' superior civilization. His articles in February and March 1916 concerned the Transylvanian corps that was fighting in the Russian-ruled parts of Poland and the cities of Galicia, but in the meantime he spent longish spells at general headquarters in Teschen (Cieszyn, Poland) and the army's press service center at Ostrava, and in early 1916 even two breaks of a few days each in Vienna. There he met with Karl Renner, Heinrich Friedjung, Richard Charnatz and Rudolf Goldscheid in January, then in February he heard Friedrich Naumann deliver a lecture: "A little long-winded and slipshod," he noted, "but his basic thinking is right. Striking phrases. Conversation with Naumann at public dinner. A very clever and farsighted tactician." That conversation no doubt confirmed him in the views he was then holding when, one month later, he attended and spoke at a debate on Central Europe that the Sociological Society organized in Budapest on March 7th.

The debate around a Central European customs union, the kind of plan put forward by Naumann in his book *Mitteleuropa*, was then at its height, across a very wide and diverse segment of the population, in Hungary as elsewhere. It was the subject of nine sessions put on by

the Sociological Society between February 22nd and April 2nd, under the chairmanship of Ervin Szabó, which divided a left wing that had previously always been united when it came to basic issues, with Zsigmond Kunfi, Zoltán Rónai, Eugen Varga and other socialists coming out against the plan, whereas Szabó, Jászi, Ignóty and most of the Radicals—except for Ady, Pál Szende and Róbert Braun—being for it. Rather than quote here from the minutes of the debates or the numerous polemical articles, it is more appropriate to turn to the letters that Jászi sent to Róbert Braun, who was then serving in Slovenia, as these reveal much better what he was thinking at the time. “I was very interested to read your opinion on the matter of Central Europe,” he wrote at the end of May:

I am sorry that we do not see eye to eye on this big question. If Kunfi, Szende and Rónai are against a Central Europe, I can understand that, for they are afraid, before all else, of the customs union that this plan will entail, sooner or later. But how and why you, as an enthusiastic fan of the idea of a customs union, can be opposed to the concept—that, to be honest, I am unable to grasp... Too bad, you all see Prussian militarism and rule of the Junker class above all... But is this really the essence of the great world historical process, I wonder? Is it really conceivable that the world economic integration Central Europe would signify would yield less productivity, hence less democracy and popular culture, than the status quo?... I may be wrong. In any event, your opinion was a good lesson for me: it enjoins me to moderation.... After the stand you adopt I must admit that here it is not just a matter of conflicting interests but also of bona fide scientifically conflicting opinions being opposed.

In a letter several months later, though, he sets down a key remark relating to Germany: “Despite ‘Prussian militarism,’ today it better represents human progress than does the Entente.”

In other words, at this time—unlike in earlier and later periods in his life—Jászi was distinctly pro-German and, despite his place in the Radical opposition, was expecting and hoping for a German victory. Signs of this are also demonstrable in his journalism during 1915–16,

for instance in articles such as “‘Prussian Militarism’” (October 10th, 1915), the very title of which is set in quotation marks and which ends on a note of that militarism being no worse than that of the other colonial Great Powers; or ‘Central European Confederation and the Future of Hungarian Culture’ (February 6th, 1916) and ‘Central Europe and Democratic Development’ (February 11th, 1916), which sought to allay national and democratic anxieties. In contrast to many of his fellow spirits, he made an effort not to fear Germany but to have faith that it would follow a democratic course after the war. What substantially encouraged that slightly forced confidence was the fact that he was even more afraid of Russian tsarism and barbarity, as is abundantly clear from the reports he sent from the Eastern front. He was fully aware above all—nor he was wrong of course—that victory for the Entente would lead to break-up of the Monarchy and Hungary itself. He provided an explanation for this stance when he looked back on it well over a year later, after the Russian revolution, in an article entitled ‘Central Europe and Western Europe’:

‘And what about Central Europe?’ ask people who see a clash of principles between the propaganda line we pursued during the first half of the war, in the interests of a federation of Central European states and peoples, and our present standpoint, which first and foremost espouses complete democratization for Europe.

Here too he denotes the decisive aspect of the earlier viewpoint as the fact that victory for the Entente would mean the realization of their war goals on the basis of the ‘principle of national self-determination’ and the total atomization of Central Europe.

“Under those circumstances,” he says, “the most scope for development, relatively speaking, was offered by the concept of Central Europe,” adding that this concentration would have been strong enough to stem the advance of tsarist imperialism, while German culture, organization and discipline seemed appropriate for increasing the region’s productivity and thereby its chances of a democratic transformation, and not least it would resolve or ease conflicts between nationalities. “That was the situation until the elementary, unexpected, well-nigh miraculous crisis of the Russian revolution altered

the European world concept,” he emphasized and, moreover, in tones of such optimism as could only have been coaxed from him during what was the truly hopeful summer of 1917. Back in 1916 he had by no means been so sanguine.

On March 27th, 1916 he set off from the Eastern Railway Terminal in Budapest—this time headed south, to Bosnia and Montenegro. Touching Sarajevo and Mostar, he got as far as Ragusa (the Dubrovnik of today), and from there via the Bay of Kotor, by truck, to Cetinje. “A medieval world all over!” he stated in his article, though he also prophesied that in fifty years’ time hotels would be lining up along the shore of Lake Scutari. Falling ill with laryngitis, he made his way back through Bosnia, where he made some ethnic studies. In May he again paid a visit to the Ostrava–Teschen–Cracow triangle in order to gain permits for the rest of his travel plan, but he only managed to reach Doberdo, the dreaded assignment for Hungarian foot-soldiers on the Italian front, in early August. He had again been able to spend the beginning of the summer at home, in Pasarét. His notebook entries provide a unique description of his way of life at the time, so it is worth citing what he wrote about the period between June 6th and July 3rd:

Lots of thunderstorms, but a fine summer. Lots of work in the garden. Out of circulation at home. One evening with Ignotus. Ervin, Dániel, the Dieneses came to us several times. Goldscheid spent two days here, paving the way for his peace trips ‘via London.’ Of course this is all impossible today, since the offensive has reached its climax. And how many people there were in Ostrava who would say: *Die Herren sollen die Ereignisse der italienischen Front tunlichst austauschen*.¹ And how much news there is about the Russian *Scheingroßoffensiv* [i.e. phony offensive], I have written a number of articles for *Világ*. Produced a subject catalogue on Central Europe. Wrote a critique and a review of Geyza Farkas’ book. An opinion on the Polish question for a Polish paper. Much joy with György’s games. I am studying Ricardo and World History. Read through Descartes’ *Discours* with Amália. A few Plotinus essays. Talk with Kálmán Kóris

¹ Gentlemen, you would be best advised to change events on the Italian front as much as possible.

about peasant propaganda after the cessation of hostilities. Except for a few dreadfully depressed days, the weeks overall have been nice and harmonious, though the horrendous uncertainty of the future makes concentration on anything serious impossible. Several splendid days with Kernstok in Nyergesújfalu. Pleasant days with Braun, who was on home leave from Karinthia. Arguments for Central Europe against the Entente's concept. Vedres's fine sculptures.

At the beginning of July, he returned to Ostrava, where he finally received his assignment and was able to travel with five other correspondents, Ferenc Göndör among them, to the Italian front along the River Isonzo, from where he sent his paper a palpably shocked report. When communiqués stated day after day that 'nothing out of the ordinary happened' what that meant, he wrote, is that on the rocky terrain that day several soldiers in every company lost their lives and a fair few were injured. On his way home, he took a rest on the tranquil peninsula of Istria, at Capodistria, Isola and Pirano, in order to be able to put the war out his head for at least a day and feel that "Doberdo and San Michele are not real life."

Peace and quiet all around. Kindly old country gentlemen chat before the coffee-house, slim southern Slav maidens with their romantic black shawls stroll with covertly springy steps on the deserted promenade, where only a couple of gallants who have been exempted from service are loitering...

Jászi wrote a grateful article about "the quiet little towns of Istria," that for a moment had furnished an illusion of peace, but dramatic news greeted him on getting home. On August 17th Mihály Károlyi quit the Independence and '48 Party and, with his supporters, set up a new, radically independent and anti-war party, while ten days later Romania declared war on the Monarchy and its troops invaded Transylvania, which had no defenses to speak of. Those two unrelated events were for him linked—what's more, in an extremely uncomfortable manner. He had great hopes of Károlyi's party, expecting an independent and democratic policy from it, but he could also see that while the dissidents had broken with the

conservative ‘toffs,’ they had also retained within their ranks extreme nationalists who were virulently against non-Magyar ethnic minorities.

“This party,” he wrote in *Világ* on August 20th, “is full of zeal for democracy but it is not aware that universal suffrage and a policy of suppressing the nationalities are mutually exclusive.” The party’s pacifism had also not been fully thought through, any more than its opposition to the idea of Central Europe, which it called ‘narrow’ even though its own horizon was not wider but actually a good deal narrower. He warned Károlyi and his group that their strivings for independence for Hungary could have consequences that were as nasty as, or even nastier than, the anti-constitutional government of 1905 if they did not create a broad base of popular support. He did not give up on winning Károlyi round, though he did not wish to do that by ‘courting’ him or making any concessions but through a dauntless and firm stand on his principles. Immediately after the Romanian offensive, he published a review entitled ‘Transylvania’s Fate and Hungarian Politics’ in the September 1916 issue of *Huszadik Század*. This blamed Hungarian politics in its totality and its treatment of the nationalities for the serious situation, which could only be averted temporarily with German assistance:

There has not been even one person in official politics who demanded equal rights for all loyal peoples of the Magyar homeland. Even the most highly radical Károlyist party ignores the fact that half of the country comprises citizens who do not have Magyar as their mother tongue... vis-à-vis which one can hardly adopt enough psychological tact nowadays.

The closing part of the article, in line with the embittered mood of an editor who had toured the frontlines, was an overtly revolutionary threat:

Let us wait! Just wait! The martyr breed of the trenches, who suffered in body and soul the horrors of a war that was created by greedy capitalism and pernicious nationalism, will be returning home to create order, culture and freedom.

Hardly surprisingly, relations between Jászi and Károlyi's party reached a nadir over the succeeding weeks. By using an article in a French-language Serbian journal that was published in Switzerland, Károlyi's newspaper, *Magyarország*, tried to prove, in a six-part series of articles under the title 'Oszkár Jászi's Accusations,' that by his exposure of the suppression of nationalities in Hungary Jászi was blackening the country's name abroad and thereby playing into the enemy's hands. *Világ* responded to this in the latter part of October with its own series of harshly worded articles, under the title 'Patriots Searching for Traitors.' Jászi, who happened to have just come back home from the Galician front, tried to bring the venomous argument to a close with a generous article that was addressed to Károlyi in person ('They're Already Making a New War,' October 29th):

I was returning one evening to my quarters, in pouring rain, up to my ears in mud, my body frozen and my mind numbed, from the Zlota-Lipa front. I strove to piece together memories and facts of ten days of horrendous, close-combat barrage... But I was hardly given a chance to enjoy a few minutes of the calming restfulness of a warm stove and cup of tea when a congenial first lieutenant with whom I am acquainted, with a smile on his face, handed over the issue of *Világ* that had just arrived, with a gently jocular remark: 'You've been at it again, I see, betraying the country.'

For his own part, he wrote, he had long got used to being accused of treachery, an honor he shared with István Széchenyi, Artúr Görgey and Lajos Mocsáry, yet the attacks did not weaken him but made him stronger in the eyes of his supporters and the nationalities. It pained him nonetheless that this attack happened to have come from Károlyi's party, which proclaimed itself to be democratic and pacifist, and its newspaper. That was why, after repeated exposition of the grounds for the nationalities to enjoy equal rights, he was directly addressing Károlyi, in whom he saw the person marked out to lead not just the Independence Party but Hungarian democracy, and warning him not to stop halfway, and just as he was able to break with the position of ruling circles on suffrage and land reform, also to break with its chauvinistic policy on nationalities.

Since *Magyarország* gave another surly response to this gesture, it seems he fell back on writing a private letter to Károlyi, who was then stationed at the front. At least, there is a draft extant among the Jászi papers which is broadly similar in content to the above open letter but expressed even more trenchantly and urgently:

A New Hungary is unable to come into being, because the call for democracy has come up against a misconstrued postulate of nationhood. Tisza cannot be turned out of office as he is always able to hold up democracy's charge by bringing up protection of the nationalities as an urgent *raison d'état*. Nor is it possible to fight effectively against the war as long as a permanent hidden war is going on back here, at home, among the country's nationalities... You are today perhaps the only person who can bring the country into modern democracy. Yet your noble struggle will remain powerless as long as your allies and party loyalists, of all people, keep on knocking the sword of democracy out of your hand with the dagger of the nationalities' impatience. The war, it seems, is approaching its end. It is necessary to gear up for the final struggle that will follow the peace. By then you must have in your hands the artillery of equal rights for national minorities, beside the infantry of universal suffrage.

He appended to that letter a copy of his own 1912 book on the nationalities, asking Károlyi to read at least the chapters that were topical. Only the next year, however, was he to see any result from this politico-pedagogical offensive.

In October 1916 Jászi was obliged to enter into correspondence with the army's press service as well. From a letter to a Colonel Beck it emerges that the *Kriegspressequartier* had taken exception to a report he had written on Gorizia, because it had only covered psychological and social aspects, and those were not in a war correspondent's line of duty. Jászi emphasizes that there had not been a single complaint about his reporting to date; indeed, General Szurmay had even thanked him in writing for what he written about his units. The aspects that were objected to were indispensable to the coverage of the news; they were precisely what the best writers and correspondents paid attention to. They had been so predominant in the Gorizia re-

port because he had not been admitted into the posts and had been given no briefing on the military situation. In his answer, Beck may have used the formal 'Herr Doctor' but its tone was little short of a dressing down. He informed Jászi that this was not the first objection to his reports:

Correspondents also often stray into the area of politics. That has happened quite often with you too. At the front, politics have to be kept far apart from the army. During past months you have seen so much of the war that you can now readily turn your impressions to account in the tranquillity of the home front, where there is no need for you to forego what for you are evidently the indispensable political articles, which you perceive as an onerous constraint for the time you are attached to the KPQ.

There can be little doubt that this amounted to a delicately phrased release from acting as a war correspondent. The fact is that Jászi's reports from the Eastern front dried up at the end of October, and just one more series of articles was to appear, 'From Occupied Serbia,' in early 1917.

His formal discharge did not take place until a year later, however, at the end of 1917. An order of the day from the *Kriegspressequartier* dated December 27th announces that Dr Oszkár Jászi, at his own request, had been granted permission to leave his activities as a war correspondent. The military command thanked him for his years of service as a journalist. Contrary to custom, however, he was awarded no military rank, any more than he had been at the end of his voluntary service twenty years previously.

Before the Revolution

On January 10th, 1917 Jászi wrote from Budapest to Róbert Braun: “I am here in passing. Tomorrow I shall be going to Serbia, and maybe from there to Albania. If my sprained leg will take it... By spring, in all likelihood, dreadful things are going to come. The British and French have announced an offensive on a scale that makes all those up to now mere warm-ups. For all that, I believe in peace arriving by the summer.” At the time, he was still convinced that Germany, despite having the balance of economic and material power against it, could not be defeated. “War, in my opinion, is to a greater extent a metaphysical than an economic phenomenon,” he declares, adding: “Entre nous: Perish the thought that our ‘freethinking’ friends should give themselves up for lost!”

During February his reports from Serbia came thick and fast, most of them from Belgrade, though he made brief excursions from there to Mitorvica and Kosovo Polje, even Sofia, and the disparity between the two capital cities and their inhabitants, as he wrote, “was a graphic lesson in racial sociology.” The final article in this series, going under the title ‘Belgrade Plans and Atmospheres,’ recounts conversations he had held with a number of pro-Monarchy Serb politicians and journalists, drawing the following staggeringly erroneous final conclusion:

Of course, it would be a mistake, in a conquered country and under today’s circumstances, to read too much significance into these opinions. Nevertheless, I believe that Serbia’s soli-

clarity of interest with the Monarchy, if one looks at the essence and not the symptoms, is founded on realities on which a far-reaching and far-sighted future policy could safely be constructed.

Even greater and more serious, if also more excusable, was the mistaken conclusion that he drew from the victorious Russian civil-democratic revolution in an article, under the title 'Ex oriente lux!', that was written under the spell of the imminent triumph of democratic and pacifist ideals: "The great post-war regeneration process is thus already under way. Only the deaf and blind cannot hear or see it." "Viewing the splendid but confused signs" of the horizon of the Russian revolution, he was still writing in late July that it was to be hoped that "this appalling inferno will braze our Europe into a unity." The new Europe, he enthused, was going to smash free humanity's shackles, customs protection monopolies and aggressive national supremacies. In an article two weeks later ('Creative Development') he returned to the deeper connection between the war and the Russian revolution. Taking issue with a friendly letter, he argued that the cataclysm of war could indeed have a hidden sense and purpose, which was just then starting to be manifested in the Russian revolution. The war, as Goethe put it, was perhaps the "diabolical force that seeks to carry evil toward good," though by now a perceptible note of skepticism is detectable behind the strained optimism.

During the war years Jászi's circle of international contacts was renewed and enlarged. Even on the evidence of the extremely scrappy correspondence that has passed down to us, a whole string of members and leaders of Romanian, Slovakian and southern Slav national organizations who had been placed under arrest or subjected to harassment by the authorities turned to him for help and protection. Already in the summer of 1915, in a detailed letter that was not sent by the postal system, Zarko Jaksic reported on the actions of the authorities in the Bácska region of southern Hungary: "On the first day of mobilization, on July 26th last year, there were thousands of arrests," before going on to relate the months long Calvary that he personally had suffered, along with compatriots who had relatives fighting on the front lines:

You have been familiar for years with our feelings and principles, and you know that it was precisely us, democrats, who in the face of fierce attacks broke with organizing politically on exclusively national lines and, striving to co-operate with the Hungarian radicals, genuinely sought to work together with the Hungarian people in winning public liberties.

He received similar letters of complaint and appeals for help from, among others, the Slovak Matus Dual and Romanian Joan Lupus, and he did what he could, partly by intervening with the authorities, partly through the publicity of the press. In practice, he was the sole Hungarian politician whom persecuted or harassed leaders of the nationalities were able to approach with any confidence. However, when Czech national politicians went beyond demanding their own rights through an end to the Austro-Hungarian dual monarchy and announced their claims on the Slovak-inhabited areas of Upper Hungary, Jászi categorically put his foot down. The Slovaks, he insisted, were loyal citizens of Hungary; all that was needed was that they be granted the rights to use their own language, schooling and so on that were due to them as a nationality. He took it for certain that, were it to come to a plebiscite, they would vote to stay within Hungary.

In the spring of 1917, alongside the problems with the nationalities, the Jewish question and signs of anti-Semitism were making their presence felt with unforeseen force. The main source, naturally, was dissatisfaction with the protracted war and indignation over corruption and profiteering on army contracts, while the immediate cause was a book by Peters Ágoston entitled *The Way of the Jews*, which advised the Jewish community to opt for total assimilation and baptism. Judging from notes that he made, Jászi considered the book oversimplified and plain wrong, but in common with his friends he felt the time was ripe to mount—for the very first time in Hungary—a wide-ranging debate on the issue. A set of three questions was sent out to around one hundred and fifty politicians, scholars, publicists and other figures in the church and public life of various persuasions, which asked them if they considered there was a Jewish question in Hungary, and if so, what were its causes, and what might be the answer. The sixty responses that were returned featured in the July–

August issue of *Huszadik Század*, along with a summary statement from the editors. In this it was declared that the inquiry had been successful beyond expectations in terms of both the number and value of responses. The goal, of course, had not been to reach a definitive clarification and solution of the question, merely to collect viewpoints and proposals, but the editors were quite right in claiming that no one in future who wanted to take a serious look at the history of the Jewish question in Hungary would be able to ignore the compilation. Equally, Jászi made no secret of the fact that this initiative had triggered an unusual amount of nervousness and protest; he personally had received many warnings, while “the pressure against the colloquium was so great that more than a few individuals informed us verbally or in writing that they were not willing to sacrifice their peace of mind, even though they had a lot to say on the subject.” Accordingly, those politicians—of the ‘historical’ parties, civil libertarians and socialists alike—who saw themselves as exposed had not responded. Contrary to the fears of certain Jewish and Christian circles, the editors came to the conclusion that educated Hungarian society was mature enough for a serious and honest discussion of this ‘delicate’ issue: barely two or three of the sixty responses had evinced any evidence of racial intolerance or crude prejudice.

The well-known author Ferenc Herczeg, by contrast, writing in *Magyar Figyelő* (Hungarian Observer), took the view that all the questionnaire had been good for was to disrupt the nation’s unity, peace and tranquility, and it had unnecessarily questioned the position of Jews in Hungary. Herczeg, of course, was presenting the conservative line of the government party which, relying as it did on the money of Jewish tycoons, went to great lengths not to upset the precarious illusion of composure. In the memoirs that he wrote in 1940–42, Lajos Szabolcsi, editor of the Jewish weekly *Egyenlőség* (Equality), accused Jászi right out of fomenting anti-Semitism, seeding the idea of, and preparing the ground for, the anti-Jewish laws of the 1920s and 1930s, since as part of the third question the inquiry had asked whether respondents considered “social or legislative reforms” to be necessary.

The question had indeed not ruled out the possibility of such proposals (which had in fact long featured in journalism of an anti-

Semitic tendency, even in certain statistical analyses, and also cropped up among the answers to this questionnaire), but Jászi emphatically ended his own contribution on the note that what was needed for a solution was democracy and not, of all things, measures like that. Using the breakdown employed by the editors, which grouped respondents into: 1. people who believe there is no Jewish question; 2. people who believe there is a Jewish question; 3. people who gave no useful response, Jászi's answer naturally came under the second, and in fact most numerous, category, though he made it clear in the very first sentences that in Hungary there was no Jewish question in the sense that there was an agrarian question or a nationality question or a local government question, because unlike the latter there was no issue that could be specifically pinpointed and was amenable to a direct solution. The essence of the Jewish question, he pointed out, was "a group antagonism, complicated by aesthetic, religious, ideological and thus—in a historical and not in any biological sense—racial frictions," that was aroused especially by the fact that certain occupations and interests were conspicuously associated with one particular "race." In the remainder of his study he undertook a close analysis of the differences in attitudes and the emergence of mutual lack of trust, as well as those elements that the Jewish question had in common with, and those on which it differed from, the nationality question. Based on his experience in Poland the year before, he rejected the idea that the Jewish question in Hungary might ever take on the tension of being a question of a Jewish nationality. He offered no recipe for solving the issue, of course, but he did declare that democratization of the country, "physical, moral and intellectual advancement" of the Jewish community, did lend itself to alleviating and gradually overcoming the problem, and last of all he also hoped for a helpful factor in the triumph of the Russian revolution, as this would bring an end to mass immigration from there into Hungary: "the path of Jewish pariahs will no longer lead to our doorstep." Accordingly, Jászi unequivocally saw assimilation as the way to go:

Not following the recipe of the nationalists but that of the Goetheans, in order that the Jewish community should, in the end, no longer be a separate body, a relic of the old ghettos, but

a conscious and unconscious experiencer of the same national and international blood circulation.

The early summer of 1917 brought a hopeful turn in Hungarian political life. King Charles IV, having succeeded his great-uncle in November 1916, at the end of May demanded Tisza's resignation and generally comported himself in a way that suggested he was seriously seeking to negotiate a peace separately from Germany and also bring about electoral reform. On June 6th, the Károlyi Party, the Social Democratic Party, Vázsonyi's Democratic Party, the Christian Socialist Party and the Civic Radical Party came together—"while maintaining political and ideological differences"—to found a Suffrage Bloc, with Mihály Károlyi as its chairman, which took the field with a threefold objective of universal suffrage by secret ballot, peace without conquest or reparations, and a permanent peace guaranteed by international institutions. A new government was soon formed with the young Mór Esterházy of the Constitutional Party as Prime Minister, in which Vilmos Vázsonyi also gained a ministerial appointment. Jászi himself was closer than ever before in his career to governmental policy but still sufficiently removed to play no part in actively shaping it. Along with his party, he merely held himself at the fringes of the forces that had united in the Bloc as no one was looking for him to be more closely involved. He was still keeping his distance from Károlyi. Around this time, through Lajos Hatvany, the Count had begun associating with *Nyugat's* circle of writers, but there is no suggestion that he ever invited Jászi to his palatial residence in Pest's city centre.

As for the relationship between Jászi and Social Democrat Ernő Garami, who was one of the Bloc's vice-chairmen, there was never any love lost between the two, more a matter of their tolerating one another over the two decades when they obliged to co-operate. For Jászi, Garami personified all the unattractive features of social democracy, whereas for Garami he represented the *freischwebende Intelligenz*—the free-floating, uncommitted intellectual. But whereas Jászi felt that he and Garami nevertheless belonged to the same camp, and during the period they were fellow ministers and even afterwards, in exile, he would meet and consult with him, he had considered Vázsonyi to be

an enemy of democracy at least since 1905, and the two displayed an implacable hatred for one another from first to last. On returning from exile to Hungary in 1921, Vázsonyi sought to attest his earlier patriotic merits in the National Assembly by recalling that in both 1905 and 1912 he had taken the 'nationalist' side against the supporters of universal suffrage, and he claimed that at one rally Jászi, traitor that he was, had promised to have him strung up. There can be little doubt that their individual and political personalities, their concepts of democracy, their liberalism and also their stance toward, on the one hand, their own Jewishness and, on the other, to Hungary's political élite were so divergent, indeed diametrically opposed, that it would have been hard enough to bridge that gap had they not been political rivals. Their fleeting contact in the Suffrage Bloc during the summer of 1917, in any event, was not enough to wreak any change in their relationship. After the Esterházy government fell in August 1917, Vázsonyi went on to become a minister in the Wekerle government, thereby earning himself the nickname of "the toffs' house dog" in the vocabulary of Jászi's subsequent journalism. No further attempt was made to work together—all the less so because at the end of 1917 Vázsonyi turned yet again, this time for good, against Károlyi, who this time round found a middle-class ally in Jászi.

This was due to an encounter that took place during November 1917 in Berne, where the Congress of the League for Permanent Peace was being held, in which the Entente's intelligence services suspected the German secret service of having a hand. Nevertheless, it managed to attract a distinguished gathering of middle-class and socialist pacifists to neutral Switzerland—albeit only from the countries on the Axis side, with Eduard Bernstein, Walter Schücking, Alfred H. Fried, Rudolf Goldscheid and Julius Meinel from Germany and the Austrian part of the Monarchy, while Hungary was represented, alongside Károlyi, by József Diner-Dénes, Róza Bédi-Schwimmer and Jászi, among others. As was his habit, Károlyi arrived late, only in time for the end of the Congress, though his real goal was anyway to make contact with Entente diplomats who were posted to Switzerland. Jászi was there primarily to pursue contacts and confer with Bernstein, Fried and other Austrian colleagues over the chances of achieving a peace settlement, though—as he was to record in *Ma-*

gyar Kálvária, Magyar Feltámadás in 1920 (literally ‘Magyar Calvary, Magyar Resurrection’, but given the title *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary* when its translation was published in London 1924)—he was much impressed by a talk on the actual balance of power and the significance of America’s entry into the war that was given by William Edwards, a Geneva-based British diplomat, so much so that he felt it was important to brief Károlyi on it too. (The omnipresent spies—in this case the journalist Jenő Esterházy-Weiss, an anarcho-syndicalist who had once been close to Ervin Szabó and was at least a double-agent—immediately reported this, of course, and Montlong, the Austro-Hungarian consul-general in Geneva in turn passed it on to Ambassador Musulin in Berne that Károlyi and Jászi had in reality unburdened themselves to the British secret service in the belief that they were negotiating with politicians. Naturally, even in those days, there was a two-way flow between these two occupations.) Jászi relates:

I have a vivid memory of that dawn hour when, having got back from the British politicians, we conversed in the by now completely deserted lobby of the *Beau Rivage*, and we agreed that the hour of the final catastrophe was approaching, unless it were possible, through a clever and resolute peace policy, to free the Monarchy, and Hungary above all, from the insane death leap of German militarism.

Károlyi too kept a record of this first confidential conversation, in the chapter of *Fighting the World* that he devotes to expressing his appreciation of his companions-in-arms. Jászi’s “book [viz. *Eastern Switzerland*] had a remarkable impact on me. I shall never forget our big discussion in Switzerland, in the hotel lobby, in November 1917... I ended up taking his position on the nationality question, he mine on the peace question.” He supplies more specifics in a second, unfinished volume of memoirs:

Though I had thought highly of him for years, Jászi was for a long time known to me only from his writings. We got to know one another better during the war in Switzerland, where on the occasion of a pacifist congress I had the opportunity to become

acquainted with and esteem his personality from closer to hand. From that time on, I strove increasingly to draw him into the sphere of my policy. The conservative and chauvinistic members of the Károlyi Party took strong exception to this rapprochement. There was one issue on which I did not agree with him during the war, for initially Jászi was a supporter of the idea of a *Mitteleuropa*... By 1917, however—above all during that trip to Switzerland—I completely won him over to my foreign policy. That was all the easier because by then it had become obvious that his *Mitteleuropa* plan was indeed a highly reactionary one and, moreover, a serious obstacle to peace. From that point on, we operated in full agreement in every respect: I accepted Jászi's policy on the nationalities, he broke with *Mitteleuropa*.

One has to bear in mind, of course, that this was written at the high point of their friendship. Yet two decades later Károlyi pronounced one more time, and with even greater admiration, on Jászi's role in his political development:

I have to admit that, sadly, the basis of even the anti-Habsburg thinking of my younger days was only a misunderstood supremacy, and that was precisely why my liberalism was full of contradictions. It is thanks to Oszkár Jászi that I rid myself of these inhibitions. Jászi made me understand that human rights could not be divided according to race while one went on beating the drums for democracy.

And in a letter that he wrote from America in 1923, alluding to the opinion of the Apponyi camp, Jászi himself referred to this 'illuminating' role: "as you well know, I was 'your demon,' the one who corrupted you in your aristocratic innocence."

While he was staying in Switzerland, at the beginning of December, Jászi was granted an opportunity to meet Romain Rolland, who devoted several pages of his journal to the visit and their conversation. It seems he was intrigued by this "*Privatdozent* from Kolozsvár," about whom he had learned that at the Berne Congress "beside Bernstein he was the most clear-cut representative of democratic ideals," and who in the letter of introduction and request to meet that he had

written from Montreux had called him his personal symbol of the noblest European endeavors:

A man of forty-five years, round-faced, clipped moustache, lively and serious eyes, he speaks French but in a somewhat ponderous style; he seems to be totally frank, attentive, never smiles, states precisely and gravely what he thinks... He admits to leaving Switzerland more of a pessimist than when he arrived. On his analysis, the divergence in thinking of the most progressive representatives of the Allies and the Central Powers is so great that the war could easily last another two or three years. It is noteworthy that, objectively speaking, he understands both the one way of thinking and the other, and deep down he is more in sympathy with the Allies. The morning papers printed President Wilson's latest message, which lays down (or so he asserts) the aims of the war. Like myself at present, Jászi thinks Wilson is honest, a person who wishes to play the role of conciliator in the war, but he is demanding precisely the ideological concessions that the Central Powers are unable to comply with... Jászi says that the Central Powers have virtually no ideological rationale on their side... there is a huge chasm between timid plans and America's intentions... If the Allies wait with peace until revolution breaks out in the countries of the Central Powers, then there will be no peace for a good few years. During wartime neither the Austrian people nor the Germans wish or are even able to make a revolution. The democratic accomplishments that are to be expected will only be realizable, step by step, after peace has been concluded. There is a fatal misapprehension here that derives from a mutual failure to understand the psychology of the enemy.... It will be extremely difficult to get out of this dead-end. The young emperor is now the only one in whom any hope can be placed: he appears to be a genuine liberal... I am amazed at the passivity of the population, especially the Austrian population, I say to Jászi: it is prepared to perish heroically in misery and does not even try to break free... According to Jászi, this resignation stems, for one thing, from centuries-old habituation... Then

again, unity is impossible. National unity would be required for a revolution. Austro-Hungary has not been united for centuries... And finally, as Zweig too has said, there is no true link between the ruling classes and the people.

To close, Rolland also touches upon the most momentous historical event of those days, the Bolshevik revolution:

Jászi shares my enthusiasm for the new Russia (though he has less confidence in the success of the Leninists, castigating them for being over-fanatical theoreticians of Marxism). As he sees it, possibilities of a new life, socialist ways of life, can only be realized there. He greatly regrets knowing no Russian, because anyone who wishes to follow the development of ideas cannot do without a knowledge of Russian... In the eyes of both of us, victory for the Russian revolution is of capital importance for the future of Europe.

On getting back home, Jászi was to conjure up those Swiss experiences in a leader about Russia that he wrote for the Christmas issue of *Világ*, reporting in detail a conversation he had there with Nikolai Rubakin, before drawing a faulty final conclusion: "Lenin and Trotsky are not decisive figures on the stage of Russian drama. The law of conservation of intellectual forces leads and guides the entire process." One year later, though, he was to have a completely different opinion about the events in Russia.

The direction and pace of domestic political developments now depended, not least, on the extent to which anti-war nationalist forces were able to pull together with the Social Democrats and Radical democrats. The Suffrage Bloc, under Károlyi's chairmanship, did not provide sufficient assurance in this respect. One example was an invitation that Jászi received from Kolozsvár in the autumn of 1917 to deliver a talk on 'Voting Rights and the Nationality Question,' though he made that title subject to István Apáthy's view. He had serious concerns, he wrote to Apáthy from Opatija, whether his much-attacked person would be suitable for reassuring public opinion in Transylvania, and the talk would be of utility to the cause, or "whether it might not be seen as oil on the fire of

chauvinist passions.” He suggested that the professor give the talk in his place. Apáthy’s answer is not known, however we do know for a fact that it was he who spoke at the meeting in Kolozsvár at the end of September. Jászi was not present on that occasion, but he did go the next year, in May 1918, to Nagyvárad, and along with Károlyi at that, in order to cement the unanimity they had already reached in principle at a *joint* Independent-Radical rally. The Independence Party’s local officers in Nagyvárad, however, had it announced in advance that they would not be taking part because they would “not be hand in glove with internationalist factions but would stay on the original foundation of independence for Hungary.” The local party chairman even appealed to Károlyi in the local press “not to allow himself to be pulled by the international strings of Oszkár Jászi and his like,” and called on the party’s supporters to boycott the meeting.

The Nagyvárad rally bothered the government as well, and its press office sought to control reports on it. It was indeed a remarkable occasion, not just in its public announcement of the political concord of two men who had originally come from such different tendencies, but because their speeches offered an example, still not emulated to this day, of a genuine hand of friendship being extended, on the basis of self-examination and self-criticism, between political camps that are dependent on one another. Károlyi acknowledged that the paths and protagonists of policies of the Independentists and the Radical democrats had often been opposed to one another, yet “the two ideals will either sink or swim together.” Jászi proclaimed the same, and he assured Károlyi and the audience that they would find the Radicals beside him not only in the fight for basic freedoms and social reforms “but also when the hour strikes for us to guarantee, in place of the sterile politics of slogans and grievances, a true, real independence for Hungary that seeks to develop all creative energies.”

The Radical Party, in short, sprang to life from the state of suspended animation in which it had passed the war up to this point. Jászi sensed that the time had come for him to clarify the party’s complexion and basic tenets in a clear, popular form. This was what prompted him to write and have published under the party’s name a twenty-page pamphlet entitled ‘What is Radicalism?’ in which he suc-

cinctly formulated the party's liberal roots and at once the deficiencies of classical liberalism; its relationship to the principles of socialism ("Radicalism is not a dissident socialism"); its rejection of "Communist socialism" and, in contrast, its espousal of "liberal socialism," which unlike social democracy, with its main emphasis on the industrial working class, placed the accent on the interests of the middle classes and the smallholder peasant. It specified the task of the party and "the radical middle class" as comprising the acceptance of a wonderful historical legacy, the profession and continued development of human rights, with the ideal of freedom also standing at the centre of its objectives. "Freedom of thought—under which is not meant freedom to indulge in anti-religious grumbling about clerics but freedom of research and propaganda—free land, free nationalities, free exchange: those are the fundamental demands of modern radicalism with which it once more takes up the traditions and aspirations of classical liberalism," the pamphlet ends. In the lack of the diary and correspondence for this period, it is hard to tell how much faith he really had in the moment and the role of this 'radical middle class'; a few months later, he was already quite clear that there was no such political force or role.

During the months running up to Hungary's revolution significant shifts and regroupings were taking place not only in politics but in cultural and intellectual life as well. In the spring of 1918, the Sociological Society itself was fanned by the winds of renewal and put on a debate on the subject of 'Conservative and Progressive Idealism' that scandalized members who were still clinging to the traditional positivist world view. To make things worse, the speakers were supplied by the Free School of the Social Sciences, which had largely been founded in a spirit of revolt against the Sociological Society by the circle that followed Georg Lukács's idealistic and irrationalist ideas on philosophy and art. The introductory talk was given by Béla Fogarasi (who was later to become an orthodox Marxist-Leninist), and Lukács himself was the main speaker, with both of them insisting that only ethical idealism, which was the philosophy of action, could stand in the service of progressive politics in place of the outdated determinist, quietist view of materialism. Ervin Szabó and Jászi also went a step or two in that direction during the discussion, being themselves on the

brink of breaking, albeit for different reasons, with their earlier positions. In a talk on imperialism that Szabó gave at the end of 1917, this rang out in the slogan “Not measures—men.” Jászi, who anyway had less feeling for yawning chasms when it came to philosophy, was always disposed to setting and following goals; he simply accepted historical determinism as a guarantee of progress and so he was not rigidly opposed to the views argued by Lukács and his associates, although he had already been irritated, for personal, indeed family reasons, by their so-called Sunday Circle since his own wife was a devotee of its gatherings.

We know in retrospect that the summer and early autumn of 1918 was the end-stage of the war and the Monarchy’s pre-revolutionary death-throes. Those who were living in Budapest at the time, however, had no sense of history, merely of the agonies of the protracted war and its worsening consequences, even as they continued their day-to-day lives. Jászi himself could not have been aware that he was living the last months of his ‘old’ life, divided as it was between his home in Pasarét, the Radical Party’s offices on Andrásy Avenue, the nearby editorial office for *Világ* in Aradi Road (a block from the Oktogon in Pest), the Sociological Society’s quarters in Anker Lane (just off the Deák Square of today), and the editorial office of *Huszadik Század*. Of course, he had deputies and secretaries in each of these domains—Karl Polányi at Party headquarters, Róbert Braun at *Huszadik Század*, and Ervin Szabó at the Sociological Society—but, through his sense of duty and enormous capacity for work, he was also present everywhere in person. Just how much of a labor of love tending to *Huszadik Század*, his first-born, was to him is shown by the diary kept by Aurél Kolnai (1900, Budapest – 1973, London), then still in his teens, which gives a precise record of the story of how his first article came to be published and his first meeting with the formidable editor. Later to become a philosopher in his own right, this slightly grotesque, ironic and self-ironic piece of writing of his is at the same time unique in portraying Jászi in physical reality in his everyday editorial work:

When I went in and greeted the young lady, I maybe did not have the mortal fear that I had done before the school-leaving

examination; it was more the feeling that I was rolling downhill from the summit of an infinitely high mountain... I sat down on the seat. Through the crack in the door I caught a glimpse of a man in a grey suit, and I started to collect my thoughts, because he asked me to be patient for a few minutes more. What, after all, is the worst that could happen to me? Let's say he throws me out and it's the end of my academic career; I still have my school-leaving certificate, I'll get by somehow. Chin up! An officer came, Jászi came out, I got to my feet. They spoke in familiar terms to one another; a spot of nepotism, I thought to myself, you can bet he goes in first. But no, Oszkár turned to me and we went in; I sank into the armchair. I recollect several parts of the conversation. 'Oh, so you're that young?' 'I just took the school-leaving exam.' 'Interesting. Where was that?' (The Kinszki, you may remember.) 'Even younger? How interesting! Your friend? Oh, a relative! He should come by as well.' 'We were in the Galileo Circle.' 'The Galileo Circle? I am thinking we should stay in permanent contact... Are you from Pest, Mr Kolnai?' 'Yes, if you please. I live near here, in Aréna Street.' 'I didn't mean that, but were you born in Pest?' 'Oh, yes.'

(5th September, with Imre Kinszki) We were sitting in the vestibule when Jászi, in a grey suit, entered with a ferocious war-whoop of 'Good evening, gentlemen!' shook hands and went in to his room. He was glad we were going to study medicine and tried to give us a book to review. 'You need to be able to read English, French and German perfectly. Read Adam Smith, for example, or something that is of more interest, along with a good German translation in parallel...' 'I shall be happy to see you any time.' Profuse thanks and a slap on the back to dismiss me. To the soldiers sitting out in front: 'Which of you was first?' We go.

That considerate and even cordial manner towards a young man barely out of school must surely have been a characteristic feature of his. It is also evident from his diary that he paid attention to people, was curious about them, and showed a particular interest in talented youngsters. Not many of those were coming to light in the vicinity of

Huszadik Század at that time, which helps to explain how his fancy was taken by this strange, extraordinarily well-read and very clever “young Kolnai,” who for his part displayed a particular devotion to Jászi, and how the singular ‘adopted father–son’ relationship was maintained during Jászi’s years in Viennese exile and indeed, if only by letter, to the very end.

The months leading up to the revolution saw Jászi adding even further spheres of activity and circles of acquaintances to those he already had. Both his own and Ervin Szabó’s correspondence shows that for both of them fairly close bonds of friendship developed with leading figures in literary circles, Mihály Babits and Aladár Schöpflin in particular during 1917–18. At the root of these friendships, morally and intellectually, were opposition to the war and achieving peace. One of Georg Lukács’s recollections is that during the third year of the war Ervin Szabó gathered a small group of writers together (Babits, Béla Balázs, Andor Gábor and Lukács) “to discuss what we, Hungarian writers, might do against the war.” It is typical of Lukács’s selective memory that he forgot to mention Jászi, who in all likelihood would have been the person who actually initiated these gatherings, just as it was he who bestowed the pretentious name of ‘The Knights of Europe’ on a movement that—on the Hungarian pattern—was supposed to co-ordinate and mobilize the intellectual élites of other countries as well. What is beyond doubt is that among the extant documents in Babits’s papers is a draft program in Jászi’s handwriting with the poet’s corrections. According to a subsequent wording by Jászi, the organization would have had “the task of rallying Europe’s best brains in defense of its most fundamental ethical values.”

One can well imagine that Lukács would have ridiculed the naïve and pathetic idea, but Jászi’s working and friendly relations with Babits up till the revolution were not only maintained but deepened. In the early part of 1918, the two embarked on two distinct lines of joint projects. Babits translated Kant’s 1795 essay ‘On Everlasting Peace,’ and by August this had already appeared in print as part of the series ‘Nature and Society’ of a publishing venture by the name of *Új Magyarország* (New Hungary) under the direction of Jászi and Szabó. Roughly simultaneously, a scientific column was started by *Világ* under the title ‘Life and Science,’ which Jászi wanted to launch with a

piece by Babits—"with the kudos of your name"—and whose article, 'Leibniz as Patriot,' in the end came out, as it happened, on October 1st, on the day after Ervin Szabó died. Subsequently, in exile, Jászi was very hurt by the fact that Babits, by then a target for counter-revolutionary persecution, desperately contrite and trying to find his way, repudiated his solidarity with even the non-Communist left wing.

During the last months of the war, fraught as they were with deprivation and epidemics, thinking Hungarians were nevertheless tormented more by the future than the present. A particularly great burden and responsibility sat on Jászi, as an acknowledged expert on the nationality question and prophet of the democracy that was going to solve the problems of the nation's fate, and he was very much aware of this. In the spring of 1918, he made a start on writing up a large-scale proposed solution which in the end emerged only that October as the essay 'The Monarchy's Future'—a future that was made explicit by the subtitle: 'The Fall of Dualism and the United States of Danubia.' As the initial print run of the 120-page large-format booklet—likewise put out by *Új Magyarország*—sold out within a few days, it was followed up by a second printing in the last days of October, still before the revolution but with the dissolution of the Monarchy already in progress, for which reason it was retitled 'Hungary's Future and the United States of Danubia.' According to the brief foreword, no changes had been made to the text, to avoid giving the impression that the author wished to make himself look cleverer than he really was at the time of writing. "Its starting-points and underlying ideas," he writes, had remained unchanged even in the rapidly changing situation.

No satisfactory explanation is offered, however, for the delay that was incurred in originally getting the work into print. According to the foreword to the first edition, which is dated October 1918, "the essay has been awaiting publication for half a year," which suggests that the manuscript must have been completed in April or May. It was already being advertised in catalogues that *Új Magyarország* Co. Ltd. was putting out in July. The delay was ascribed "partly to the unripeness of conditions, partly to technical reasons." It would be both superfluous and fruitless to speculate what the latter reasons might have been, but "the unripeness of conditions" clearly refers to the fact that back in May the war was still in full swing, and the book's

title and very concept would have contravened the then still existent Monarchy's framework and laws. Now, however, "in the torrentially rapid tide of events, it may even be too late: practice is already starting to overtake theory." He still considers it important, however, "that a broader public should also become acquainted with these thoughts, which are the product of much mental anguish and sleepless hours" and attempt to give an answer to the question "Is it possible to reconcile Hungary's rational claims to life with the developmental aspirations of European culture and humanity in its entirety?" He is well aware that his own answer to the question "will provoke the furious criticism alike of hidebound chauvinism and the glib internationalism that indulges in empty formulae and scraps of ideas." But that is precisely why Jászi felt it necessary to stand up and present his opinion, on two counts:

From the viewpoint of the future, let posterity see that even in the midst of general nationalist dementedness there was a strand of public opinion that was able to take into account true endowments and able to value, even love, our enemies of today. From the viewpoint of the present, it is perhaps not too late, by designating the true goal and outlining rational means, to win the inclination of broader circles over to what, in my opinion, is the only political ideal that can guarantee Hungary's independence and democratic advancement in a shared European culture.

Jászi's dedication—identical in the two editions and unambiguous even without naming the unnamed dedicatee—was addressed to Mihály Károlyi: "I dedicate my book to the sole (Hungarian) statesman in the Monarchy who would be able to accomplish these plans." And he considered them achievable because "with the overthrow of Russian tsarism, the coming together of the entire territory of European culture within a common international body," which would be a logical precondition for a new balance between the peoples of the Monarchy and the Balkans, "is no longer a utopia."

In the view of the great majority of historians, the fate of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy had already been decided by the spring of 1918. In mid-April, at a congress they held in Rome in the presence of delegates of the Entente powers, the Monarchy's suppressed

nationalities (or those which considered themselves such) announced their intention to secede. All that government policy could offer to oppose this fateful process—the previous year's attempts to reach a separate peace having collapsed in ignominious failure—was continuation of the war to the bitter end. Clear as Jászi was about the multinational empire's value and historical function, and that the empire also represented the only way of preserving historical Hungary intact, his book was an attempt to advocate an ambitious federative scheme that would slow down the break-up of the Monarchy—though by then he might as well have tried stopping a speeding express train with his bare hands.

Jászi was well aware that numerous plans to reshape and reform the Monarchy had been conceived on both the Austrian and the Slav side; in the foreword to the book, however, he referred to Lajos Kosuth's notion of a Danubian confederation, the sole Hungarian plan, as his precedent.

Of course, his concept has by now outgrown both its purposes and its designed orbit of activity; still, the fundamental idea, its basis, remain solid to the present day. That is why I chose as my subtitle a reference to the solidarity of interests created by the Danube, even though my scheme transcends the strict geographical entity designated by the word.

A democratized and federated Monarchy, in Jászi's notion, would have united five federal states: Austria, Hungary (without Croatia-Slavonia), Bohemia, a unified Poland, and a southern Slav Illyria headed by Croatia, while also leaving open the possibility of Romania acceding as a sixth state. The scheme, though, was patently utopian and, under the circumstances, distinctly unrealistic, even though Jászi had taken care to overcome the flaws and biases of earlier proposals for reorganization by combining autonomies for the nationalities along the lines of Karl Renner's system with József Eötvös's principle of retaining historically and politically established state formations. It was to the latter that he appealed in declaring that there was neither a possibility nor a need for federalism within Hungary because tensions over nationality would be solved by the country's democratization and guarantees of linguistic and cultural rights. Only in the case of

Transylvania might territorial autonomy be an option, he wrote, at a time when the country's nationalities were already scoffing at all concessions along those lines: "Dr Jászi does not have the courage to draw radical conclusions from his own theory," the Slovene literary historian Fran Ilesic wrote at the time.

Indirectly, he too defends the Hungarian positions of authority... our problem would be solved along with the Yugoslav question through the establishment of a unified, independent, free state of Croats, Serbs and Slovenes.

Jászi also came under attack from the Slovak side. Anton Štefanek had already written, in an article that appeared in Prague in late 1917, about "two schools of Magyarisation," discerning at best only differences in approach between what Apponyi and Jászi were advocating. Róbert Braun responded to this accusation in *Huszadik Század*, where he urged the author and the Czech periodical that had published him to attend, first and foremost, to the nationalism of their own nation. Meanwhile, around the same time, the Romanian Emil Isac had the following to say about Jászi in an open letter that appeared in *Világ*: "For us of the nationalities your name in recent months has sounded as a reassuring chime of bells, your name has signified to us vigorous defense, and through your writings democratic Hungary has made its voice heard." That was the voice Jászi preferred to put trust in, even as late as the summer of 1918, by which point both the strategic situation and the mood of the nationalities had altered quite considerably. He continued stubbornly to believe that the aspirations of the nationalities could still be reconciled with Hungary's territorial integrity: "Hungary has no reason to fear southern Slav desires for unification," he wrote in the July issue of *Huszadik Század*.

Our Serbs are so imbedded in the Hungarian economic and cultural community that they can have no cause for disturbing what, even from their viewpoint, is an extremely favorable solidarity, provided their two conditions are granted. The one is an honest nationality policy in Hungary; the other, the possibility of free economic and cultural contact with their kinsmen.

During these months, however, challenges to Hungary, and equally to himself, were coming not just from Slavs and Romanians but even on the part of Austrians, likewise searching for a new place in the world. Julius Bunzel, a sociologist based in Graz who, early on in the century, had made studies of labor relations and social movements in Hungary and thus was in some measure acquainted with conditions beyond the River Leitha, published a book under the title *Ungarn und wir*, which Jászi reviewed in *Világ* in an article under the title 'The Germans and Us.' Bunzel was unhappy with his argumentative Hungarian interpreter, which sparked an attempt in the columns of *Huszadik Század* to clarify matters between the two of them in the form of a terse debate about the past and future of Austro-Hungarian relations that appeared under the title 'Dualism or Democratic League of Nations.' Essentially, Bunzel accused Jászi, and "Hungarian democracy" in his person, of having, for tactical reasons, adopted the same basic position of hostility to the Monarchy as the Kurucz forces at the time of Prince Rákóczi's War of Independence, whereas the Habsburg dynasty—in his view—had for centuries been the main prop of rights for the ordinary people and democracy against the Hungarian ruling classes. Hungarian democrats ought, for that very reason, to be supporting the system of dualism—and all the more because István Tisza was merely a transient, and not a sincere, supporter of the Austro-Hungarian commonwealth.

Jászi's rejoinder is probably the most succinct exposition of his views on the Monarchy and dualism. Although individual representatives of the dynasty had indeed, from time to time, shown democratically inclined aspirations, he wrote, Vienna had only pushed rights for the ordinary people to the fore for as long as it needed to use it as a threat to badger and blackmail Hungary's oligarchs. The moment they had yielded, the pressure would be lifted "and the Hungarian oligarchy was allowed a free hand in dealing with the proletariat as with the nationalities." He stresses that "dualism, in its innermost essence, is a class-rule construction," and in both countries that could only be sustained by absolutist means. "This stance," he carries on, "in no sense can be construed as 'conspiring with the Slavs,' if what Bunzel means by that is that we are now seeking in the Slavs a secret ally against the

Germans. What it does mean is that a one-sided rule by two nations should be supplanted by a federation of all the other nations—i.e. the Poles, the Czechs and the southern Slavs—on an equal footing with those who have hitherto been the possessors of power.” So highly did he rate the attraction of such a democratic league of nations that he supposed “it would soon draw the entire Balkans into its sphere of alliance”! He reiterated that in place of the “poisoned unity” there had been hitherto, it was only through this peaceful and spontaneous co-operation that the peoples of the Danubian Basin and the Balkans could hope for independence and undisturbed democratic advancement between the Germanic and Russian millstones.

Even in these last months and weeks before the revolution, Jászi clung to his own rationalist faith and was unable to imagine—at least as far as his written pronouncements go—that people, parties, social and ethnic groups and strata were capable of engaging in irrational undertakings that were at variance with their own interests. In the memoir that he wrote two years later he was already taking a different view of his mental state prior to the storm, but even then he did not concede that his rationally optimistic expectations were misguided or excessive in principle. He knew by then, however, that

Revolutions are not made, they are born... Reasoning, conviction, the precise weighing-up of circumstances, the logical preparation and strict execution of plans, a rational assignment of roles, and the other known psychological concomitants of political actions in normal times—they all vanish, as if by magic, and in their stead inexplicable magnetic fields are formed in society that carry masses along toward themselves with relentless force, even taking possession of the overwhelming majority of so-called ‘individuals.’

In this same chapter in *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*, he gives a vivid, almost literary portrait of himself at the time:

Since August, all the finer souls in my environs have sensed the increasingly irresistible emergence of the aforementioned magnetic fields in the mass psychology of Budapest. I make so bold as to say that we had a *physical*, a *biological* sense of the ever-more

intolerable pressure of events that were to take place. We finished the day's work feverishly, the head swimming, and in our circle it was impossible for two people to meet without the first question being, 'What next?'... By the death bed of poor Ervin Szabó, during my evening visits, when the declining sun would shed its golden light on the Buda hills one last time, and its gentle rays summoned a hope of life back into the sick man's fevered eyes, more than once we tried to anticipate Hungary's future. We were not too wrong either. We concurred that the crisis of the Monarchy, and Hungary in particular, would be graver, much more fraught with danger, than that of Germany. The conflicts between nationalities, the great poverty and the massive lack of culture in Hungary were going to lead to catastrophic anarchy unless a way were found, at the last moment, of giving the elementary mass movements organization, direction, possible goals.

For the fact that ultimately no way was found Jászi gives here the unconvincing explanation that when the revolution came not enough honest men were found who were cut out for leadership and action. It is even harder to accept the assertion that the presentiments that he and Ervin Szabó had about the future were largely borne out. Despite being fundamentally in agreement, the two men were very different in their cast of mind. Szabó was more skeptical, inclined to pessimism, and although we have no way of knowing what he thought during the final weeks of his life, it does no harm to quote something he wrote five years earlier, in an article about Hungarian émigrés in the period following defeat in the 1848–49 Revolution and War of Independence: "It is not impossible we too are living through a sort of small emigration." That would suggest he could only have been thinking of a failed revolution. Even if premature death spared him that fate, the prophesy did come true across the entire circle of friends. In Jászi's case, by contrast, for all the occasional doubts to which he was prey through his proneness to melancholy, it probably never even entered his head that he might have to leave his country as a political castaway.

Certainly not in that autumn of 1918, when every day and every event seemed to be bearing him out; when his prestige and influence were at their height; when Lajos Bíró described him in *Világ* as the trusted man for Hungarians vis-à-vis the region's nationalities and the whole world. At the funeral for Ervin Szabó on October 2nd, when—as Jászi describes it—"the diffuse revolutionary tension first distilled into united action," which, with Károlyi's appearance and the presence, alongside the Social Democrats, of revolutionary socialists, students of the Galileo Circle, groups of avant-garde artists and a ten-minute work stoppage by many factory workers, became, so to speak, an overture to the revolution, Jászi himself felt

as if, beside my friend's coffin, I were seeing all the sufferings, struggles and desires of our generation in a definitive light, and forgetting my weakness and isolation, I could make a vow, confidently and without any rhetoric: This country will not remain a country of predatory knights any more. This country will not remain a country of cruel moneychangers any more. This country will not remain a country of atheistic priests any more.

In the Revolution

From the beginning of October 1918 the road led straight to complete break-up of the Monarchy and revolution. Feverish, unbroken deliberations proceeded, on one hand, at government level and with the sovereign in search of a solution to the crisis and to head off total collapse; then on another hand, among the opposition forces, in search of a form of collaboration and a sea change as soon as possible; and on yet a third hand, with representatives of the national minorities in search of a way of preserving Hungary's territorial integrity. Increasingly emerging as the central figure in all these negotiations was Mihály Károlyi, as the leading proponent of a pro-Entente foreign policy and a democratic domestic policy, but Jászi too played a key role at all except the very highest government levels, with which he came into contact only at the very end. "By then I had taken up a position that was founded completely on Jászi's program," Károlyi writes in his memoirs, adding that Jászi's concept of an 'Eastern Switzerland'—a federal Hungary with autonomies for the nationalities—would have been the only solution that accorded with historical reality and with Hungarian interests alike. Even early that autumn, at practically the last moment, Jászi had in fact made an attempt to harmonize the standpoints of the Hungarians and the nationalities. Coordinating with Prof. Mihály Réz of the University of Kolozsvár, who was a long-time supporter of Tisza, he proposed a debate on the nationality question. After introductory studies by Réz and Jászi—utterly at odds in their approaches, of course—had appeared in *Huszadik Század*, in early September Jászi sent out a circular letter soliciting the opinions

of both Hungarian and ethnic-minority scholars, politicians and journalists. The none too many responses that were sent in were, naturally, very diverse in their thrusts, and the outcome was actually proof positive that it was no longer possible to reach a common solution. On the Hungarian side, Jenő Rákosi emphasized—as if nothing had happened—the inalienable rights of the state-forming ‘leading nation,’ calling Jászi’s views calamitous. On the side of the nationalities, by contrast, barely any comments were received, and weightiest of those, from Matus Dula, chairman of the Slovak National Party, politely declined to reply on the grounds that a solution was now the province of peace negotiations.

A similar fate was in store for negotiations in Budapest that were entered into with this same Dula, then with the leaders of the Romanian national party (A. Vaida-Voevod, V. Goldis, A. Lázár, S. Ciciu-Pop) and finally the Serb radicals (Hadži Kosta, Tomic Jasa). Both at the time and subsequently, in their memoirs, Károlyi and Jászi attributed the failure of these talks to the fact they came too late, due to the stubbornness of the Wekerle government and Tisza’s party, on the one hand, and the tardy setting up of the National Council on the other; that a few weeks earlier there was a deal that could have been reached with the leaders of the nationalities. Little did they know that their actual negotiating partners were not the long-familiar Slovaks from Upper Hungary, Romanians from Transylvania or Serbs from the Bácska, with whom they were on more or less friendly terms, but politicians back in Prague and Bucharest and maybe also Belgrade. More recent research has revealed that Dula used the negotiations on autonomy only as a channel to obtain information, while already on September 28th Milan Hodža wrote to Štefanek: “So let them [Károlyi and his associates] feel pleased for a little while longer, but then we have to make things impossible for them, once and for all.” It was a serious deficiency in Jászi’s appraisal of the situation that he failed to give serious consideration to the ambitions for Czecho-Slovak unification that had been building since 1917. Guilelessly, he was to give Hodža many opportunities to dupe or betray him over the coming years, but already then, in the autumn of 1918, he was forced to the bitter realization that his allies among the nationalities were not offering quite what he had counted on.

However clear Jászi might have been in his mind about the overarching importance of the nationality question, of preparing for the peace negotiations and foreign policy in general, he was not really able to give it his undivided attention. He was distracted by the drag of domestic political in-fighting that was created by the stubborn clinging on to power by the failed ruling élite, on the one hand, and the inability of the democratic opposition to band together in any concerted action. Jászi could see only too well, and in a leader that appeared in the first half of October he clearly pointed out, how the two were connected. The imminent peace and what, from the country's viewpoint, was a favorable conclusion of the peace process, he wrote, would have serious personal and material terms. The personal ones included removal of all leaders of the old régime "whose names are connected with this war or with antidemocratic policies or with international war-mongering or with railing against the nationalities. New people are needed." The administration under Wekerle and Tisza had completely failed; democratic statesman, he suggested, could not enter into conversation with such people. He also regarded the plan for a so-called "center group" (e.g. a new cabinet under Esterházy) as stillborn. "Political scheming by the discredited politicians carries on," he wrote again on October 13th in reference to the old figures "who have not a single political thought to call their own." Yet now was the time to create the institutions, or at least a framework, that would bestow Western-style constitutionality on the feudal Monarchy. For that, however, what was needed as the most urgent priority was a prompt rallying together of all of the country's truly democratic forces (as Jászi listed them: the socialists, independents, radicals and the nationalities).

In his monograph on the history of the revolution, the historian Tibor Hajdú appositely notes that "October was a month of senseless waiting. On October 4th, Count István Burián, the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, sent Wilson a note asking for an immediate cease-fire, but the US president was in no hurry to respond. In Hungary, the régime that was in office was unwilling to cede power, and those standing against it had not yet made up their minds to seize it." In *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary* Jászi blames Ernő Garami, above all, for the belatedness of the opposition's coming together. In his opinion, Garami was not in favor of a three-party Na-

tional Council because, as had already happened in 1917 and again in 1919, he sought an alliance with Vilmos Vázsonyi and his party; and Vázsonyi for his part, says Jászi, would have brought the more liberal segment of the aristocracy along with him.

On October 14th the Radical Party convened in congress in the old parliamentary debating chamber. This was the second (and also last) congress in the history of a party that had deserved better. It had the ill luck to pick a bad time to come into being, in the summer of 1914, and was only now being resuscitated. This assembly, though, was well-timed. It was a protest, as *Világ* put it, for the New Hungary; those who were present sang the praises of Károlyi, Ady and the Social Democratic Party, and they accepted two draft resolutions moved by Jászi. According to the first of these, Hungary's territorial integrity was not at variance with rational aspirations of the emergent new states; in the second, the party called for a government that enjoyed the trust of the country's genuinely democratic parties and organizations, and it welcomed the efforts of the Social Democrats in this respect. A sick Endre Ady sent the following message to the congress: "All your resolutions are mine... Let the rights of peoples, the alliance of peoples come! Let democracy come, for I trust in democracy... Let true humanity come back to Earth!"

Judging from the newspaper reports, Jászi delivered one of the greatest speeches of his life. His starting-point was the wartime ordeals that had yet to reach an end and out of which a new world would be born. Those who were returning from the front needed to be assisted; every citizen of the new era had to be given land, bread, rights, respect and human dignity. He described the country's desperate plight: moral crisis at home while in the eyes of the outside world Hungary had lost all its prestige, because it was regarded as the last relic of feudalism. "Let us send this message to Wilson," he declared,

"We too make our stand on the right of peoples to self-determination! All we ask is to be given enough time to implement fundamental reforms, for then we shall have no need to fear any plebiscite! This country is a genuine economic and geographic entity—there is no more genuine entity in Europe.

“Now you see, you sham patriots,” he ended:

It's you who have ruined this country. As for rescuing it, on the other hand, that can only be done by the ideals that you have continually vilified: the ideals of democracy and internationalism. So let us, former traitors to our homeland, take it upon ourselves to rescue the banner of Hungary. Only the spontaneous and happy will of all the peoples of Hungary can rescue Hungary.

Oddly enough, there is hardly a single period in Jászi's long life so lacking in sources of personal information as the last one-third of 1918, even though this was the most crucial and eventful chapter of all. No diary or other notes have survived from this time. Due to the hectic pressure of business, he wrote very few letters, and even in retrospect, in his memoirs, he all but skips over these weeks. From Ervin Szabó's funeral on—the actual night of the revolution and a few other episodes excepted—he communicates hardly any personal memories or experiences, though there must have been plenty of those during the weeks in question. He started keeping a diary again in January 1919, with the following entry:

My diary broke off in the midst of the revolution's storms and the continual flurry and night-work of my service as a minister. It's a great pity that I did not keep regular notes, even though I was able to observe events from quite close at hand.

Moreover, he even side-stepped a request, just a fortnight after the event, to record his recollections of the revolution for a compilation entitled *A diadalmas forradalom könyve* (The Book of the Triumphant Revolution), which claimed to be “the authentic chronicle of the revolutionary days.” Unlike most of his fellow ministers, Jászi thought:

The time has not yet arrived to cast our thoughts back to the revolution. As of today, the revolution cannot yet be considered a closed chapter of history. Today we are still in the very middle of those burning necessities to act that have been dictated for us by the collapse of the old Hungary. In today's fierce, hectic atmosphere of work, when all of us must strain

every nerve in working for the future, I do not feel able to sort out into a coherent whole in my memory the impressions of the tremendous days that have gone by.

As a result, in presenting and assessing his activities at that time one has to make do without Jászi's own reflections and, in effect, rely on contemporary press reports, official documents and the recollections of others.

The mood and the chief events of the second half of October are, however, superbly encapsulated, with masterly brevity, in his memoirs:

Of course, to start with no one spoke about an armed revolution, everyone merely urged the setting up of the National Council and also that a direct link be created between it and the Hungarian army... The thought of an incoming Károlyi government was imprinted in everyone's soul, and no one doubted that the will of the people would have to prevail sooner or later... the king would have to give way before long. Only when the intriguing by the toffs and Vázsonyi's crowd against the plan of the people's government... when they tried to force through the impossible alliances around Hadik [i.e. the attempts by Count János Hadik to form a government], when blood was flowing at the Chain Bridge and students were storming the royal palace... only then did the temper of the masses become ever hotter.

Finally, after seemingly never-ending consultations, audiences with the king and growing street demonstrations, on the night of October 25th, a National Council was formally set up in Károlyi's mansion in Egyetem Street, Pest, with the participation of Károlyi's Independence Party, the Social Democrats and the Radicals. A 12-point proclamation, *To the People of Hungary!*, that appeared in the newspapers the following day, was essentially drawn up by Jászi, with Zsigmond Kunfi making stylistic alterations. Both in its significance and contents, this can worthily take a place beside other famous Hungarian revolutionary proclamations, such as the 12-point one of 1848 and the 16-point one of 1956. True, it is also longer than those texts, but

that it is also why it was subject to wider scrutiny. The journalist Lajos Magyar has suggested that this was a good basis for a government program but not appropriate as a revolutionary program. Two months later, Jászi himself admitted that as far as its contents went it had been a compromise between two parties in which the lion's share rested on the Radical Party program. The two introductory paragraphs constitute a hard-hitting indictment of the old régime's policy of war, which had led to catastrophe, while the individual points constituted a brief of demands for independence, human rights, the nationalities and social justice. The manifesto finally called upon "all foreign peoples and governments to seek direct contact on any matters that touch on Hungary with the Hungarian National Council rather than with the current ruling power, which has lost any connection with working Hungarians." The Council thereby overtly declared itself to be a rival government and, breaking with the former mode of legitimization, placed itself on a footing of revolutionary legitimacy, albeit without calling for the existing government to be brought down by force.

Among the speedy reactions to this, it is worth mentioning one from István Maléter, then a professor at the Academy of Law in Eperjes (Prešov, Slovakia) and father of one of the principal heroes and martyrs of a later Hungarian revolution, that of 1956. In *Világ* the next day, he welcomed Jászi onto "the field of actions," and announced that on his motion the local council of Kassa (Košice, Slo.) was also demanding government by the people and the enactment of general suffrage that was also inclusive of women. "Press on in full confidence! The future is yours, we are with you!" The day also held in store an honor of another kind for Jászi. In the late afternoon he was informed that he was expected in Gödöllő for a royal audience. Károlyi, who had already been there for hours, waiting for his promised appointment as prime minister, advised the king to receive and listen to a number of the key ministers-to-be in the government that was about to be formed, specifically Tivadar Batthyány, Ernő Garami, Zsigmond Kunfi and Oscar Jászi, and to send a car to pick them all up. We know from Garami's memoirs that they did not manage to track him down, so they were only able to set off after 8 p.m. In the car, Garami writes, they worked it out among themselves that it must

plainly be a matter of a mere formality, a demonstration that the sovereign was willing to listen to opposition, and even socialist, politicians before the mass meeting that had been called for the next day. It turned out they guessed correctly: they were the victims of a devious bit of court machination to keep them away from the meeting, Károlyi in particular—whom Charles IV even took with him back to Vienna yet still was unwilling to appoint as prime minister.

The king received Jászi directly after Károlyi's second audience. According to the detailed report that appeared the next day in *Világ* (which was obviously either written or dictated by Jászi himself), Charles "though showing signs of having been tired by all the consultations, received him very cordially, greeting him with a handshake," then posed several questions relating to the matter of the nationalities. Jászi "explained in detail his position, which was that the matter would only be solved by a system of the broadest cultural and local authority autonomies." The king then enquired about Jászi's views on the southern Slav question, whereupon he explained that "only a union of the southern Slav territories within the loosest state framework would be conducive to success, and a far-reaching federalization of Austria had to be driven through as the sole means of satisfying the peoples living within the Monarchy." The king supposedly listened to this "with great interest, made comments, and also expressed his own standpoint," and this was then followed by a joint audience for Kunfi and Garami. All three hurried back from Gödöllő straight to the permanent session of the National Council, but in responding to the questions there they could only report that the king was dreadfully tired and nervous, and he had endorsed and nodded at everything that was said to him. Jászi had noticed what graceful hands he had, and how he kept nervously shifting the rings on his fingers.

This Saturday night was followed the next day by the rally, the return of the duped Károlyi from Vienna, and his rapturous mass reception at the Western Railway Terminal in Budapest. Archduke Joseph, whom the king had appointed as his palatine or viceroy and empowered to conduct negotiations surrounding the formation of a new government, was traveling on the same train and was obliged to leave the station by a side entrance in order to escape the crowd's

fury. On the Monday, there was heated debate in the National Council—according to the account given by newspaper editor Lajos Hatvany—as to whether there was any need to pay a call on the archduke. Jászi “protested vigorously against making the visit but he was outvoted. Károlyi in person urged discipline; that there was indeed a need to pay a call and speak with the archduke, but openly, without sparing his feelings.”

On October 28th, then, Jászi turned out, in the company of a large group of other politicians, to request an interview the archduke, which he reported on to the press in the following terms:

I told him that only full democracy can save Hungary... This was also proclaimed by the old parties, but they had no credibility in the eyes of either the people or other states. One could not expect an Apponyi to come up with a policy for peace, and the Entente would not be prepared to negotiate with sabre-rattling Junker types. Bolshevism was only going to be avoided if the Crown were to place itself at the head of the revolution. There is no other outcome than to unconditionally entrust Mihály Károlyi with forming a government. There is no other solution.

According to his account, the archduke listened with interest, and it was clear from the questions he interjected, that he was fairly conversant with the situation. All the same, those in power were still making efforts to have Gyula Andrássy brought in or János Hadik appointed as prime minister.

On that same Monday, the National Council moved from the Károlyi mansion to the nearby Astoria Hotel, where it hired a suite of three interconnecting rooms. Hatvany lists the founding members as being Jászi, Kunfi, József Diner-Dénes, Márton Lovászy and János Hock, who were then joined by the socialists Ernő Garami, Vilmos Böhm, Jenő Landler and Sándor Garbai. The next three days were full of intermittent excitements, encouraging and dispiriting episodes and, above all, anxious suspense. Jászi was afterwards to relate that, as compared with the high-handed activities of various groups of soldiers, who were leaving barracks because they refused to take orders, “the role of the leading members of the National Council remained calming and moderate throughout.” As far as the Council members

were aware, there was no serious, organized armed force to back them, or at best only a few battalions, so the fact that the hotel had been requisitioned by a military council under Imre Csernyák, commander of one of the local garrisons, did not come as welcome news, as they now expected a counter-attack against the hotel, though by then the military council already had greater forces under its authority than the regular army under General Lukachich. "Of the members of the National Council," Jászi writes, "only the socialists, the Radicals and Károlyi stayed at their posts at this point. We saw neither hide nor hair of the rest during that critical night. 'We'll probably be strung up by the morning,' I said to Kunfi, who, equally unable to sleep, was stretched out beside me on the carpet."

By the morning, though, it was not Lukachich and his feared Bosnian regiment that turned up at the Astoria but mutinous soldiers of a unit that had been waiting to entrain and had marched down Rákóczi Avenue from Eastern Railway Terminal, white chrysanthemums on their tunics and cheering the revolution and Károlyi. At this, Archduke Joseph and Count János Hadik, prime minister for the past day, finally gave way, and Károlyi was summoned to Buda Castle. He, together with Kunfi and Jászi as the leaders of the other two parties making up the National Council, drove up to the premier's residence in the Castle, whence Hadik escorted them across to the residence of the archduke, who in the king's name now officially charged Károlyi to form a government. Károlyi asked his two companions to inform the National Council and the country at large what had happened, Jászi writes: "And as we sped down in the car, we shouted out dizzily, deliriously, to the heaving crowd, 'Károlyi is prime minister! The king has asked Károlyi to form the government!'"

Jászi closes his account of that morning's events with the admission that, instead of the enthusiasm they had been expecting to see, already en route they could detect signs of the general public's antipathy to "the royal appointment," and when the outcome was announced from the balcony of the Astoria shouts of protest were audible from the crowd, which was already celebrating the establishment of a republic.

The National Council moved straight away to the Town Hall, which is where Károlyi formed his government, for the most part

from leading members of his own party (Márton Lovászy, Tivadar Batthyány, Barna Buza, Ferenc Nagy), supplemented by the two leading Social Democrats (Zsigmond Kunfi and Ernő Garami) and their close allies, Béla Linder and József Diner-Dénes, who became under-secretary of state of the independent Hungarian Ministry for Foreign Affairs, while the Radicals were represented by Jászi, as minister for the nationalities without portfolio, and Pál Szende, who became under-secretary of state for financial affairs. Hatvany noted that the members of the new government, on being congratulated by their colleagues on the National Council, declined the traditional courtesy of being addressed as 'Your Excellency' on the grounds that they were to be called 'Minister'. Nevertheless, prestigious, feudal-flavored titles like this were so rooted in Hungarian manners that Jászi, even in exile many years later, still received letters which preserved the old style of address.

Toward the evening the members of the government took the official oath of office before Archduke Joseph at Buda Castle, and it was just before they went in that they learned Count István Tisza had been murdered. There is no record of what Jászi thought at the time, but what he put down in his memoirs two years later is in full accord with the hostile line he had taken over the previous two decades:

Tisza's murder was a genuine tragedy of destiny. It was almost a mass-psychological impossibility that a man who for five years had been a strident symbol of all the horrors and injustices that had disaffected the masses should remain alive in the midst of such a frenzied civil war. The truth is that already before he was killed, the capital, and indeed the country more widely, was full of rumors that Tisza had been murdered. Most people gave it credence too, so much did that catastrophe fit the general atmosphere of lynch law.

Ernő Garami was subsequently to confess of the swearing-in ceremony that it made him feel very uncomfortable as a socialist, and Jászi cannot have taken it very differently, though he did have more of a taste for symbols and traditional gestures. It soon became clear, however, that the revolutionary government had incensed a lot of people with this, its very first act. "On the evening of the swearing-in,

we did not have the faintest inkling that Budapest and the country as a whole had become fanatically republican from one day to the next,” Jászi writes, acknowledging that the view taken by the masses was more logical than theirs, given that right then they, along with the majority of the government, wished to postpone a decision on the form of the state. (For the public at large, a republic was synonymous with complete national independence, while most politicians either knew or suspected that the end of the Monarchy would also mean the end of historical Hungary.) There was no option but to ask the king to absolve the government of the oaths they had given him, and on November 1st they deputed Jászi and Tivadar Batthyány to inform the archduke accordingly, and through him the king. In the course of the two visits that they made, the two men had occasion to overhear telephone conversations that were conducted with the sovereign and with Gyula Andrássy. With the archduke suddenly revealing himself to be a republican, Jászi informed him that the form of the state was to be decided on finally by a national assembly to be convened at the earliest opportunity. At the end of the first cabinet meeting, as the last point on the agenda, Jászi put forward a series of proposals on subjects that had been on his mind for some time. He recommended, among other things, that the opinion of local nationalities be taken into account in filling the state-appointed posts of county high sheriff; that a civil amnesty be supplemented with a military amnesty; that individuals being held in internment camps be set free, without placing them under police supervision; that a strong line be taken in cracking down on brutalities committed by the gendarmerie; and to lift the wartime censorship on newspapers. In short, he made an attempt to make the change in régime and regained freedom felt in as wide a sphere of life as was possible. The cabinet assented to all these motions.

The gravest problem facing the government, though, was obviously in foreign policy—the armistice and preparations for peace negotiations—and the related matter of what was to be done with the army. Jászi for his part was well aware that the revolutionary government would need to have a new, disciplined army at its disposal. Even in retrospect, he considered that there was no alternative to disbanding the old force (in a notorious phrase used by Linder: “I want to see

no soldiers!"), but in his view organizing a new one, which would inevitably have drawn primarily on recruits of the peasant class, ought to have been linked with an immediate distribution of land, which would have set the peasants on the side of the revolution. That consideration, he wrote in 1920, fell through due to determined resistance from the Social Democrats, which in the end left as the sole option an army organized and led by them.

Jászi had not even made a start on organizing a ministry for the nationalities when, three days after the government was formed, the problem of an armistice arose as a pressingly urgent issue. On November 3rd, after the Austro-Hungarian positions were broken though at Vittorio Veneto on the Italian front, General Weber, the Austro-Hungarian chief of staff, signed an armistice at Padua with the Italian General Diaz, commander of the victorious Entente forces. This threw up an ambiguous situation, insofar as it was unclear whether the agreement was valid for Hungary or not—not least because the Entente's Eastern army, with General Franchet d'Esperey as its commander-in-chief, was advancing with ominous speed on the country's southern border. From telephone contacts with Vienna and reports from a Lt Colonel Dormandy, who had been dispatched to Belgrade, the government formed the conclusion that it would have to act independently, for one thing because it was not certain that Franchet d'Esperey saw the suspension of hostilities as binding on him, and secondly because there was good reason to fear that the Austrian high command would underwrite conditions that were unfavorable from Hungary's standpoint. We know both from Károlyi and from Garami that the government initially wanted a deputation, led by Dénes Berinkey, the minister of justice, and Jászi, to set off posthaste to Franchet in Belgrade, but then they decided that Károlyi should head it after all, but still taking Jászi as a member of the government. The National Council was represented by Lajos Hatvany, the Workers' Council by the tub-thumping socialist Dezső Bokányi, the Soldiers' Council by the swashbuckling Captain Imre Csernyák. Hatvany provided a detailed account of the preparations that were made before the deputation at last set off from Ferencváros Station in Budapest, late on the evening of November 5th:

We took our seats in a marvelous saloon-carriage; it must have been one of the royal carriages. There were royal bodyguards to mind the journalists' safety. That too took some believing... Károlyi came in his gray traveling suit... Then Oszkár Jászi sat down in the saloon-carriage and conferred: What would happen tomorrow? How would they be received? Had they, perhaps, already reached agreement with the Austrian army and were we not coming too late? Only now was Jászi able to set to writing the memorandum that was to be presented to General Franchet.

Scare-stories accompanied the train all the way down to the Danube in southern Hungary, with each station warning the passengers that the next one along the line had already been ransacked. Nevertheless, they arrived without incident at Újvidék (Novi Sad, Serbia), where they boarded a ship for the final leg to Belgrade. Jászi was meanwhile reading through the memorandum for Károlyi:

We are now, for the first time, in a position to be able to proclaim the true will of the Hungarian people to public opinion in the Entente. This war was the responsibility of feudal Hungary... The Hungary of Lajos Kossuth was forced into total silence... That situation changed last week. The popular revolution of Budapest toppled the old régime... Hungary is totally cut off from contact with the Entente. The Austro-Hungarian high command has interrupted our telephone lines...

"When the ship had got under way," Hatvany relates,

I was summoned to one of the cabins. The memorandum needed to be translated into French. The minister was seated in a tiny cabin with the French interpreter. He was dog tired. He requested my assistance with the translation. It was tough. Poor Jászi vainly attempted to sleep, because he would start up at each bad word and would not stop worrying until the last nuance had been given expression... As I went up on deck, the words of the memorandum still ringing in my ears, I caught myself marveling that what had hitherto been a leading article by Jászi, appearing in so and so many copies, was now, all at once, becoming a crucial document.

They reached Belgrade as evening was drawing in, and they were pleasantly surprised to find how cordially they were received by the city's Serb population, despite the memories they must have had of the Monarchy's occupation forces. The evening of the next day they met the general, who had got back that morning from Salonika. Hatvany recounts how they had been counting on a pleasant get-together over the dinner table; Károlyi led in the deputation, still dressed in the casual wear that he had had on when the journey had started. Franchet, however, received them "in a pose of martial frigidity," as Károlyi described it. Jászi is less polite, writing of Franchet's "uncouth, ill-tempered, saber-rattling and uncivilized appearance." The scene is, in fact, rather well-known, because the largely hostile press of the day and subsequent historiographers have tended to gloat over and embroider the details of what actually took place. Even when he looked back on it two years later, the disillusionment and anger that Jászi had barely been able to suppress at the time are striking; all the same, it is not the humiliating tone that he sees as the most important in retrospect, but the necessity for the negotiation and the substance of what was achieved.

Of course, our enemies discern with the wisdom of hindsight that it was our mistake to negotiate with this gentleman when General Diaz had been charged with affairs on the Hungarian front and would have been open to granting us remarkably favorable terms.

To refute that, he reminds his readers that Károlyi in fact opened his own remarks by raising precisely this issue of who was entitled to sign the armistice, to which Franchet gave the categorical reply that, "He alone had the authority to negotiate with us." There is little doubt that Jászi's memory is correct (Károlyi says the same, almost word for word); it is Franchet who was failing to tell the truth. He was soon to have strips torn off him by none other than Clemenceau, the French prime minister and also war minister, for having entered into discussion at all with representatives of a government that was 'non-existent,' because it had not yet been recognized by the Entente, and for entering into an agreement that in point of fact would have to be considered equally 'non-existent.' (In any case, Károlyi and his col-

leagues came to this realization by themselves, and at the cabinet meeting of December 1st they had it placed on record that they were misled by Franchet.) That does not mean, however, that General Diaz would have been designated to engage in talks with the Hungarians. Documents that have become available in Britain and France in recent years show that at that time the victorious powers, and the French in particular, did not as yet treat Hungary as an independent state; at first, indeed, they did not even give any thought to its existence. It was precisely the consequences of the military protocol signed in Belgrade that alerted Paris to the detail that in between 'Austria' and the nascent new states there was also—or rather would be—a remnant Hungary, which was in fact to be a growing headache for them over the next eighteen months.

Franchet, then, was acting arbitrarily on his own authority in receiving the Hungarian government delegation, because that bolstered the positions of both himself and the Entente's Eastern army as being in command in the region. It is indicative of the situation, though, that General Berthelet, commander-in-chief of the Danubian Army headquartered in Bucharest, aspired to a similar role and overtly encouraged the Romanian army to invade and occupy Transylvania and Eastern Hungary. In the argument between the two, it was the rugged Franchet who proved the more sympathetic to the Hungarian point of view, and it should be said that he already proved to be so in the course of the talks in Belgrade, for after the opening big scene he took Károlyi and Jászi aside, altered the original text of the armistice on a number of points, and finally acceded to their demands by telegraphing to the Entente's high command in Versailles that the Hungarians were only willing to sign the armistice if the Entente would guarantee the country's present borders until peace negotiations were completed and would also allow Hungary to retain the right to administer the whole country (according to Hatvany, he and Jászi formulated and translated the text). Franchet therefore proved, in practice, to be a straight-dealing negotiator, and the much-vilified Belgrade armistice, far from being disadvantageous, was actually unrealistically favorable, and through the rapid intervention of the ever-vigilant Eduard Beneš it had already been *de facto* nullified from Paris by the beginning of December. Jászi himself emphasized: "If these funda-

mental points had been honestly abided by, and the frontiers issues entrusted to the peace negotiations, what a marvellous agreement it would have been!”

He adds that for the Károlyi government foreign policy thereafter consisted of little else than protesting at increasingly brutal violations of the armistice terms.

Dealing with the sniffy general was, in any event, a dreadful humiliation for two men who, in the years before, had been among the very few who stood out against the war and the alliance with Germany and had looked for the path of concluding a separate peace with the Entente. It was no chance, then, that Jászi bridled when Franchet declared that the Hungarian press had slandered and insulted France, interjecting, “Not all the press!” The general brusquely silenced him, of course, but Jászi did not yet abandon all hope in the rationality and generosity of French policy. On returning to Budapest, the account he gave of his Belgrade experiences in the November 9th issue of *Világ* was sour in tone, and he quoted Ferenc Deák in emphasizing that Hungary could not waive its rights of its own free will, and it would only accept the ‘civilized nations’ as arbitrators. The next thing was an attempt to gain the ear of Clemenceau by a private route. At Jászi’s request, Ella Kunffy, on November 13th, wrote a letter to Michel Clemenceau, the ‘Tiger’s’ son, with whom she was on friendly terms, through his Hungarian wife, asking him to show his father the following seven points, and to let her know as quickly as possible what the responses were. Jászi’s points were as follows:

- 1) Has the Entente made final decision over Hungary’s fate?
- 2) If not, then towards what would it be desirable to aim propaganda in Hungary’s interest?
- 3) Would Clemenceau receive Count Károlyi?
- 4) An international commission should be delegated to oversee Hungarian statistical surveys.
- 5) When was there to be a peace conference?
- 6) It was necessary to establish direct contact between Hungary and the Entente.
- 7) Let as many foreign journalists come as possible!”

This cry for help is known to have reached its destination, but—far too late to do any good—the answer came only a year later, when, in a letter dated October 30th, 1919, Ella Kunffy advised Jászi, who by then had been living in Vienna for half a year, that she had received a letter from Madame Clemenceau, who had heard from “a diplomat for the Entente” that they could only smile that Jászi and Károlyi were being accused of having been responsible for the revolution and the country’s current unfortunate position. People were deliberately forgetting, she went on to say, that the sole reason for the country’s ruination was the lost war. No one would have been able to ward Hungary from its present fate. The Entente had been unwilling to enter into talks with Károlyi because he had insisted that preserving the country’s territorial integrity was a precondition, yet the territories in question had already been promised to the various successor states that had entered the war against Hungary precisely in the interests of asserting their claims to the territories. If Károlyi made any mistake, then that was it—not giving way on the principle of territorial integrity, as the Hungarians were blaming him for. Armed resistance in any case would have been attended by even more serious consequences, Madame Clemenceau “assured” Mrs Kunffy and those on behalf of whom she was speaking in this “private letter.”

The real difficulties, in respect of both the military and administrative situation and the press and public opinion, started after Károlyi’s delegation had got back from Belgrade. It was a huge let-down that Károlyi and Jászi, whom the general public had seen as the country’s saviors, men whom the Entente knew and respected, should have been treated so shamefully, like defeated leaders, by one of the victors’ representatives. This was the general mood in which the government had to decide whether it was going to sign the armistice, despite the fact that no guarantees had been received from Paris that its terms would be met. Indeed, the most alarming signs were already becoming apparent, because as they arrived back home they were presented with a November 9th memorandum from the Romanian National Council, which amounted to a demand that supreme administrative authority in no less than 26 counties—covering Eastern Hungary as well as Transylvania in its entirety—be ceded to it. Given the lack of a parliament, the government laid out the situation to the

Hungarian National Council. In his own recollections three years later, Jászi notes that by the time of the meeting they had received news of advances by the Czechs and southern Slavs as well as the Romanian demands and incursions into Transylvania.

Everyone in the National Council was in a despondent mood... There was profound sadness in people's eyes, and more than one wept... We could see plainly that political forces both within the Kingdom of Romania and in Transylvania were hankering for the establishment of a Greater Romania. Notwithstanding this, we considered it of great importance that the Romanian demands should be debated fully in public and adhering to the most serious and loyal political formalities.

Jászi was then still hoping that it would be possible to create some kind of transitional or provisional arrangement until peace talks were completed, and by "seeking to solve its nationality problems, following the Swiss model, on the basis of a confederation of cantonal autonomies" this democratic gesture by the new Hungary would have a psychological impact "in the eyes of Europe and the civilized world."

The government therefore decided that Jászi should head a delegation of experts that would travel to Arad and enter into negotiations with the Romanian National Council on a mutually acceptable solution. Before setting off, Jászi acquainted the Hungarian National Council with the proposals he was intending to offer and later on did the same with the politicians who were most conversant with the Transylvanian situation, among them István Apáthy, Miklós Bánffy, Andor Barcsay, István Bethlen, Bódog Somló and Sándor Vincze, in other words a mix of conservatives, liberals and Social Democrats. As Jászi was to point out, "Not one of them opposed my proposals or suggested others in their stead that would have incurred less sacrifice." Even Bethlen considered them the best that could be achieved. Jászi was also circumspect in putting his delegation together. Dezső P. Ábrahám and Dezső Bokányi represented the Hungarian National Council, István Apáthy, Bódog Somló and Sándor Vincze the Transylvanian National Council, and they were accompanied by Alajos Kovács and Gyula Rác from the Statistical Office, as well as János

Szekeres and Jászi's private secretary, Imre Csécsy, from the new ministry. They set off by special train on the night of November 12th and early the next morning reached Arad, where the county high sheriff, Lajos Varjassy, received them and introduced them to the members of the Romanian committee, who had already installed themselves in the county hall: Vasile Goldis, Stefan Ciciu-Pop, Aurel Lazár, Ioan Erdélyi and three Social Democrat delegates, including Ioan Fleuras. However, Iuliu Maniu, the leader of the Romanian delegation, only arrived the following day, on November 14th.

Before negotiations began, Jászi announced at a press conference of his own that their delegation had come to Arad at the request of the Romanians, and that it was purely for the practical reasons of expediting them that the talks would not be in public, but the public would be kept informed about every phase. He explained that the Hungarian government stood by President Wilson's Fourteen Points and was firm that any solution must guarantee, on the one hand, the territorial integrity of the Hungarian state and, on the other, that in all areas the right to self-determination rested not solely with the Romanians but also with the Hungarians, Saxons and Serbs. Finally, he made it clear that, "We seek to establish a provisional arrangement that will last until the peace negotiations." Ciciu-Pop, for his part, announced that full rights to self-determination would be granted in towns and rural areas that were inhabited by Hungarians, but for the sake of augmenting public order they insisted on the immediate transfer of local government. As far as a definitive solution was concerned, "the Romanian National Assembly of Hungary will decide whether we are to unite with Romania or to stay as an independent Romanian state." Secession from Hungary was thus an intention that had been decided from the very outset.

They were not going to be deterred from that, naturally, by the proposal put to them by Jászi on the first day of negotiations, though according to the *Déli Hírlap* (Southern News), "the powerful accompanying speech with which Jászi presented his proposals made a deep impression on them." Goldis and his fellow delegates were in a position of strength, but at the same time in the morally somewhat uncomfortable situation of being well aware that Jászi was not bowing to the exigency of circumstances by offering a de-

mocratic cantonal solution on the Swiss model. Not quite a year before, in an enthusiastic letter congratulating Mihály Károlyi on a pacifist speech he had made, Goldis had expressed his conviction that through that policy "Europe's second happy Switzerland will be born." Both in the talks and in speaking to the press, Goldis several times acknowledged Jászi's past activities, and he purportedly also attended a local meeting of the Civic Radical Party, but in practice he was no more willing to make real concessions than were his colleagues.

Jászi brought a strong statistical resource with him to Arad, and right at the start of his speech he demonstrated that, contrary to Romanian assertions, out of the almost 7 million inhabitants of the 26 counties in question fewer than 3 million were Romanian, and thus there were almost a million more non-Romanians in aggregate. On that ground alone, he cast doubt on Romanian claims to domination over the whole territory. He also proposed that they not use the counties as the basis for sharing out by nationality but that they create smaller units, preferably homogeneous blocs with their own administrative bodies that would then establish contacts with one another nationally:

It is our position, then, that until the peace negotiations all peoples living in Hungary, should, besides acknowledging the present arrangements—which we for our part can anyway do nothing to alter before then—should cluster in *Eidgenossenschaften* [i.e. confederacies] of this kind. Under those conditions, you will receive government and can organize it, and we shall grant you all the conditions under which you can give guarantees for preserving peace and order.

He also warned the Romanians not to overreach with their demands under the influence of the situation on the battlefield, because concluding the peace would not be in the hands of saber-rattling generals, whether Foch or Franchet in Belgrade, who were in no wise different from their German colleagues, but "would be concluded by the Soviet Republic of Europe, the council of workers and soldiers," and it would take into account the Great Power promises that had been made "to Czech and other imperialisms."

On this, clearly disheartened by the determined Romanian power policy, Jászi somewhat departed from his role, as in a sober-minded state he would obviously have contrasted Wilson and the democratic politicians of Western Europe with the Entente's generals. It seems, though, that he too subconsciously perceived, or suspected, that no thought-out, clear-sighted solution was to be expected from those politicians, and that the greedy small states under their protectorate would pounce without mercy on the prey that was offered. That was borne out by the further course of the talks. On the afternoon of November 13th, the Romanian delegates studied the Hungarian statistical data but were no more persuaded by that than by Jászi's argument. The next morning Iuliu Maniu arrived, and the talks carried on from 3 p.m. though for quite a while they did not concern matters of substance but the real or alleged terrorist actions of armed Hungarian gangs that were being organized in Transylvania. Finally Maniu intervened and made the Greater Romanian goals explicit: "It is a matter of an integral, enclosed Romanian territory, inhabited by a people conscious of its identity that considers itself to be the Romanian nation," he proclaimed. Jászi thanked Maniu for at last stating openly and unequivocally that the Romanian people wished to achieve self-determination detached from the Hungarian state, within a framework of independent statehood. That, however, went beyond the framework of these negotiations and the competence of the Hungarian delegation.

But I would not be able to assume that responsibility in any case, even if I had received a mandate from government. I cannot reconcile it with either my conscience or with the true interpretation of the Wilsonian principles that we should decide on such things without consultation about the fate of the other nationalities living in Hungary... Iuliu Maniu and I are at odds in our explanation of the right of peoples to self-determination. To my way of looking at it, this right to self-determination would amount to a Hungarian Switzerland, whereas to Maniu's way it would amount to a narrow Romanian national empire.

In the end, Jászi submitted an 11-point plan that, as he said, offered a strictly temporary solution for maintaining peace and public

order. In practice this would have vested local government in all areas to local authorities that were to be formed by the majority ethnic group. Proceedings were again suspended to 9 a.m. the next day, pending scrutiny of the proposal, but then the Romanians rejected that as well. Both parties now refused to accept any responsibility for the consequences. Goldis thanked Jászi (and Jászi alone, according to the minutes) for his efforts and asked him not to take the rejection of his proposals as a personal slight: "Romanians will always know that they owe him a debt of gratitude for his unprejudiced and fair-minded handling of these issues." In his own closing words, Jászi expressed, on the one hand, his regrets at the failure to reach agreement and the consequences that were to be expected, and on the other, his hopefulness that an agreement would nevertheless come into being later. The *Déli Hírlap* correspondent, however, wrote that he could not help thinking that this had been the last courteous encounter between the Romanians and Hungarians.

This same correspondent was also adroit and fortunate enough to record the exchange between Jászi and Maniu after the conference had ended, in one corner of the emptying chamber, in the presence of no more than four or five interested individuals. In this, Maniu admitted that if radical electoral reform had been achieved the year before, then everything might have evolved entirely differently; now they could not be satisfied with anything less than total state independence. Jászi cautioned him that the preconditions for that did not exist in the territory they were demanding, since all that could emerge out of 26 counties of diverse nationality, if it were not constructed on the Swiss cantonal system, was a malformed statelet. Maniu's response to this: "The huge majority of Romanians is unquestionable, and that is why they have the right to turn into an independent state, at the cost of sacrificing the scanty numbers of nationalities who are here." Jászi: "If that's the way you think, then I shall insist on exactly the same standpoint on Hungary's behalf against Romania." He pointed out that the Romanians had adopted the line of reasoning of "vanished Hungarian chauvinists." They too insisted that a minority of 3 million could not be allowed to upset the sovereignty of a country with a population of 20 million; yet of the 26 counties that were being demanded, the Romanian claim was unjustified in at least ten per cent.

Maniu was sorry that they could not come to an understanding, then—according to the correspondent—Jászi, having been conducting the dramatic negotiations the whole day, “retired wearily to make his travel preparations.”

Jászi’s personal relations with Maniu thereafter underwent a great many changes. When, from his Vienna exile, he visited Bucharest in the early 1920s, he met on a number of occasions with the leader of the opposition National Peasant Party, who received him cordially and gave assurances of his support. In a letter early in 1929, Jászi congratulated him on his appointment as premier and included a conspicuous reminder of the promise Maniu had made at the Arad negotiations about guaranteeing the rights of the Hungarian minority. In 1931, he carried on a long conversation with the politician, who had just been turned out of office, at his property in Northern Transylvania. Finally, in 1946 he raised a voice of protest in the American press about the injustice of Maniu’s imprisonment for treason, underlining his esteem for Maniu’s substantial, albeit not unbroken political career. But he was already making use of the American press as a minister in late November 1918, when, via a Dutch news agency, he issued a statement in which he set out the foreign- and domestic-policy goals of Hungarian democracy, expressly asking the victorious powers for help in warding off “the anarchy that has already been raging for a considerable time in Russia and the seeds of which, sad to say, are now starting to put out shoots in Hungary.” It is possible that he had already got wind that the Communist Party of Hungary had been founded in Budapest around that very time.

After the negotiations with the Romanians in Arad, the next task was supposed to be an agreement with the Slovaks. Jászi, and with him a section of the press, was initially far too optimistic in his assessment of the chances of achieving this. In the meantime, military action to occupy territory had by then begun in the north of the country, as in the east and south, despite protests lodged with the Entente, appealing to the terms of the Belgrade armistice, which was still valid in theory. On November 20th Jászi proposed: “If we are unable to offer serious resistance, there is no sense in taking up arms, because a display of our powerlessness will give a very bad impression.” A northern line of demarcation now became necessary, which Albert

Bartha, the Hungarian war minister, and Milan Hodža, leader of the Slovaks in Hungary, drew largely along the existing linguistic boundary. Meanwhile Jászi parleyed with Hodža about a political solution that would have granted thoroughgoing autonomies within Hungary's existing borders to 15 counties in which Slovaks formed a majority of the population. This was what became known, rather derisively, as the 'Slovak Empire' plan, which was the cause of much tension and heated debate within the government even before the press leaked it—so much so, in fact, that in a letter of November 25th Jászi tendered his resignation to Károlyi since, as he saw it, "the government in its present composition lacks the democratic resolve, bold initiative and revolutionary impetus that alone can save our unfortunate homeland in its present tragic position." Károlyi did not accept the resignation, but, following a statement he made on November 28th, there was further occasion for heated exchanges between the Social Democrat and Independence Party ministers, with the former supporting Jászi in seeing a federalist solution as desirable, while the latter found the concession was too great and tried to insist on territorial integrity, although in response to direct questioning from Kunfi Albert Bartha acknowledged that there was no Hungarian army that could compel anyone to do anything.

The argument carried on over the ensuing days, despite the fact that the government in Prague disavowed Hodža and put a stop to the negotiations. Jászi made a link between the problems of the external and internal crises for the first time at the cabinet meeting on December 1st, where he noted that there was much more at stake than the loss of the Slovaks:

If anarchy continues, everything will be overturned and general Bolshevism will prevail here. This concerns our children's lives. Admittedly, we cannot do worse than an amputated Hungary, but that can emerge in a spirit of hatred and terminal breakdown, with any prospect of relations and understanding being ruled out, or it can emerge under peaceful circumstances, when there is a possibility, looking to the future, that we shall be able to make good common interests from the viewpoint of the larger economic and geographical entity.

Along with this typically utopian hope, he acknowledged that he felt the full weight of the counter-arguments and the responsibility; he again offered to resign, and the government again would not accept it.

It was only possible to dissuade Jászi temporarily, for he had been voicing his grave concerns, which he imputed to a lack of will on the government's part, at cabinet meetings since November 9th. On December 10th, he wrote a lengthy letter to Károlyi in which he listed the reasons why he insisted on resigning, "whatever the circumstances," even though his confidence in the prime minister's person and policy was undiminished:

Laws are slow to be put in place, and there is no serious prospect of their being accomplished, because the spirit of the apparatus of power has remained the old one. There is no sign of the organization of popular forces, of the establishment of a new, democratic public life.

"At the same time, the counter-revolution is gearing up," he continued:

Within the Independence Party the old, reactionary trend, which is staging palace revolutions against my nationality policy and plan for federation, has become vocal... Under these circumstances the extreme left-wing tendency is also growing stronger day by day. Anarchist propaganda that proclaims violence and terror is in full swing. Between this dual threat of counter-revolution and anarchy, the government has just one task, in my opinion, and that is to persevere doggedly with a radical policy, regardless of any seeming foreign or domestic political advantage. That is to say, to realize from the efforts of the broad masses of the population everything that is realizable in the economic and intellectual stage of development of Hungary today; or in other words, beyond complete political democracy: the breaking-up of big estates, preferably combined with a wealth tax and a co-operative system, state take-over of businesses that have outgrown the scope of individual initiative, with an equitable participation of state, workers and owners in

other large-scale industrial works, and across the board a most far-reaching social protection for workers.

Under present conditions a program that goes beyond this cannot be realized, but anything less is unacceptable. In other words, it is necessary to realize the core of socialism that is already viable and serious today but to be one's guard against any terror, brutality, or demagoguery that whips up crude instincts.

That, then, was Jászi's own program after the first month of the democracy brought by the 'White Chrysanthemum' revolution. It is apparent that, on the basis of the experiences and arguments of that month, he blames the right wing first and foremost for the failures, and more particularly the government's own right wing, which "is constantly paralyzing the left wing." The way that he (and Károlyi too) saw it, the 'middle-class bloc' of Márton Lovászy and his associates, for all their good intentions, was turning into a hotbed of reaction, so preserving the revolution and democracy could only be expected from the Social Democrats, even though Jászi quickly recognized the anti-democratic forces (socialist extremists co-operating with the Communist Party) that lay behind them. At the time the revolutionary government was formed, then, Jászi—like Károlyi himself, albeit to a lesser degree than him—shifted to the left. Ernő Garami too discerned this in his memoirs: "Two souls resided within Jászi. One was that of leader of the Civic Party, the other was that of a socialist in heart and mind... at that time he too was a bit wedded to revolutionary Romanticism and the charm of radical gestures, and he too, like Károlyi, believed in world revolution."

The sense in which he believed in it was related in a statement that Jászi made in mid-December to *Világ*, when he was asked whether the strongly radical policy that was being pushed by the government might not have an adverse influence on peace negotiations. "That worry," he responded,

derives from the fact that many profess to see the victory of capitalism in the world war. My answer to that is that in domestic politics one should not pursue a cyclical policy that would perpetually seek to take into account some tendency or other that is manifested in the countries of the Entente. There are in-

deed signs that the standpoints of capitalistic and imperialistic coercion have gained the upper hand as of this moment, but that attitude should not be regarded as definitive. To me it is totally inconceivable that such a situation should be permanent and that the Western democracies wish to sustain the old world order unchanged.

He expounded that trust should be placed in the force of Western public opinion, while for his part he continued to place all his hopes in the solidarity of democracies: "I do not expect understanding for Hungary from any other quarter."

When required to state his views about the professed objectives of the newly founded Communist Party of Hungary and proletarian dictatorship, though, Jászi's opinion was unequivocally dismissive. With a good nose for this new political and intellectual phenomenon, Karl Polányi devoted the entire December 1918 issue of *Szabadgondolat* (Free Thought), the Galileo Circle's periodical, to the problem of Bolshevism, asking three left-wing luminaries to write leading articles: Jászi, Eugen Varga and Georg Lukács. In contrast to Varga's positive and Lukács's still struggling viewpoints, Jászi concluded simply: "In principle I am opposed to all dictatorships, because all dictatorships imply a denial of moral autonomies as well as of the true democratic spirit." One can obviously put it down to the pressure of his political activities, though maybe also to his underestimation of the threat, that he goes on to summarize his reasons equally pithily, almost in telegraphese, in four brief points, the most notable of which are the ones that square accounts with the illusions of the Romantic intellectual: in his view, a dictatorship of the proletariat can only be achieved in practice the way it had been done in Russia (which was not an ending, merely an inversion, of class rule), and as he had already declared in the essay on historical materialism wrote as a young man, that dictatorship could not be regarded as "a transitional state." By contrast,

Polgári, or civic, radicalism (and it is *citoyen*, citizen, not *bourgeois* or middle class, that is implied by *polgárság*, or citizenry), in which I believe and which is the continuation of the part of classical liberalism that is still viable today, does not seek to construct a new society with the means of class war or accord-

ing to the ideology or class war, nor on the basis of the dictatorship of a single class, but with the organs of intellectual and moral forces, by the development of general cultural ideals, and on the basis of the consensual and fair co-operation of every social group.

At the end of the barely two-page long article, however, is one prophecy that was to be borne out: any class dictatorship would be a catastrophe in regard to the revolution's achievements, because these would be grist to the mill of counter-revolution and imperialist tendencies.

Jászi was serious about the resignation that he announced on December 10th. However, he actually left office only one month later, on January 11th, 1919, when Károlyi was elected provisional President of the Republic, and Dénes Berinkey took over as premier of the reshuffled government; indeed, he not only attended but actually played a very active and constructive part in cabinet meetings right up till January 18th. In the critical situation on December 11th, when Lovászy proposed that all ministers should resign and Károlyi form a new government, Jászi declared that there was no alternative to staying together in the coalition; they were able to agree on matters of principle, it was just that more momentum and activity were needed. It was necessary to take up the struggle against the Bolsheviks with intellectual weapons (and a reliable national guard). He ended up suggesting that Kunfi and Garami might, perhaps, relinquish their ministerial posts to others so that as ministers without portfolio they would have more time and energy to fight Bolshevism. In the debates over the land reform legislation that was being prepared Jászi argued for a policy that, by taking surplus production into account, would make peasants happy but not ruin every large estate. Compensation for ecclesiastical properties, as he envisaged it, would be such that the sum paid out was large enough to fund livings for the clergy in the future. He also had a say on arrangements for the coming elections. He originally recommended that voting should be for party tickets in a proportional representation system, with the country being split in 30–40 districts that, as far as possible, formed compact areas for the nationalities. Nationality blocs that were opposed to us should refrain from

voting, he declared, accepting that this would result in a rump parliament. In the end, for purposes of winning time, he went along with the majority of the government in accepting the usual majority voting on a constituency basis, and at his suggestion the cabinet passed a detailed resolution on the principles of this at its January 2nd session. Prior to this, at the December 28th meeting, Jászi announced bluntly that it was impossible to come to any agreement with the Romanians and Slovaks. As he was still hopeful, in an international context, that a policy of compromising would win out, he recommended that the partial nationality movements loyal to Hungary be strongly supported with money and unofficial propaganda.

Around this time he was coming under growing attack in the press on account not just of his doctrinaire policy regarding the nationalities but also his views on the civic and socialist fronts in domestic politics. After a speech he had made on the Radical Party's new program, the respected and highly bourgeois *Pester Lloyd* daily newspaper, in a leader on December 21st, launched an attack on Jászi as someone who stands in the market square of a village that is going up in flames, and instead of doing anything about that holds a talk on the importance of being able to differentiate parish parties: "The minister for the nationalities is looking to smash the citizenry's defensive unity when he more or less openly endorses attacks directed against the foundations of civic society." Jászi actually did not wish to see a fusion of middle-class parties, which would have created a united front against socialist aspirations. In his response to this article, he now underplayed the threat of Bolshevism. He did not wish to see the realization of Communist principles either, he declared, despite not believing in the sanctity of private property. The Radical Party was a civic and not a middle-class party. Unity toward the outside world, which was to say toward the Entente, "is unimaginable without the Social Democrats, from which it follows that a fusion of middle-class parties, by organizing for class war against socialism, far from increasing that unity, would shake it to its roots." This was the real dilemma for Jászi in 1918. The Austrian embassy to Budapest took note of this debate, and the Ministry for Foreign Affairs archives in Vienna to this day preserves the press cuttings and the accompanying reports from the chargé d'affaires. By early December, the ambassador, Baron

Hans Cnobloch, managed to arrange a meeting at which Jászi—being, from their point of view, the most relevant member of the Hungarian government; in effect, the minister for foreign affairs—explained at length how his ideas about a Danubian confederation would apply to Austria.

In the middle of all this, Jászi continued—indeed, due to all the traveling and negotiating he had undertaken in November, only in December did he truly get down to—setting up his ministry for the nationalities, which at first did not even have premises from which to operate. We learn from Bódog Somló's diary that the new office was, to begin with, in the Sándor Palace in Buda Castle, "squeezed into three rooms of the prime minister's office, and he [i.e. Jászi] does not have the time to look for appropriate premises... so I go across to the Royal Palace opposite and grab a string of rooms for the ministry's purposes." (Somló only worked for a short time in what was rechristened the National Palace, where they were later to install the office for the President of the Republic, because he was soon invited to take up a chair established for him in the Law Faculty of the University of Budapest, but in the autumn of 1918, after the long years of separation, it seems he must have felt a need to renew the old friendship.)

Back at the time of the first cabinet meeting, on November 1st, 1918, "Mr Oszkár Jászi, Minister without Portfolio," was instructed to establish a ministry that was charged "to make preparations for the rights to self-determination of the nations living in Hungary." This cautious, even minimal, way of designating his job obviously came from Jászi himself, and the explanation may well be that in the increasingly hopeless situation he did not wish to promise too much. His official staff was also modest: according to an end-November pay list, there were altogether twelve officials plus two assistants and two office helps. Alongside a few former grammar-school teachers, he used as his mainstay the incomparably diligent and reliable Róbert Braun, while Imre Csécsy became his private secretary. The onward rush of events, however, squeezed the ministry's sphere of operations within increasingly narrow confines, to the point that in the end it was left with an impossible role. László Domokos, a secretary for financial affairs, described the situation that had arisen by January 1919 in the following terms:

The Romanian, Slovak and Serb question headed off in a direction that was independent of our will after the revolution. It was no longer possible to halt the avalanche that was hurtling toward the heart of the country. Even though there were no mighty armies coming against us, it was just the peoples of the various nations on home ground who spoke other languages taking over control of their own fates.

Something like half of the extant documentation of the Ministry for the Nationalities consists of letters or telegrams of desperation or protest that came from districts inhabited by the nationalities. It was primarily mayors of towns and county high sheriffs in Northern Hungary who sent in shocking situation reports, but on the other hand members of the local Slovak national councils (including their chairman, Andrej Hlinka) complaining about the actions of the Hungarian gendarmerie or the inflammatory pamphlets that were distributed by the National Propaganda Committee under the direction of Dezső Bokányi. The mayor of Kassa (Košice, Slovakia), bolstered by signatures of all the town councilors, proclaims: "Kassa wishes to live as a Hungarian town in a Hungarian culture!" From Eperjes (Prešov, Slovakia), István Maléter, as chairman of the local Hungarian national council, and Viktor Dvořák, chairman of the Eastern Slovak Council, request to be informed by telegram as to when and where on December 1st they might speak with the minister "about the rapid action that is urgently needed on the question of the Slovak nationality." From Zólyom (Zvolen, Slovakia) the Lutheran priest Sándor Raffay, and from Körmöcbánya (Banská Kremnica, Slovakia) Prince Artúr Odescalchi request urgent assistance from the Hungarian government. From the evidence of the surviving draft answers, Jászi seems to have read them all and either answered himself or else checked and amended or supplemented the answer that was sent out. According to a note made at the time, he was working sixteen-hour days. However, when it came down to it, there was little he could do, and that agonizing situation hastened his resignation.

The ministry's work, accordingly, was largely limited to preparing plans. The most interesting of these is a hand-written draft plan for an 'Eastern Switzerland,' which divided historical Hungary up into

14 cantons, each of which would have comprised 4–6 existing counties and of which one canton would have had a Slovak, one a Ruthenian, two a Romanian, one a Saxon German, three a mixed, and seven a Hungarian administration and local language, though even within these there would have been districts with other majority ethnic groups. That plan, though, was already discarded on December 2nd and this concept of an equitable demarcation of ethnic boundaries no more got off the ground than the principles of a ‘Shorter Catechism on the Right to Self-determination of the Nations Living in Hungary,’ published in 1919. Jászi’s brief minister-ship achieved substantive success in just two areas. The first of these was to elaborate and gain acceptance of an arrangement for an autonomous ‘Ruska Krajna,’ or ‘Subcarpathian Rus,’ that was to be embodied in People’s Law 1918/X at the end of the year. This was also the model for a People’s Law 1919/VI ‘On the Right to Self-Determination of the German People of Hungary’ that the government ratified and published at the end of January for those groups of ethnic Germans, primarily in the Burgenland region of Western Hungary, that formed a majority in a contiguous area of the country. By then Jászi had actually left the government but he still completed the drafting work, working with ministerial councilor Peter Jekel, and he was the main speaker at a rally the ethnic Germans held in a University of Budapest auditorium on February 9th. He had no way of knowing that this was the last public speech he was to deliver in Hungary, just a few days after he, along with Mihály Babits, writer Zsigmond Móricz, painter Károly Kernstok, Zsigmond Kunfi and others, had spoken at the funeral service that was held on January 29th for his great friend, Endre Ady, in the garden of the National Museum in Budapest.

He had visited Ady for the last time on January 25th, two days before he died: “Burnt-out eyes. Hideously awful,” he noted in his diary, adding that his friend no longer recognized him. According to his nurse, however, on being asked by his wife who had been with him, Ady “sighed ‘Oszkár’. That was his last word.” Jászi bid farewell in an article for *Világ*, and in the very last issue of *Huszadik Század*, which was dedicated to Ady’s memory, he wrote an introductory essay under the title ‘Ady and the Future for Hungary.’

After his resignation, Jászi felt he had arrived at a turn in his life, and maybe also that what was in store was uncertain not just in the longer term but even in the immediate future. That may well have induced him, on January 15th, to draw up a last will and testament in which he recorded the arrangements he wished to be made within the family and in respect of his material and intellectual legacy. The latter, covered by three points, give a picture of his cast of mind at the time:

6) Don't make new editions of my old books, except for *Nation-States*, because my thinking on most of the issues has changed substantially. It would be possible to put together a volume, on the other hand, by making a selection of my articles for newspapers and magazines. My incomplete study on *Imperialism and Pacifism* would also be suitable for publication.

7) I ask my friends to tend to *Huszadik Század*, the Sociological Society and *Világ*, and to continue handing on to the young genuine freedom of research and an educational policy that transcends considerations of class. They should keep them far—and to an ever-increasing degree—from any dogmatism, from clerical as from free-thinking or Marxist orthodoxy. They should remain free forums for all clear and honest thought, whatever camp it may originate from!

8) My message to my sons is to learn from my example and not forget: the big struggle to liberate human mind will only truly begin after solving the bread-and-butter problem. Year in year out, I have rather learned to respect the importance of moral problems and autonomy, as against the social in the strict sense. Don't overrate, as I did at the start of my career, the results of the exact sciences, as compared with the treasures that are to be found in the free, intuitive, creative and contemplative realm of the mind. In regard to any loftier temperament a noble, self-made religious synthesis is just as indispensable as an aesthetic or moral one.

The official letter in which Mihály Károlyi released Jászi, at his own request, from his ministerial duties and also expressed his acknowledgement of and gratitude for "the meritorious services rendered un-

der extraordinary circumstances” was dated January 19th, 1919. On the 21st Jászi paid a farewell visit on Károlyi, during which the provisional President of the Republic was already asking him to take part in an exchange of views on some current matter. That evening he re-started making entries in his diary:

*Procul negotiis*¹ for three days now, I have been very ready to drop. Ferments that have been lived through always manifest with me after the event. Terrible feelings of sticking out and hopelessness. My appointment to a teaching post at the university has been a small solace in the dark night: perhaps it will indeed be possible to do something here!

After a life spent in opposition, and especially after the humiliating failure of his early attempt to qualify as a *Privatdozent*, the appointment to a professorship was understandably a matter of great satisfaction to Jászi. It was not just him but also a matter of appointments for seven members of the regular team of authors on *Huszadik Század* and of an overhaul of the hitherto arch-conservative Faculty of Political Science and Jurisprudence at the University of Budapest. The necessity for this had already been raised in November and December 1918, while Márton Lovászy was minister of education: “In the interest of ensuring a social spirit of reform, it is absolutely essential that a part should be played in the regeneration of education and already in preparing reforms by men who as yet stand outside university ties but in whom, on the evidence of their scientific and social activity to date, a vision of the emerging new order has long been alive,” the minister announced in an ordinance of December 17th. The law faculty was then still resorting to tactics of delay and marking time, and although in its submission it took exception to the planned reforms and the persons of proposed new lecturers (socialists Eugen Varga and Zoltán Rónai), it was not yet expressing overt opposition. It was perfectly clear, however, that the conservative professors, in defending the *status quo*, had no wish under any circumstances to admit their old adversaries, the radicals and socialists grouped around *Huszadik Század* and the Sociological Society (even though two of the Society’s founders,

¹ Far from public affairs (Horace).

Gyula Pikler and Bódog Somló, both by then trained to toe the line, were among the faculty staff).

As a result, Zsigmond Kunfi, who took over the education portfolio from Lovász in mid-January, took a firm line in informing the university, without soliciting the faculty's opinion, that he was appointing seven new professors to the Faculty of Political Science and Jurisprudence, specifically:

Dr. Peter Ágoston to the chair of civil law, Dr. Geyza Farkas to the chair of agricultural policy, Dr. Oszkár Jászi to the chair of sociology, Dr. Gábor Kovács to the chair of social economy, Dr. Zoltán Rónai to the chair of political science, Dr. Jenő Varga to the chair of economic policy, and Dr. Ruzstem Vámbéry to the chair of criminology.

To revitalize the faculty, Kunfi had picked—clearly on Jászi's advice—a team that was both of high caliber and, precisely on that account, 'dangerous.' The faculty professors, in their turn, raised an outcry, protesting against a flagrant infringement of the university's autonomy that was unprecedented, so they alleged, since the time of Emperor Joseph II. That historical parallel in itself demonstrates the extent to which atavistic mutual antipathies and even antagonisms struck sparks even in such a seemingly incidental conflict.

"An awkward conflict, since Kunfi has made mistakes," Jászi wrote in his diary on January 29th, the day of Ady's funeral, although at the time he was in virtually daily contact with the minister. But he saw the wave of protest spread to the faculties of medicine and humanities, and the progressively minded professors there were put in a very difficult position, because while they approved the substance of what the ministerial ordinance was seeking to achieve, they too could only regret the breach of autonomy. Those were also the terms adopted by Mihály Károlyi himself, with good statesman-like instinct, when a deputation from the university council sought a meeting with him. Kunfi aired the issue publicly, declaring that the university's stated position was "an attack on the government and revolutionary Hungary that was dressed up in the guise of pseudo-scientific and legal formulae."

He may well have been strengthened in that conviction by the fact this was the period in which the counter-revolution was starting to

unleash its general offensive. Budapest had spent the previous Sunday, according to a report in *Népszava* (People's Voice), under the mark of the counter-revolution:

At noon, protest in Buda Castle. In the afternoon, assembly of active officers who have grouped in MOVE,² the Hungarian Association of National Defense, then in the Gólyavár³ the meeting of the Awakening Hungarians Association.

(A few days later, on February 23rd, Károlyi's younger brother, József Károlyi, staged what was, in effect, a counter-revolutionary putsch in the cathedral city of Székesfehérvár by summoning the dissolved county assembly and getting it to pass a motion of no confidence in the government.) Under the circumstances, although it is clear that Jászi regarded Kunfi's methods as being particularly maladroit (in his view it would have been better to refer to the minority votes), he naturally felt obliged to close ranks, and already by January 30th or 31st he agreed in principle that, if it proved necessary, he would take over the running of the University of Budapest as a government commissioner. This is indeed what it came to when, after fruitless deputations by the university's rector and four deans of faculty as well as faculty meetings, the university's own governing body (by a majority of one vote) rejected the seven professorial appointments and pronounced them to be illegal. That was an overt declaration of war, coming just three days after Károlyi himself had explained to them:

The teaching faculty have to understand that we are living in revolutionary times... when one has to act expeditiously. In two to three years it is possible to bring on a whole new generation attuned to the new spirits at the university.

That, of course, is precisely what János Király, dean of the law faculty, and his colleagues wished to prevent, and what was particularly painful for Jászi was that in the faculty meeting his old friends and associates, Pikler and Somló, had also been among those who voted against

² The acronym stands for *Magyar Országos Véderő Egyesülete*.

³ Name of an auditorium at the university.

his appointment. (In just the same way as there were some in the left-wing, pro-government press, Lajos Hatvany among them, who blamed Jászi for the infraction of university autonomy, however much of a formality it may have been.)

On this occasion, exceptionally, the government acted with revolutionary firmness and speed. The following day, on February 4th, the new professors made their vows in the presence of Prime Minister Berinkey and on the 5th Kunfi informed the university's council by ordinance that the council of ministers had suspended the functions of the university's autonomous authorities until further notice, and was appointing Professor Oscar Jászi to the position of government commissioner:

The task of the government commissioner's will be to run the entire university administration and to prepare a reform of Hungarian university education and organization as well as institutional regulations for university autonomy and to make recommendations to me as to how these are to be implemented. The government commissioner has the right to allow scope for individual university bodies or faculties to function.

Jászi immediately set to work in taking over the university's running, making the following comments on what he saw as his role:

It is the least of my duty that I should resolve the conflict that has arisen—I would never have accepted such a one-sided policing measure... I did not come to the university to destroy its autonomy but to endeavor to put forward, at the earliest possible date, a proposal as to how the old, nonviable, atrophied statutes relating to its autonomy, which are respected neither from above nor from below, should be replaced with a viable, modern autonomy law, along with all the fundamental reforms that will serve to guarantee freedom of university life, a productive research atmosphere and a social attitude.

He was pleased to acknowledge that a respectable minority in the faculties of medicine and humanities were assisting him in this.

Two days later, this was how he characterized the conditions he found at the university:

However painful this conflict may be, it will undoubtedly lead to a salutary outcome, because it will push for solutions to a whole host of very important problems... The curriculum and examination system are antiquated, the social situation of the students is desperate, the fate of lecturers and teaching assistants disquieting, while the training for teachers and officials makes a mockery of the needs of a modern social state... at the same time, autonomy made it impossible for persons of acknowledged distinction to get even as far as a lectureship: Simon Meller, for example, who is a scholar respected across Europe, or Georg Lukács, though we have no aesthete who is more widely recognized by the German or French public, or Béla Zalai, who has been a pioneering spirit in philosophical literature.

Even the highly conservative professor Elemér Császár was unable later on, during the counter-revolution, to say anything bad about Jászi's activities at the university, which lasted until March 22nd, since "during his 50 days in command he did nothing else, apart from reorganizing the university premises, other than paralyze the life of the university... In the two faculties he appointed so-called reform committees from a series of teaching staff who either were reliable or were deemed to be so." The planning work for reforms over the longer term, naturally, were not allowed to be completed. For six weeks Jászi went in to his new office virtually every day, or at the very least dropped in, and by the beginning of March he was also ready for his own teaching duties. The course he was due to give was about 'Imperialism and Pacifism' (interestingly, as an American professor, decades later, he would often pick topics of a very similar nature) but he never got even to start teaching.

In parallel with the university assignment, another line of duties was shaping up for Jászi. On March 2nd, Károlyi, with a large retinue, arrived at the Transylvanian town of Szatmárnémeti (Satu Mare, Romania) in order to make his presence conspicuously felt, and in front of detachments of the frontier guard he announced that there were times when it might be necessary to defend the country with arms. On reading the press reports the next day, Jászi noted: "Károlyi's alarming

martial speech. I strive to retouch it in *Világ*.” It cannot have been pure chance that on the same day he and Kunfi had a conversation in the ministry of education about “the foreign affairs miseries” and preparations for the peace negotiation: “Both he and Harrer consider my leadership to be necessary. Plan for a foreign affairs council,” one can read in the diary. After the revolution triumphed, Károlyi, as prime minister, had retained responsibility for foreign affairs for himself, but after he became president another solution had to be found for steering foreign affairs, and in the meantime Ferenc Harrer became the ministry’s administrative head. That is how, after the opening of the Paris Peace Conference, the plan of forming a Foreign Affairs Council was raised, with Jászi’s name being put forward, almost as a matter of course, as its chairman. His main task would have been to provide political direction for the peace-talk preparations, since, as he notes in his memoirs, “in practice no serious steps have been taken toward that goal.” The diary records that he had already made a start of organizing the council on March 5th. Just the previous day his article ‘Károlyi’s Message’, which underlined the importance of co-operating with the peace conference and the desirability of avoiding armed conflict, had appeared in *Világ*. Jászi had been of that firm belief since November, only being shifted from it at two dramatic moments. The first of those had come on December 18th, when the government learned about a French demand that Kolozsvár (Cluj Napoca, Romania) was to be vacated, which caused such indignation among ministers that even Jászi considered it possible a new government might be formed which would drive the Romanians out of Hungary and accept responsibility for a new war, or that each of the ten ministers would place himself at the head of one of the eastern counties, where he might do more to defend the country than by remaining in the government. The second such moment came on March 20th.

Before the official inauguration of the Foreign Affairs Council on March 17th, Jászi had a conversation on the 13th with Károlyi, with whom, as he was later to write, he came to full agreement about the basic principles.

I explained that I would present the concept of a Hungarian Eastern Switzerland as an optimum demand, tied to the plan

for a democratic Danubian confederation. If we were unable to break through with that platform and it came to Hungary's dismemberment, we should be insisting on two principles: on a plebiscite and on free trade between the old and the detached territories. If that did not work either, then as our last compromise we should stick on the holding of plebiscites. Unless there is that we should not sign a peace; and if they wished to decide on our fate by force, we should withhold our signature, with loud and solemn reference to the Wilson principles and the more highly developed sense of justice of the world's workers. Mihály Károlyi approved of my standpoint in every respect. The Russian orientation was then in the air.

The Commune and Exile

The last weeks of the democratic republic for Jászi, as for many others, brought disintegration, hysterical excitement and utter despair. The only relatively tranquil week was in the second half of February, staying with the painter Lajos Kunffy on his property in Somogytúr, just to the south of Lake Balaton, which he spent catching up on sleep, reading and horse-riding 2–3 hours a day. He was therefore not in Budapest at the time the Communist leaders were arrested and the ferments that surrounded this, but on returning home he was unable to avoid a row over this with his wife, nor a visit from Georg Lukács, with whom he spoke—for the last time in their lives—with the compassion and sympathy that is the due of the persecuted: “Poor György is quite consumed by all the turmoil. A touching impotence of the idealist. The great moral contagiousness of the Communist movement,” he noted in his diary. In fact, both the Radical Party and the old Galileo Circle members protested in the name of freedom of opinion against the detentions and rough handling of Communists by the police. Jászi himself wrote a leader for *Világ* under the headline ‘Before the Second Revolution.’ He could sense that their old institutions, the Sociological Society and *Huszádik Század* among them, were breaking up. He considered it virtually inescapable that the Radical Party would be liquidated and he engaged in talks with Károlyi’s party over a possible merger. Kunfi was also trying to persuade him from the other side, saying that the Social Democrats had a great need of brains. For Jászi, however: “I continue to feel that joining is a moral impossibility. Yet the struggle under present-day conditions is hope-

less.” Finally, on March 19th, the executive committee of the Radical Party passed by a large majority his motion that they should remain passive, which meant that the party would not be fighting the elections that had been called for April, but its supporters were encouraged to vote instead for the Social Democratic Party.

He thus avoided having to do away with one of his own creations by his own hand. The next day, on March 20th, events veered in a completely different direction.

I was summoned to the ministerial council. The French continue to seek to press us back. The government resigns. Socialist-Communist coalition. Plan for Russian alliance. *Levée en masse*. Toward dark and bloody chaos.

These few simple sentences encapsulate the drama of that fateful day, which is further intensified by the feeling that, on the evidence of this diary entry, those attending the cabinet meeting were aware of what would come next. Up till that point, he was to write later,

We rejected every proposal or plan that sought to drive public opinion in the country into an ill-considered coup. A change in government only set in when the Vix note [i.e. the Peace Conference’s ultimatum that Hungary pull back some 100 km to a new demarcation line with Romania] made it obvious that a final judgment had already been passed on us, without our being granted a hearing, before the peace conference had been convened.

In the memoirs that he wrote in 1920, and then during 1922 in his argument with Ernő Garami about responsibility for the handover of power and Károlyi’s role in it, Jászi touched up his recollections, relating that, having been summoned as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Council, he was late in arriving at the cabinet meeting, and Károlyi informed him of the government’s unanimous resolution to resign, which had already been passed, and about the formation of a socialist cabinet. He personally had therefore played no part in the decision, though he likewise saw no other way out. At that time, though, he had not yet ruled out the possibility that “in the anger over the Vix note” the resignation was too hasty. A diary entry along these lines

can already be found for July 9th, 1919: “Much self-reproach over whether at the last ministerial council, to which I was summoned, I was maybe feeble, a prisoner of mass psychosis.” He puts it more definitely in a letter back home another decade and a half later: “It was the tragedy of the October revolution to have taken the myth of territorial integrity seriously.” At the end of his life, when his views regarding national sovereignty had changed substantially, he considered the March 20th decision to have been wrong, because he thought that even a weakened democratic government would have been a hundred times better than what followed its resignation. But in the memoirs that he wrote in 1920, with the mood of the time still fresh in his mind, the way he remembers and judges it is:

The Károlyi government may have committed a tragic offence by resigning from power, but it did so honestly and in good faith, with serious regard for the love of one’s homeland that is just something to do business with for these people [i.e. those in the counter-revolutionary camp]. I never felt the magical magnetic fields of the mass psyche as distinctly as during that fateful evening. There we were, the majority of Károlyists, radicals, socialists and even Communists, who during those hours felt that it was *impossible* to accept the crude duress of the Vix note. But all the misery, despair, humiliations, knavery and duplicity of half a year was stoking the fires of bitterness within us to the extreme. Yes, it was a tragic conflict between the pacifism of our minds and the nationalism and love of truth at the depths of our consciousness.

The next day, on the evening Hungary was declared a Soviet Republic, Jászi and his wife were at the home of the writer Béla Balázs in Buda, waiting futilely for Georg Lukács, no doubt for any news he could bring them:

On the way home that sadly rainy night, gunfire and a looted shop window: in Krisztina Square I was ordered out of my car. That so aroused Máli, as an affront to her dignity, that it developed into one of our most heated and deplorable discussions. That trip home had an effect of almost symbolic bleakness on

me. The start of the bad times that M. is going to find hard to endure because of her unruly and furious nature.

The diary also carries on in this gloomy tone the following day: "A dreadful, depressing constellation. The immoral ganging-up of the Socdems and the Bolshies. A shoddy list"—the latter a comment on the make-up of the Soviet government. He also notes that he has resigned from his university position as government commissioner and from the chairmanship of the Foreign Affairs Council, while also recommending that the Radical Party be disbanded. On the other hand, he wanted to keep the Sociological Society going (supplemented with a social club) as well as *Huszadik Század*, regarding the rights to publish which he made several calls on Lukács, who for his part—for the time being—saw no obstacle, so that several issues did indeed appear up to the summer of 1919.

The young Aurél Kolnai again provides some personal recollections of these days in his memoirs:

A few days after the fatal 21st of March, I saw Jászi in the garden of his palatial suburban home, as pale as death, with the bitterness of frustrated endeavor and tragic despair writ large across his face. 'And what do you think of this new order?' he whispered tensely. 'Nothing good—I stammered—I think it's a new Middle Ages!' 'Exactly—he agreed—a return of the Middle Ages: a new Guild system, disregard for the individual, faith imposed by force.' So we poor Quixotic dreamers of an 'unadulterated liberalism' joined our laments, though in fact, Jászi must have had some inkling of the difference between the medieval Catholic guild system and the proletarian dictatorship. 'How will it end?' we mused. I muttered despondently: 'Well, suppose abundance of food were to grow beyond a certain limit: when the need for individual liberty will inevitably reappear one day...' At that, Jászi jerked his head violently, as if roused from lethargy: 'Communism will never produce abundance of food!'

Up till the end of April, Jászi did a lot of work in his garden in Pasarét, but he also went around the city, meeting up with colleagues

and friends, finding most of them in a dejected frame of mind. He himself was almost constantly disgusted: "Freezing cold, rainy weather. Freezing cold soul. Hard to live. The newspapers are bellowing just like in the heyday of war-mongering" (March 28th). "Establishment of the Marxist state church. Rigid orthodoxy, with saints and casting out of devils. Fanaticism and intolerance" (March 29th). Béla Kun announces that they are not going to respect Ervin Szabó's last wishes and will publish his posthumous work (April 1st). "The dull desperation of free intellectuals. A heyday for the naïve and dogmatists" (April 3rd). People's commissar Ernő Seidler warned his relatives to be careful about what they said in company because there were "a lot of ladies about who are informers" (April 16th). At the same time, he can be open-minded and enquiring: "If I did not have any children, I would be able to take great pleasure in this awful but colossal era. Any intelligent person can see that this 'order' is untenable, yet very few spot the great evolutionary logic that it performs" (March 31st). He is moved to encounter squads of workers joining the Red Army, and when he attends to housing matters for his local district, he notices: "The members of the new order are rough, simple but not ill-disposed workers" (April 22nd), although elsewhere (April 13th) he diagnoses the spread of bureaucracy.

On April 3rd Jászi wrote for the delayed March issue of *Huszadik Század* an article in response to András Iván, who had accused the leading lights of the Sociological Society, and of 'sociology' more generally, of keeping their own counsel at a critical juncture. Though having little regard for the author, Jászi sensed the weight of the charge and the challenge, and he gives a serious answer:

The Communist experiment has to be carried out some time; without it humanity will never again be at rest. The masses need facts instead of theories and deductions. Communism has to be tried out. And everything must be done in order that the experiment should be clean, clear and decisive; in order that, whatever else, it should bring something new and better in the place of the rotten and corrupt capitalist order!

This concept of a laboratory experiment, and the advice, given in the midst of political chaos, that even opponents of Communism should

give it a fair try, seems to have shocked even Aurél Kolnai, who in the memoirs that he published in old age asserts:

This laboratory concept of 'experiment' applied to a political catastrophe struck me as utterly frivolous and shook my trust in Jászi as a political leader. Though he might loathe Bolshevism, he dreaded a 'fratricidal' fight among the revolutionists and a victory for 'Reaction' more than anything else.

Yet the diagnosis is clear, even in the thick of changing impressions and fluctuating states of mind: "My whole world is in ruins" (April 2nd); "An end to all peace and leisure in life" (April 5th); "The best minds and morality are facing dreadful years" (April 13th). For him two decades of building, his entire public and private world, had collapsed. His colleagues in the West, like the leaders of the nationalities in Hungary who had once trusted him, had left him in the lurch, and he also had his hopes dashed by most of his former independentist and old socialist associates, with the former being unable to rise above nationalism and the latter giving in to Communist coercion. The Communist take-over of power swept aside and compromised the democratic transformation for which he had been preparing over the preceding two decades. A good number of his friends were gone: some, like Ady and Ervin Szabó, had died, while others had already scattered to the four winds or were soon to do so. As April wore on, he was increasingly sure that he would have to leave the country temporarily. On the 16th he obtained an entry visa at the Swiss consulate; at one private gathering he is reported to have urged friends and supporters to shield and preserve freethinking in their circle like a candlelight in a storm.

In succeeding generations the question has often been asked as to why, and above all on whose account—the Reds or the Whites—Jászi should have chosen to emigrate. The diary gives an unambiguous answer. He was repelled by the atmosphere and conditions of the Communist dictatorship and angered by the mounting number of detentions, although there is no sign that he felt he personally was in danger. There was little reason for him to do so, for he learned that Ernő Seidler, a cousin of Ervin Szabó's, had said about him: "We understand that Jászi has retired. It is our belief, however, that he will be

working with us in a year or two.” Jászi for his part, leaving aside the ideological gap, did not give them even six months.

On April 20th he could already see that the end was near, that a White Terror—of which he would be one of the very first victims—was on its way. The final days of April were spent preparing to travel and saying his good-byes:

The ring is closing ever tighter. The counter-revolution is gaining ground. It is necessary to reckon with a White Terror, which would turn against Károlyi and myself first of all. Escape plans. Running about for the passport. Cordial assistance at every hand. Today (April 30th) at last ready to go. On Sunday I was at Károlyi's place. He judges the situation in the same way as I do... He too is going to flee from the Entente, but he would prefer to head for Russia and create a new Hungarian exile community there. It's gone midnight now, I'm exhausted and enervated. The uncertain future is weighing heavily on me. To leave here everyone whom I love and go into isolation. A country in process of winding up, work fallen in ruins, the uncertain fate of my near and dear!

He still had a chance to see the enormous red hangings that were put up for May 1st, torn and bedraggled due to a spring rainstorm prior to the big day. He may also have seen, though he does not mention it, the huge plaster sculpture of his dead friend, Ervin Szabó, in a row with those of Marx, Engels, Liebknecht and a few other socialist founding fathers. He was supposed to set off from Kelenföld Station in Buda at noon on May 1st but, due to a sudden advance by Czech troops at Komárom, the Red Cross train was only able to start that evening with a huge detour via Lake Balaton, Szombathely and Sopron on its way to Vienna. The journey was made in the grip of much anxiety that the Serbs might cut them off in southern Transdanubia. After two cold nights, they eventually arrived in Vienna on May 3rd. Even in the driving rain, the city made a good impression on him with its shop windows full of goods. He soon learned that the Hungarian embassy in the Bankgasse had just been taken over by Hungarian 'White' army officers, and the ambassador, Elek Bolgár, in whose company he had originally wanted to travel from Budapest, had been

arrested at the frontier. He was nevertheless given a friendly welcome by Rudolf Goldscheid, president of the Austrian Sociological Society, and his family. Late that evening, as was his habit, he got out his diary, recorded the events of the three days that had passed since the train set off, adding: "Frozen, weary, exhausted, I think sorrowfully of Pasarét."

The matter of finding a home—or more specifically a place to stay—in Vienna was fortunately solved, at least temporarily, the very next day. Having spent the afternoon vainly searching for a room to let in the pretty suburb of Döbling, that evening at the Goldscheids he met Rosa Mayreder, a leading Viennese campaigner for women's rights (up till the introduction of the Euro, at the beginning of 2002, her portrait was to be found on the back of the 500-schilling bank-notes), who offered him a lovely room overlooking a park at No. 15 Schönburgstrasse in the Sixth District. He had already moved in on the 6th: "Delightful room. Every piece in it is elegant and tasteful." Over and beyond this, his landlady and her set were of great help in helping him get settled in Vienna. He continued to see Rudolf Goldscheid, whom he esteemed highly, even though on getting back to his own room he regularly noted down how boring he had found the guests who gathered there, despite the fact that these were the Viennese equivalents of his own circle in Budapest. He made similarly pernickety comments about the theatre people from Max Reinhardt's entourage whom he was to meet at Recha Rundt's, who was later to become Jászi's second wife. He knew, but had no great fondness for, Eugenie Schwarzwald, founder and director of the 'Schwarzwald School,' a private school that had been famous at the beginning of the century, whose salon was one of the centers of Vienna's scholarly and artistic worlds. He was also a frequent visitor to Professor Karl Grünberg, then editor of the Marxist *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung*, who was a lot of help to him in improving his working conditions in Vienna. Although the diary and his correspondence provide no suggestion that Jászi came into closer contact with Austria's *Jugendstil*—or Art Nouveau—movement, or with the great Austrian school of economists or psychoanalytical circles (he had a low opinion of Freudianism from the outset as being one of the intellectual trends of the age that was encouraging relativism of val-

ues), during the best part of the decade that he was to spend in Vienna he nevertheless managed quite well to find a place for himself in the city's intellectual and social life—admittedly without leaving any major or durable imprint on it, even to the extent of 'pupils' like Karl Polányi or Aurél Kolnai, who worked on *Der Österreichische Volkswirt* and were, respectively, active participants in Vienna's economic and psychoanalytical debates during the 1920s.

Already in the very first days he met and entered into conversation with a good few distinguished representatives of Austrian intellectual and political life (e.g. constitutional lawyer professor Joseph Redlich, historian Richard Charnatz, sociologists Max Adler and Emil Lederer), and by May 5th he was already being received by Chancellor Karl Renner and Foreign Minister Otto Bauer, who promised him every personal assistance and also picked his brain on the political situation in Hungary, having themselves no little interest in avoiding both Red and White dictatorships. May 6th saw the arrival of Pál Szende, deputy chairman of Jászi's party, a former fellow minister and a friend, who also became his closest companion and debating partner during the years in Vienna, the two often lunching together in Vienna's vegetarian soup-kitchens. For all that, particularly in the early months, Jászi felt he was very much an outcast and could only recognize his position as being temporary, especially in view of the absence of his family and the uncertainty of the situation back home. He seems to have been in a state of near-permanent suspense as he waited for letters (as often as not delayed) or reassuring word-of-mouth messages from Hungary.

Given that he saw his exile as temporary, the question of leaving Hungary with his family had not even arisen. His mother stayed in Budapest, to begin with in the house in Pasarét, later on, when the family were obliged to sell it, with her daughter in the Madzsars' apartment on Ménesi Avenue, in Buda, which was not exactly a tranquil or safe place to live in, given that József Madzsar was constantly under threat. Anna Lesznai, soon after the Commune fell, moved with her children and mother to the family home in Körtvélyes, which by then had passed to Czechoslovakia (now Hrušov, Slovakia), so that Jászi too was able to travel there and every year would spend at least three spells of two or three weeks at a time with his children.

That tie soon became questionable, however, with the Jászis' marriage too sustaining damage from the revolutionary storms. For all his moral rigor, Jászi himself thought it perfectly natural that he should have his flings and, indeed, multiple parallel affairs or liaisons. Not long after his arrival in Vienna three or four women besieged him with reproachful or even demanding letters declaring their love for him, and he seems to have been incapable of either pursuing or ending any of them for the time being. The loosening of the marriage had meanwhile got to the point where Jászi's wife also became involved in multiple affairs, first with one of his younger colleagues, then with the graphic artist Tibor Gergely (who later became her third husband), which deeply offended and upset Jászi. In a subsequent 'auto-letter' (which he addressed to himself on May 1st, 1920, in an attempt to clarify his situation in his own mind) he sought to account for "the matter of moral responsibility" in the following terms:

Your offence is undoubtedly major and grave. A wedding knot ought not to have been tied without a categorical imperative. Without that every marriage is a marriage of convenience, albeit right away from a more elevated standpoint. You were unable to offer enough attention, tenderness and love, and that *necessarily* resulted in estrangement, separation and then cheating, first unilateral and finally on both sides. Yet M.'s offence and responsibility is undoubtedly greater than yours, because it was she who insisted on the marriage and answered for it. Besides which, your infidelity and hers would still carry different weights even if one were to see men's and women's morality as equal in this sphere (which, by the way, is not how I see it), because M. at the outset, and most emphatically, waived making any demands of fidelity on you. On top of which, you have been pushing for a divorce for years now, so she had no reason at all to cheat, since she knew she could be free whenever she wanted. That she did so anyway, and what is more under aesthetically ugly formalities, without caring for your name, the world, the decency of your home—that is a very grave responsibility. The moral responsibility is heightened still further by two circumstances: one is that in both instances she acted frivo-

lously, without any serious and deeper passion; the second, that it was under circumstances when your whole livelihood and work had collapsed. Your bitterness on that account is very easy to understand and appreciate... All the same, the feelings of anger and hatred should not be allowed to gain ground. Don't forget that for years on end M. suffered cruelly through your lack of love, her dignity as a woman being deeply affronted, and she may have been justifiably aggrieved by your departure at the time of the Red Terror (though under the protection of her friends she was not in any sort of danger!), and people's psychology turns pathological in the feverishly gripping atmosphere of a revolution and counter-revolution. In conditions of peace and quiet M. could never have got into this situation, as the opportunity would have been there to talk things over. Besides which, it would be a great injustice to measure M. by the usual female yardstick. She is a brilliant creative personality, a great creative artist, who can only be compared with the rarest male talents. A masculine soul, with her father's passionate and unbridled temperament, who cannot stand trifling conventions... you have to take her the way she is: the harbinger of a stage of female development that has not yet been achieved...

What proved even more potent than hurt masculine pride as a factor in driving them apart was the circumstance that Anna Lesznai had for years been in close contact, on both a friendly and intellectual basis, with the Sunday Circle, the group attracted to the mystic-irrational philosophy of Georg Lukács and Béla Balázs, which since the beginning of 1919 hoped its desire for world salvation would be materialized in the Communist ideal and movement. For one thing, this plainly made Jászi jealous, and not merely because Tibor Gergely was associated with them but intellectually speaking as well, while secondly he saw them as the embodiment of one of the factors for the failure of his own direction and the October revolution, the irresponsible intellectual precursors of revolutionary overbidding. He soon had the opportunity to see the entire group all over again in Vienna, but his views were no different there: "My antipathy toward the com-

pany she keeps is growing into physical disgust, which separates me from her even more," he wrote in late 1919.

By mid-May 1919, in any case, the framework for his life in Vienna was essentially in place. The greater part of the day was spent in the university library, where he was able, on the one hand, to keep up with all the new work in the social sciences and, on other, to fill in gaps in his reading, especially those that had arisen through his 5-6 years of close involvement in the war and politics. From his diary it is clear that he was a very systematic and rapid reader, keeping books of four or five different genres on the go at any one time, including a fair number of literary works. He would browse through the major newspapers from Vienna, Budapest and the West in some coffee-house, which would also be a place to meet other Hungarian émigrés. He also set about becoming thoroughly acquainted with Vienna's sights and museums, the Kunsthistorisches Museum in particular, to which he made two or three trips per week. Of an evening he would sometimes go to the theatre or mix in society, so he would occasionally catch an interesting production or performance. As far as music went, as he himself once confessed after a concert, never in his life did he develop any feeling for it. He walked a lot, taking a good walk every day if at all possible, with lengthy excursions into the countryside around Vienna on Sundays. Apart from the fairly frequent changes of lodgings that he was obliged to make later on, his lifestyle was not far off a normal one. Throughout this time he lived very frugally, but he was never in dire need, even though all the evidence suggests that he had few reserves to fall back on. He managed to keep himself going, and also his mother, by writing articles, from the royalties on his books and, later on, from his salary as a newspaper editor. He did not have to support his wife, because Anna Lesznai's family was still wealthy, even at one point buying a house in Mauer, one of the suburbs of Vienna, though Jászi never lived with them, despite retaining his affection for them, and he never accepted money from them for his own needs.

His sister's family, the Madzsars, on the other hand, caused him much trouble and anxiety. His brother-in-law, who was made an under-secretary of state for social welfare after the revolution, likewise arrived in Vienna at the end of May, then for a good two years

tried—sometimes more than a little precariously—to get by switching alternatively between Hungary and exile. As a result, he and his family became subject to growing harassment, and he at one point had to lie low for weeks on end with not even his wife being allowed to know where he was. Jászi grew increasingly irritated by Madzsar's flamboyant tendencies and frequent unreliability, but in the end he always relented, because he loved and had great regard for him, their lives having become closely entwined in many respects, and also because, time after time, he needed to call on his brother-in-law's sound common sense and remarkable flexibility. Nor was it much easier with his sister, Alice, and her life of stresses and strains, or her similarly disposed daughter, Lili Madzsar. For all the warm affection and pity he had for them, their hysterical flustering and inconsistencies would madden him and even tempt him to steer clear of them. The one truly fixed point in his family was his adored mother, as he was for her, the son destined for greatness, a copy of his magnum opus, *Nation-States*, and not just his portrait, constantly beside her bed.

As long as the Soviet Republic was in place at home, Jászi kept his eye on the news and the shifts in domestic and foreign policies, though he saw no scope for himself to take a direct political or journalistic role; he lived a quiet life, mainly for his reading. On June 8th, he determined with tart satisfaction that the Entente was making concessions to Kun's administration by inviting them—something they had refused Károlyi and himself—to the Peace Conference, at which point he writes in the diary, as he was to do again many more times, "as I see it, I shall soon be able to go home." He notices from indirect signs the activation of Kun's agents in Austria: at the time of the attempted coup in Vienna, on June 15th, he was (perhaps deliberately) making an all-day hike to Heiligenkreuz Abbey and Baden with Pál Szende, and he only learned about the bloody clashes from the next day's papers: "Plainly the violence of the Hungarian Communists at every hand, and their unscrupulous *va banque* policy. – Uneasy feelings," he noted for himself. "What is happening at home? What will be my further fate? It seems the Entente's offensive against Hungary is starting up again." One day he feared for Vienna on account of Bolshevism, then just a few days later it was for Budapest on account of the counter-revolution.

Although his days were livened up during these weeks by many newly arrived friends who could supply the latest news from Budapest (Karl Polányi, Louis and John Bíró, Margit Vészi, Zsigmond Kunfi), the real change in his life came on July 15th, when Károlyi's aide-de-campe, Imre Jeszenszky, brought a letter from Károlyi, then residing in the Austrian town Melk under an alias, and the draft of a big article entitled 'The Story of My Resignation' that was to be published in Vienna. Early the next day, Jászi traveled there "for purposes of discussing his article and other things." In his diary entry that evening, he gives an account of Károlyi's hard-pressed psychological condition:

He gives the impression of a hunted beast. He is living a veritable nomadic existence, together with his heroic wife. His plan to travel to Italy is unlikely to succeed. For the time being he will go to Prague... They took the evening ship to Krems in order to wait at some small place on the Krems-Iglau line until their passes are issued. They dared not stay in Melk any longer because it seems Mihály had been recognized. Taking leave stirred me deeply; he too was close to tears. He did not have so much as a single heated word for his enemies. He praised Albert Apponyi and Móric Esterházy's loyal behavior... May God protect him!

That can be taken as marking the start of a personal friendship between the two men that was to last the rest of their lives. "God bless: I have learned to esteem and love you as a man and friend," Károlyi wrote to him from Gmünd a few days later. It was then that the ex-president, who had been lionized not so long ago but was now spurned by his relatives and former supporters alike, recognized in Jászi those attributes of selflessness, fidelity to friends and plain-speaking strength of character that he was subsequently often to refer to—during their ideological arguments as on the occasion of his grand reception in the Hungarian parliament in 1946—with the greatest appreciation and personal gratitude. "Oszkár Jászi was the person who kept my spirit up in those hours of dejection," he wrote in the foreword to *Fighting the World*. From then on, for almost a decade, he considered Jászi to be not just his best friend but also his chief adviser

on all matters, whether political and journalistic or personal and pertaining to the family, with the sole exception of his contacts with the Communists, though even there, in an emergency he entrusted confidential documents to the reliable Jászi's safekeeping.

In 1919 Károlyi came under attack primarily because of the accusations that he had handed over power to the Communists, quite regardless of the fact that he and his government had ceded power precisely in order to create the political conditions in which an armed defense of the country might offer resistance against its dismemberment. While Károlyi stayed in Hungary he was unable to clarify his own role in this in the domestic press, which was under Communist control, because Béla Kun blocked publication of an article that he had written on the topic. Once he had reached Austria, however, he quite understandably felt this was his top priority. That is why he sent Jászi the manuscript that he brought with him, which Jászi thoroughly reworked, talked through with Pál Szende, and a few days later obtained full blessing from Károlyi, who was still waiting at the Czech border. The German translation of the text, which Rosa Mayreder checked, was then taken by Szende to Friedrich Austerlitz, editor in chief of the Social Democratic *Arbeiter Zeitung* (with whom over time they would have many dealings, and also much trouble, in regard to publication of further statements by Károlyi). 'Die Geschichte meiner Abdankung' appeared in the paper on July 25th, prefaced by an explanation that the author had submitted it to the editors via a friend while he was passing through Vienna, and they were happy to communicate this, if only as a matter of historical interest.

By good fortune, the original manuscript of the article has survived in the Jászi estate, so one can trace exactly what changes he made to the text. On the six-page typescript under the title '*Michael Károlyi erzählt die Geschichte der Ausrufung der Diktatur des Proletariats*'—which in that form is certainly not the president's work—can be seen marginal comments in pencil by Károlyi, Mrs Károlyi and Jászi, though these resulted in only minor amendments. The reverse side, however, shows Jászi's detailed supplementary suggestions regarding the introduction and end of the piece, which ended up essentially word-for-word in the final article. This German typescript begins its presentation in the thick of the events of March 1919, with Károlyi's hand-

written note: "Introduction to the article: this testimony seeks to be no more than a statement of facts of my much-discussed (alleged) hand-over and not a position either for or against Bolshevism." Jászi suggested that it would be better to explain why nothing had been said before, on the grounds partly that there had been no opportunity to make any declaration in Hungary, partly because Károlyi had not wished to exacerbate the country's life-and-death struggle. That is exactly how the article that was published starts. The original ending had merely indicated that in the interests of preserving his country Károlyi had, at the time, acknowledged the authenticity of his forged signature on the proclamation of resignation, but Jászi proposed a more emphatic wording: "I did not hand over power. The sole forces were the workers and the army... The other option would have been a pointless civil war." To go with this, he formulated a profession of faith in the future, and that is indeed how the known statement from Károlyi ends, and the high-flown text ever since has been ascribed to the president himself.

Jászi had no privy knowledge about the signing of the proclamation of resignation, so it is likely that he simply accepted the version Károlyi gave at the time, according to which he had signed the document in order to avoid civil war, even though at the last ministerial council it had been agreed that the presidency was to be maintained. A couple of years later, at the time of the legal action that was taken against him, Károlyi denied having signed, and that was what he stuck to in *Faith Without Illusions*, the volume of memoirs published thirty years later, explaining away the contrary assertion made in the 1919 article by claiming that he had not wished to do any harm to Communists who were in detention by revealing the truth. In late July, however, the Soviet Republic of Hungary, with which Károlyi basically sympathized, was still in place, so in reality it was *this* that he did not wish to harm (by either confirming that he had signed or keeping quiet about having refused to sign). As for Jászi, he did not concern himself with the issue in either his later writings or his correspondence. Thus, in the chapter about the hand-over of power in his 1924 memoir, *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*, he quotes at length and comments on Károlyi's 1919 article, ascribing the events to the Entente's ultimatum and 'magical fields' as already noted, but

without making any separate reference to Károlyi's proclamation and his signature.

On August 2nd, just a week after 'The Story of My Resignation' had appeared, Jászi was acknowledging the fall of the Commune with satisfaction:

The Kun régime at last appears to have been overthrown. It is very lucky that it has collapsed ignominiously and without loss of blood. After a rout like this, it's going to be difficult to spawn a Communist legend. It's an immense joy that I can at last feel easy about my near and dear. The future itself, though, is murky. It is unlikely that a White Terror is going to be avoided.

He could see clearly that "a purely socialist" government was not going to hold its ground in the face of public opinion, whereas one with a mixed political make-up would incline increasingly to the right. He thought he would wait for the change and only then set off for home: "My politics have been vindicated in every respect, yet for the time being I am the most powerless of people!" Two days later, however, he was lamenting the Romanian occupation of Budapest—"a smarting shame!"—and spurred by the developments that were to be expected, on August 5th he brought to an end half a year of political passivity by writing an article on 'Die ungarische Gefahr'—the Hungarian danger—for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. "I would like to influence progressive public opinion in the Entente, not to tolerate a feudal-plutocratic reconstruction under the leadership of boyars!" The article appeared the next day, but each day was bringing ever-more alarming news without the Great Powers doing anything serious to mop up terrorist detachments, so Jászi carried on with this journalism aimed at the wider world, though not for the *Arbeiter Zeitung* but for *Der Morgen*, a new liberal-Masonic magazine launched in September, for which he would write one or two articles per month. Besides that, he would also give the occasional admonitory interview to a former pupil, Károly Benedek, who was now working in Switzerland for the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*.

The counter-revolutionary press in Hungary immediately set out to look for scapegoats, pinning the blame for every aspect of the period

between the end of the war and the revolution on Károlyi and Jászi. Some of these made Jászi out to be the main culprit, Károlyi's "prompter," or even "the man at the head of the October-to-March upheaval," and this later spread to somewhat more durable genres of 'literature,' with the first of the two volumes of Cécile Tormay's *An Outlaw's Diary*—the one subtitled *Revolution*, published in London in 1923—seeing him as the incarnation of Evil during the events of 1918–19, while a work by Elemér Mályusz that appeared in Hungarian in 1930 and the following year in London under the title *The Fugitive Bolsheviks*, as the very title suggests, painted all the émigré groups and their activities with the same hue. As Henrik Vámos, a loyal friend back home, saw it, there was something reassuring about this anti-Jászi hatred: "These people are scared of you, scared of your truths, scared that your free and brave voice will be heard in places where theirs falls on deaf ears," he wrote in the spring of 1920.

By August 9th he knew that he was not going to be able to return home 'as yet'; he was now fearful that his wife might be subjected to atrocities by the Whites, though he was under the mistaken belief that what was happening in Hungary was "a restitution of the old world in its entirety." His political efforts during those days were concentrated on restraining—through Austrian comrades—Ernő Garami and other moderate socialists from joining the "clerical-militarist-royalist" government, so as not to utterly compromise themselves and their party, now that it had already been compromised by the co-operation of the left wing and center (Zsigmond Kunfi, Vilmos Böhm, Sándor Garbai) with the Communists. During his exile in Vienna, Jászi remained in contact with both these groups (more indeed than they did with one another), but he was highly critical of both, finding fault with the left-wingers (even though they included a number of true friends) for their revolutionary jargon and with the group around Garami for being too amenable to the right. The latter held themselves back from the trap the first time round, choosing not to participate in the government formed by István Friedrich, but the seduction, wavering and debate carried on the entire autumn, ending in the tragic outcome of the negotiations that were initiated and led by Sir George Clerk, the Peace Conference's representative, during November 1919.

Garami, on behalf of his party, was one of those who took part in the negotiations that were to lead to the founding and securing of international recognition for the Horthy régime, and he gave a detailed account of this in the memoirs that he published in 1922, on which Jászi bestowed a biting, four-part critique in his magazine: "Garami saw the situation clearly and without any illusions," he wrote in connections with Clerk's negotiations:

He perceived distinctly that if the situation was to be resolved on the basis of Horthy's regency and the White army, then that would unavoidably lead to a horribly bloody counter-revolution that would destroy the whole labor movement. He also saw with eerie clarity that right then the key to the situation was in the hands of the socialists, since Clerk was under binding instructions to accept only a government in which the Social Democratic Party played a part. If, then, the socialists were to stick intransigently to the line that they were not going to negotiate with Horthy and his ringleaders, and they would only support a government that gave them adequate guarantees in regard to the labor movement and public liberties, then there could have been only two possible outcomes: one was that Clerk would look for another solution, more fitting for the socialists; the other was that he would leave Budapest without finding a solution, and the impossible Friedrich-style intermezzo would have held on for a few more weeks. In either case, the working class would have come off better than they did with Horthy.

Garami made reference to not being able to scupper the negotiation because he was obliged to abide by the instruction he had been given by his party leadership (they did indeed vote down his own harder line several times), but in Jászi's view what he should have said was, "Let the Entente see how it creates civilized conditions in Hungary without us."

This partial reactivation brought on by the Hungarian counter-revolution still did not signify a change to Jászi's plans or lifestyle. Politically he was still sticking to his wait-and-see attitude, regarding it as his job to think through what had happened and the "world-historical

situation.” On August 30th, having managed to come across a reliable ‘postman’ who was setting off for Budapest, he provided a very precise description of his position, the results of his thinking and his plans to the faithful Róbert Braun:

Dear Róbert,

The breakneck pace of events has, of course, upset all our affairs for a while. But the White madness cannot last longer than the Red. Keep the Sociological Society and *Huszadik Század* together as best you can! For us that is the sole fixed point in the Red-and-White chaos. It will be even more so in future, because the old party structures have become unserviceable—at least for people who think for themselves and have any self-respect. Battle will have to be joined with the reaction just as energetically as with the Marxist Talmudists and every manifestation of the ghetto mentality. Because it’s not true that the mistake was in Lenin; the mistake was in Marx, and Marx’s true disciples are not the parliamentary socialists but the Bolsheviks. The putsch, terror, amorality, hatred, mechanical fatalism, the non-market stockpile economy, the non-competitively distributed food ration—all these and the other ideological treasures are Marxists doctrine... As an antidote, in the midst of much mental anguish and anxiety, I have learned more during the last four months than during the previous five years. For me it is quite undisputed that the path of all serious economic and political science and practice lies through the Physiocrats and the line of [Adam] Smith – [H. C.] Carey – Dühring – [Henry] George – [Franz] Oppenheimer. Some kind of plastic-artistic-propagandistically vital synthesis of this ought to be attempted: an individualistic co-operative manifesto that sets intellectuality and morality in the foreground, in contrast to the Communist Manifesto and its wrathful prophecies...”

This letter accurately reflects Jászi’s thinking at the time. He was brooding almost constantly on how he might cast his experiences in Hungary and his new perceptions into something that would show a way out of the crisis and stand up scientifically while also attracting the masses. The reference in the letter to the Communist Manifesto

was not by chance. In addition to the reading matter listed above, just ten days before, on August 19th, he had read this afresh for the first time in many years: "Full of contradictions, in part it rouses a moral indignation in me," he writes in his diary.

In no small measure, the present terrible, bewildering world crisis is a consequence of Marxism's mechanical Communism and amoral nihilism. New formulas of the spirit, freedom and solidarity have to be found.

By mid-September the plan of a synoptic work, a book that would lay out a critique of Marxism and the ideas of a free-thinking, co-operative, liberal socialism, had taken shape. In his diary and letters he refers to this as 'Anti-Marx' for short. On September 16th he discussed with Karl Polányi what form the work should take: "To address the creative intelligentsia, or young people, or simply to clarify my own ideas? We came to the conclusion that I should write for myself for the time being. Defining the artistic form is something for later on."

During the weeks that followed, as his diaries show superbly, and as he occasionally recounted to Károlyi, he "worked assiduously" on the chapters of his 'Anti-Marx,' which are designated as follows in the diary: The anti-Communist evidence of history (Sep. 24); Against Marx's philosophy of history (Sep. 27); The revolutionary dialectic (Sep. 30); Critique of the doctrine of ideology (Oct. 1); On the reasons for the emergence of the socialist church (Oct. 23); On the bankruptcy of bourgeois sociology (Oct. 24); The basic ideas of liberal socialism (Oct. 25); On the reasons for the ineffectiveness of liberal socialism (Oct. 27); War increases the perils of Marxism (Nov. 10); Lenin or Noske (Nov. 11); The impotence of majority socialism (Nov. 13); The dilemma of the proletariat: Holy Alliance or breakdown? (Nov. 14); Where is the way out? (Nov. 17); Moral revision (Nov. 18); Class war (Nov. 19); Scientific revision (Nov. 21); The political action program (Nov. 21); Political activity (Nov. 25); Organization of the intelligentsia (Nov. 26); Theory of heroes (Nov. 27); The mind's propaganda (Nov. 28).

He worked on the manuscript in library and coffee-house until it eventually filled up exactly two hundred sheets of foolscap. As is clear from a number of his diary entries, Jászi was already unhappy with the

work while he was writing it, and in the end he put it to one side. In early 1920, when Anna Lesznai happened to be in Vienna, he read at least part of the work to her and listened to her opinion, on which he set great store on questions like this. A year later, in the spring of 1921, he took the manuscript with him on a visit to Hrušov and made an attempt, by regrouping the chapters, to improve the structure, make it clearer and punchier, but he ended up abandoning the plan of a comprehensive work that offered a critique of Marxist socialism and its political movement and laid the foundations of a free co-operative socialism. The idea of a synthesis of this kind was to pass through his mind several times later on, during the years in America, but he seems to have forgotten all about the Viennese manuscript. It has survived in the estate as an untitled work, or to be exact: bearing the English title "*Marxism vs Liberalism. Vienna, around 1920*" in his second wife's handwriting.

Unfinished and imperfect as it remained, the work was still able to exert an influence. After the manuscript came to light in late 1982, it was published the next year in the Paris-based '*Magyar Füzetek*' (Hungarian Booklets) series, and with its small format making it fairly easy to smuggle, quite a large number of copies found their way into late-Kádár-era Hungary and seem to have played a role in encouraging young intellectuals to turn against Marxism and dictatorship. Jászi's presentation of the statist centralism of Marxist socialism, its militarist and dictatorial perils, and its crippling economic order, in which competition and quality are disregarded, totally coincided with the experience of those living within the Soviet bloc, and its contrasting of all that with the liberal principles of freedom, voluntarism and decentralization spoke directly to the heart of many Hungarians during the Eighties. In the year that the régime changed it was allowed to be published legally in the country, and moreover under the title of *Communism's Lack of Prospects and a Reform of Socialism* (Századvég Press, 1989), which is the title that, on the evidence of a later note, the author had intended to bestow on the work he had agonized over so much. Nevertheless, to this day no attempt has been made to assess its critique of Marxism and, more particularly, its very early and, as subsequent events showed, abundantly vindicated rejection of the socialist planned economy—in short, to appraise the scientific place and political significance of this pioneering piece of work.

During the autumn of 1919, while Hungary was caught in the throes of Romanian occupation, a burgeoning White Terror and political contingency, Jászi and his associates also did what they could to hit upon and present a workable way out. His proposed solutions, both then and later, were directed at more moderate and also internationally more acceptable liberal formations than their own government in 1918 had been, and therefore did not envisage a political return for Károlyi, the Social Democrat left wing under Kunfi, or himself. For these radical exiles what loomed large was the possibility, and even necessity, of making a publicity trip to America, because that was where they hoped that Hungarian democracy would receive the most telling support. On October 2nd, Jászi and Szende spent the entire day in negotiations with Chancellor Renner and won his support, in principle, for the formation of a coalition government led by István Bárczy, Márton Lovászy and Ernő Garami that would be definitely non-revolutionary yet of liberal-democratic hue and more Slavophile than pro-Romanian. A few days later, they set off for Prague, knowing full well that, under the given circumstances, the Czech leaders, Tómaš Masaryk and Eduard Beneš, were the most influential politicians in Central Europe.

At this first meeting, both of them, and President Masaryk in particular, made a very good impression on Jászi: "He is noble, clever and bold. He gave us a very warm welcome and spoke with patent sincerity," he wrote about Masaryk in his diary. "Ready to make border adjustments when he faces a democratic Hungarian government." A similarly hollow promise was forthcoming from Beneš too, with whom they discussed primarily the chances of a political settlement in Hungary, the removal of the Friedrich government at the earliest opportunity, and the obstacle to its gaining international recognition, although there was also some talk about the recent past, when they had stood on opposite sides of the front. The plan to travel to America also came up, as well as Károlyi's refugee status in Czechoslovakia, which the Czech leaders continued to guarantee, though they made it clear that they regarded Jászi as more of a negotiating partner than him, since they remained somewhat mistrustful of Károlyi.

Jászi and Szende also paid a visit on the Károlyis at Eichwald (now Dubí, Czech Republic), just outside Teplice in northern Bohemia,

where they had withdrawn to a small hotel in the forest, fearing for possible attempts on their lives (and there were such attempts). They found Károlyi in very poor shape psychologically. To help him out of this parlous state, Jászi persuaded him to make a start on setting down his memoirs: "I am hoping for a lot from this work. It is the worthiest gesture you can make today against base slanderers," he wrote to Károlyi while still in Prague, then from Vienna he soon sent off the outline for twelve chapters to make up a volume of memoirs, envisaged as being for the English-speaking market (it first appeared in Hungarian and German in 1923). In early November, he again made a trip to Dubi at the request of Károlyi, who "gave the impression of a hunted animal... in his completely snowed-in hermit's abode," and informed Jászi that he wished to draw up a will by which any residual wealth, over and above the part needed for his children's education, was to be used for public purposes. He wanted to entrust execution to his wife and Jászi, thereby cutting out his aristocratic relatives, and Jászi did in fact prepare a plan for the establishment of a large-scale free university in the Károlyi palace in Budapest. It was a plan that could not have been carried out, of course, as for one thing the left-wing academics and writers who might come into consideration had been forced into exile, and then Károlyi's properties, including the palace, were before long confiscated by the Hungarian state.

Another draft that was actually produced during the short visit to northern Bohemia is in Jászi's handwriting with the title 'The Program for the Emigration,' dated Eichwald-Dubi, November 3rd, 1919:

We the undersigned, who have been forced to leave Hungary due to our political activities, have decided that in order to defend our political principles, and especially for the vindication, indeed the reclamation and extension of the achievements of the revolution of October 1918, we shall work according to a plan and by methods that have been collectively determined outside the country,

the preamble runs. The ten-point plan attempts to outline the shared basic principles of exiles who were of various schools of thought. It states that they are all *socialists* in the sense that they are opposed to oppression, exploitation and unearned income, and at the same time

democrats who repudiate dictatorial or terrorist methods. In their foreign policy they would be seeking to ally with the anticapitalist, antifeudal and antimilitarist forces of the nations and to redress the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles, not through revanchist demands and fomenting a new war, but by the establishment of a democratic people's republic. They would accept financial support from foreign states or private persons only as a principle and with the assent of all members. At the end of this draft are the names of five other potential signatories: Zsigmond Kunfi, Zoltán Rónai, Jakab Weltner, József Diner-Dénes and Pál Szende. Beside the first three a question mark is visible, which underlines the uncertain prospects of these left-wing socialists also joining.

The manuscript primarily reflects Jászi's thinking, but on two points corrections made by Károlyi prevailed. He is likely to have been the source of an interpolation against token pacifism, which only covered up imperialist aspirations, and it must have been he who convinced the politically less realistic Jászi that one could not state baldly, as the original text did, that "we shall not have recourse to any sort of financial support from foreign states." This latter point was later to acquire major practical significance.

This, then, was the first step toward setting up a 'Károlyist,' or Radical-socialist, tendency among Hungarian political exiles. The situation in regard both to the breadth and nature of any collaboration and to its foreign-political orientation was manifestly fluid up to the end of 1919. In mid-September Károlyi was still seeing it as a simpler matter and suggested to Jászi that they all join the Social Democratic Party, and in so doing he counterbalanced the negative aspects that Jászi had perceived and pointed up all along. But then he too soon realized that they were too 'red' for the likes of a Garami or Lovászy and thus they could not rely on either moderate Civic Radicals or Social Democrats. That left the so-called revolutionary, left-wing socialists, who had equally not shown themselves to be certain allies, among other things because they aligned themselves internationally to the Socialist Internationale, and directly to the Austrian Social Democrats. On returning from Dubi, Jászi wrote to Károlyi from Prague, after a further discussion at the royal castle on the Hradčany hill: "First and foremost, I got the impression that in

B[eneš] we have a wise, convinced, far-sighted, resolute and straight ally on whom we can rely.” In the years that were to follow, that conviction was to be shaken many a time by Beneš’s cynicism and duplicity, yet Jászi would manage to persuade himself anew that Beneš, along with Masaryk, was the most substantial statesman in that part of the world, and the problems of the Danubian region would never be solved in a democratic manner if he were not on one’s side or against one. That loyalty to Beneš and Czech policy was only to be decisively revised in 1945, under the influence of Czechoslovakia’s overtly nationalist postwar policy.

November and December of 1919 were marked for Jászi by unaccustomed cold, his unheated lodgings, continued struggle with the ‘Anti-Marx’ manuscript, intermittent hopes of returning home, and finally an operation and lengthy hospital stay for treatment. The surgery, which was carried out at the Rudolfsplatz, was necessitated by a severe carbuncle (phlegmon) that had developed on a leg, most likely as a result of exposure to the cold. He spent five weeks in hospital (ending up at the Allgemeines Krankenhaus) and further weeks convalescing at home with the alternate ministrations of Anna Lesznai and Ella Kunffy. Of the latter two, his relation with Ella was the more harmonious at that time. According to his diary: “No one has more female refinement and *délicatesse* than her. My sole consolation in very bad times was beside her, and even today she is the most solid point in my storm-tossed life.” His wife, Máli, had by now become resigned to divorce, but the estrangement distressed her: “She would like to restore the old friendship. She blubbered that I am ‘poverty-stricken’ yet still don’t accept a penny from her.”

Even during this spell of ill health, the news that was reaching him from Budapest pushed him into deciding to act politically: “News of the dreadful conditions in Hungary, the mass executions, has incensed me greatly... I wrote a memorandum to progressive public opinion in the Entente that would be signed, apart from me, by Károlyi, Hock, Peidl and Szende. Refugees are arriving all the time from Pest.” (János Hock, a Catholic priest, had been the last chairman of the Hungarian National Council, while Gyula Peidl had headed the so-called ‘trade-union’ government that took over immediately after the Commune.) In mid-January, he sent the text to Károlyi and Hock, who made their

comments, giving Jászi an immediate taste of how hard it was to secure co-operation in exile, even among people who were in basic agreement and respected one another.

Under the title 'The Hungarian Crisis: An appeal to democratic public opinion in the Entente,' this composition of a few pages, produced in both French and English versions, recapitulates the events and reasons that had led to the imposition of counter-revolutionary rule in Hungary (with a particularly strong emphasis on the responsibility borne by the Entente's plenipotentiary, Sir George Clerk), then goes on to point out the part that Western democratic public opinion can play, and urges the dispatch of an international control commission to Hungary. Gyula Peidl cagily refused to have anything to do with it, but detailed comments were received from Károlyi, by now from Lazně Schlag in western Bohemia, and János Hock from Bad Ischl in Upper Austria. Károlyi objected above all to the condemnation of the Red terror, saying that although he agreed in principle with the demarcation, for which Jászi indeed had a moral basis, he personally did not wish to 'clear himself' as so many Social Democrats did. Hock, by contrast, wanted greater weight to be given to the description of the Communist reign of terror, because Jászi had made a distinction between offenders who had abused their power under the dictatorship and decent Communists who remained true to their principles. The two reviewers were agreed, however, that at a time when a delegation headed by Apponyi was in Paris to receive the ghastly peace terms it would be wrong to make anything of Apponyi's war-mongering past or István Bethlen's anti-Romanian sentiments, though Károlyi was only bothered about the timing, whereas Hock imputed that it would be tantamount to dishonoring an occasion of national mourning. In the end, the appeal was not made public.

Thus, already with the very first more important piece that he had drawn up abroad Jászi came a cropper on the exiles' basic problem (one faced by virtually all such exile communities): the isolating, indeed boomerang effect that the 'telling of tales' may have on conditions back home, which of course he had already experienced himself several times when in opposition, especially in regard to the nationality question, though not in quite such a sanguinary form. He had demonstrated prior to 1919 that even in difficult situations he

had a good sense of where the true national interests and considerations lay, and he had dared to face nationalistic demagoguery to defend these. Exile existence, the burning hatred of 'outlaw rule' that was driving them and their ideas away, seems to have blunted, if not completely stifled, that sense; at all events, he was less concerned now with national considerations and sensibilities. In this particular case, he drew the following conclusions: 1. When exiles were highly dispersed it was well-nigh impossible to engage in politics, because by the time they had managed to reconcile their standpoints a new situation had arisen; 2. The delay in this case had come in handy, in that now the appeal could only be made public after the peace treaty had been concluded, "so this justified *gêne* [embarrassment] will be null and void"; but 3.

I feel that our speaking out is just as much a moral as a political duty, though at this moment it will harm us tactically. It is impossible to watch this infamous mass murder and not say a word! The political point of view is that there can be no compromise, no reconciliation with those who in power today. Public opinion of the future will understand us.

It was precisely on the latter point that he was most mistaken, for naturally enough he was not reckoning on vindication in the future coming decades later. In the same letter as that assessment, Jászi also made an attempt to size up the likely world-political chances and came to the conclusion that in the most favorable case—that is, provided Bolshevism did not triumph in Europe and German militarism did not carry the day either, but "the Entente concludes peace with the Bolshies," and they complied with it and become democratized, and Central Europe found its way into the "socialist *Fahrwasser* [i.e. track]"—their exile might last for at least another 1–2, but *maybe* as much as 3–4 years. (At that time, and in those circles, this counted as a pessimistic estimate, for János Hock always expected that they were going to be welcomed home with a triumphal arch next year.) He supposed that the time could spent most profitably in America, making "quiet propaganda," all the more as an official delegation, headed by ex-prime minister Károly Huszár, was also preparing to undertake a publicity tour over there. Jászi had already made preparatory steps,

mainly through Beneš but also in other quarters, yet almost simultaneously it emerged that, rather than the United States, which was terrified of socialism of any stripe, it might be better to aim for more liberal England, whither Jászi just happened to have received an invitation from Seton-Watson to deliver a few talks at the London School of Economics.

Contact with the latter was renewed in late 1919, after an interval of more than five years: "Since our last meeting in Budapest a whole world has collapsed, and your keen pessimism on Hungarian affairs was in the right against my optimism to resolve the national question on the ground /of/ liberalism and humanism," began Jászi's first letter, in which he gave a brief account of his activities 1918–19 and his exile, had some hard words to say about the Entente's policy in Hungary, which was relying on Archduke Joseph of Habsburg, the "White general Horthy" and clericalism. He did not impute that to "London and Paris," to be fair, but to generals and diplomats who were on the spot, and for purposes of properly informing public opinion in the West he offered to send in regular articles for *The New Europe*, Seton-Watson's periodical. The first of these, with the title 'Behind the Scene of Hungary' and setting forth in more detail the propositions of the letter, was appended forthwith.

Seton-Watson replied straight away and very cordially, assuring Jászi that his own notions and the opinion he had formed of Hungary's oligarchy had not changed, and those gentlemen did not carry any real weight in London or Paris. He accepted the offer to furnish articles, but, being familiar with Jászi's fiercely critical position, he immediately asked him not to advocate with such bite that he would be forced to raise editorial objections. "Discussions of the past would come later," he added with the blithe self-confidence of a citizen of one of the victorious Great Powers. From the next letter, though, it turned out that Seton-Watson considered Jászi's judgment on Sir George Clerk's role in setting up the counter-revolutionary régime in Hungary was too severe, and to back that up—quite a lot later—he confided that Clerk had pressed him very hard at the time to accompany him to Budapest as a private consultant, because Clerk did not know his way around in matters over there. In his opinion, Clerk was well aware that selecting Seton-Watson would have given the mission

a definite political coloration, and specifically a democratic hue, and he had been willing to accept that. He, however, had been unable to fulfill the request, so it was his fault that Clerk had arrived without appropriate back-up in Hungary, where he had fallen “slightly” under the influence of officers of the Entente who had a reactionary outlook (“He was perhaps a little more influenced by his surroundings than some other diplomats”). He therefore strove to tone down Jászi’s criticisms, while Jászi for his part tried to change the poor opinion Seton-Watson had formed of Mihály Károlyi, and he did indeed succeed to the extent that Seton-Watson was later to give powerful assistance when the Károlyis sought to settle in Britain.

Even though confidential relations were restored, everything suggests that they never really clarified the extent to which the post-war activities of Seton-Watson and his political friends, including their role at the Paris Peace Conference, contributed to the failure of the Károlyi government and of Hungarian democracy, any more than whether this British faction might not have been employing double standards—given their unsparing critique of the circumstances that they had faced as national minorities within the old Monarchy—by essentially going along with the policies that the new successor states adopted toward their own national minorities.

Jászi in any event carried on preparing diligently for a trip to America. For one thing, he took lessons to brush up his English, and for another, he made a start on working out a five-part series of lectures. During February and March 1920 he had largely mapped out the texts, then he himself set to translating them into English, and finally he talked them through with his teacher. Still extant in the estate are the typed copies, on which can be seen pencil marks to indicate the correct pronunciation and stresses of words. The main topic of the talks was Bolshevism, no doubt reckoning that this, coupled with passing on his own observations and experiences, would be of most interest. The planned topics of the individual talks were: 1. *The present crisis of European Marxism*. – 2. *Tolstoy or Lenin?* – 3. *The origins of the war and its consequences*. – 4. *Red and White Bolshevism in Hungary*. – 5. *War and Confederation in Central Europe*. He had a long time to wait, however, before he was able to put them to an American public.

The Hungarian Newspaper of Vienna

The Sisyphean, repeatedly fruitless exertions of exile life told upon Jászi's nerves. He could not accept that the "temporary state" was slowly becoming permanent, and all the less so because the timing of his trip to America, on the face of it the more realistic escape route than the ever-receding mirage of his return home, was also being continually postponed. At the end of February 1921, when it appeared to be on the point of coming about, he allowed himself a fairly satisfied diary entry: "My exile in Vienna is drawing to a close. 1 year 9 months. Alongside much anxiety and despair, not an entirely unproductive period. Would to God the American continuation is no worse."

In the spring of 1920, though, he was still just at the beginning of those exertions: "As I see it," he wrote to Károlyi on March 11th, "the *moment psychologique* has arrived when the exile community should be organized." The latter half of the month was spent in Prague, along with Anna Lesznai and Tibor Gergely. Later Pál Szende was also to join them, and on March 31st Beneš received Károlyi, Szende and Jászi in his private residence. It looked as though the political organization and entrance of the democratic Hungarian emigration had reached the finishing straight. Károlyi expounded his conception in detail: a coalitional basis, possibly with Communists included, and having a common program, even though distinct differences of principle would be maintained:

Such a program might be: overthrow of the Horthy régime, the restoration of a democratic republic, a solution to the land

question, and an all-embracing social policy. In foreign policy, a fight against revanchism; peaceful and intensive relations with the new states.

The activities of this group would be financed out of the proceeds Károlyi made by selling some of his valuable pictures.

They put some fundamental questions to Beneš, the first of which was his attitude to any participation by the Communists. He felt that was not desirable, for the time being, and cautioned them against overestimating the importance of Lenin and Béla Kun. He answered positively, however, to the second question, confirming that if Czechoslovakia were to deal with a democratic and honorable Hungarian government, it would be ready to redress the peace treaty's injustices, and also assuring them that he was ready to engage in semi-official discussions with the democratic emigration and even to publish communiqués on what emerged from them. This would have amounted to *de facto* recognition of the Károlyi group, and to this was added Beneš's proposal that they take an open stand and launch a German-language newspaper in Prague. He finally informed them that he considered this émigré grouping was the only one with which he was able and disposed to work in the interests of a new European balance of power. "Beneš on this occasion left an excellent impression on us," Jászi mentions, adding that he had the feeling that "he entertains warm feelings" toward Károlyi and himself "and completely trusts us." He felt that the conversation had gone extremely well since "the main thing that a solution of the Hungarian situation should be maturing from the viewpoint of foreign policy." To further that, he might be willing, should Károlyi ask, to move to Prague.

That confidence in the future did not last long, even though he was still recounting in April that "we are being urged from all sides to swing into action." Kunfi soon sought out Károlyi on the matter, and the signs were that it would be possible to guarantee a benevolent neutrality of the part of the 'Bélas' (that is to say, Communists). But just a few days later, having attended a meeting of the émigré Hungarian socialists at the editorial offices of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Jászi sensed the difficulties that working with them was going to pose. At the beginning of May, he was informed by Kunfi, just back from Prague, of

Károlyi's strong shift to the left. In the spring of 1920, Károlyi had held discussions about co-operation with at least three delegates of the Communist Party of Hungary, and it was at the tail end of April or the beginning of May that he sent a message on the subject to Béla Kun, as he had become convinced that if the counter-revolution could not be defeated by democratic methods, due to lack of support from the West, then it could be with Lenin's assistance and a hard dictatorship of the workers and peasants.

"On the basis of K.'s communications, I consider that there is no prospect of organizing the emigration," Jászi informed Károlyi, because neither right-wing nor left-wing socialists nor his own Radical supporters could accept that standpoint. "It is only worthwhile organizing the emigration vis-à-vis the West; vis-à-vis the East one can only envisage a single body that already exists, and that we are unable to act in concert with... Russian Bolshevism is theoretically an insanity, politically sheer madness, morally criminal." He pleaded with his friend to save himself and his name for the sake of a democratic future, also asking him to keep the letter, so that his own opinion, "which is based on long years of study and the sufferings of revolution and exile," should live on and it should be demonstrated "who saw clearly, who did not yield to the demagogues of either the aristocrats or the plebeians." (Károlyi in fact kept not just this but all of Jászi's letters, as Jászi did his, which at this period were hand-written, with no copies being made. It was only in the 1930s, after settling in America, that Jászi switched to typing his correspondence and producing carbon copies, whereas Károlyi did so whenever he was able to dictate to a secretary.)

This marked the start of three decades of arguing over the right relationship to Communism and attitude to the Soviet Union. In these early days the tone of the dispute was not yet truly acrimonious, with Károlyi responding in a very friendly, even affectionate manner. He blamed Kunfi for the "misunderstanding," denying that his opinion had changed but emphasizing, with reference to the global situation, that their orientation could not be one-sidedly Western, if only so as not to be reliant on the Czechs alone. Jászi, however, discerned and pointed out the "dangerous orientation" behind the apparent realpolitik of this argumentation. He conceded that the complete Bolshe-

visitation of Europe was looking increasingly likely (he was judging that on the strength of the position in Germany at that time), but that was no reason “for us to submit to the Red Satan, any more than to the White Antichrist.” Boundaries had to be drawn in both directions, even if that meant accepting it temporarily removed one from the stage of events. He warned Károlyi: “A powerful personality like you cannot worship two divinities, and you must choose between Democracy and Dictatorship.” He expressed his own role and point of view in exceptionally pathetic terms: “I sense hanging over me the weight of historical responsibility which one day is going to call me to account for why I did not rescue Mihály Károlyi for Hungary and for European culture.”

He accepted an invitation from Károlyi to pay another visit on him, on the way back from the family in Hrušov, to discuss the will. On May 24th, which was Whitsuntide, Jászi set off to reach his children, whom he had not seen for a year via Bratislava and Košice, where he met up with the much loved and respected István Maléter, the 30-hour journey being spent without sleep and full of misgivings. All the stronger, then, was the contrast provided by the world in which Máli and his young sons were living. In his diary, departing from his customary conciseness, he recorded these days in veritably soaring literary terms:

After the dreadful loneliness, run-down feelings, physical and mental starvation, Körtvélyes, the children’s sweet warmth, Máli’s consummate kindness... the enchanting garden and countryside surrounded me with a dream-like spell. The most glorious summer all around. Now, with there being nothing forced and no irritation between us, the M. of before our marriage unfolded in all her delightfulness, the tender nurse, devoted friend, ever-understanding and inspiring workmate, impetuous lover... Erotically too she was closer to me than ever before.

In their lengthy conversations, his wife suggested that they merely obtain a legal divorce but stay together, that is to say near to one another, or in other words he should not go to America but they should try and build up a new life, since they were closer to one another than

to anyone else. Though this solution was extraordinarily tempting and attractive to him too, he was nevertheless unable to bring himself to this point, as he could see all too clearly the factors that were driving them apart, the great disparity in wealth and social philosophy, the different principles they held about child-rearing, on top of which his relationship to Ella Kunffy was still very intense. The next two years were to pass in continual agonies of wavering, profound crises and touched reconciliations. They may not have achieved Anna Lesznai's romantically admirable notion, for both of them remarried, but when all is said and done they did manage to preserve a deep love and sympathy toward one another, mutually inspiring and helping one another not just in respect of the children's upbringing but also when it came to intellectual creativity.

The meeting with Károlyi in Prague on the way back was also more in the nature of an attunement and declaration of confidence. Károlyi "was very open and outgoing in relating his inner development." As Jászi saw it, not only had he become a whole-hearted left-wing socialist, his mental state also resembled that of a twenty-year-old Marxist tyro; yet all the same, he found the viewpoint and program that Károlyi expounded well thought-out and logical:

There is no essential contradiction—at least for the immediate future—between us. Anyway, the fault is not here so much as in the frame of mind: His standpoint is too apocalyptic, rates industrial workers too highly, turns up its nose at intellectual propaganda, believes blindly in Marxist materialism,

he summarized for himself. The future of the plan, he thought, depended on whether Károlyi would have by his side a sober, reliable friend and colleague, which could hardly be anyone but himself, seeing that he was the only person in whom Károlyi had complete trust. To do that, though, would mean his having to move to Prague, which for him would have incurred serious financial and intellectual hardships, quite apart from preventing him from accomplishing his major plan, which was to take over the running of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, or Hungarian Newspaper of Vienna.

On June 7th, at the end of his stay in Prague, Masaryk also gave him an interview, and according to the entry in the diary they spoke

for over an hour. Jászi told the president about his experiences of poor local administration in Slovakia, the discrimination being practiced against democratic Hungarian elements, the sabotaging of agrarian reform, and warned him of the Bolshevizing effect these conditions were having. Masaryk seemed to be in agreement, though he thought Jászi was painting too gloomy a picture. "He said it was necessary to gain from a suitable individual a serious cultural orientation on the Hungarian minority in Slovakia." He promised Jászi his assistance with the American trip but tried to talk him out of it, saying

Europe is a more appropriate arena for my work, and he brought up the idea of my staying in Prague and their employing me. I thanked him profusely for the offer (indeed, I was touched that he was so caught up in the thing), but I declared that I could not accept any official or semi-official tie as that would inhibit my future political freedom. Masaryk was able to respect that, though he added that he had not been thinking of a political assignment but had wanted to offer a professorship.

Before traveling back to Vienna, Jászi did nevertheless inspect a furnished room that had been offered, which suggests that he had not yet finally dismissed the chance of moving to Prague.

There was mixed news to greet him back in Vienna. Prelate Sándor Giesswein, who had arrived on a visit, painted an alarming picture of the military detachments in Budapest. József Madzsar, however, brought better news: "Things tending to get better. Sociological Society has started to function. The camp is together. They are thinking of commencing *Huszadik Század* in the autumn." What was more, Horthy had said to Rusztem Vámbéry, who was then working as legal counsel for the British embassy, "Hungary cannot do without Jászi and Vámbéry permanently" (which was obviously meant for the ears of the English rather than them). It was looking more likely that a leadership for the democratic émigré community was starting to emerge and spread more widely. In mid-June, Sándor Juhász Nagy, an ex-minister of justice in the Berinkey administration, arrived in Vienna from Debrecen, bringing news that he would soon be joined by Vince Nagy, a former minister of the interior, and Zoltán Jánosi, a Calvinist priest, who in turn were in contact with István Nagyatádi

Szabó and István J. Kovács of the Smallholder Party. Jászi sensed this as being a turning-point, and on June 19th he signaled to Károlyi:

The emigration could now step forward with a very imposing list of names: *You* would signify the entirely modern Hungary; *Hock*, liberal Catholicism; *János*, liberal Calvinism; *Jász*, an anti-revanchist policy and confederation; *Juhász Nagy*, the Calvinist peasant smallholders; *Vince Nagy*, the progressive petty bourgeoisie. I have a feeling that this list would be strong enough to join battle without any further allies. Its predominantly Aryan character is of decisive importance nowadays... If Kunfi's group were to delegate a member, a trade union secretary who is not a politician, then all the power factors needed would be together.

He tacked on at the end of the letter: "If the plan for the émigré group does not work out, I shall wash my hands and board 'Noah's ark'"—by which, of course, he meant emigrate to the United States.

Károlyi basically agreed with the plan, but he had two reservations: workers and peasants had to be in the majority on the committee, as compared with middle-class members, while the workers should be individuals who were accepted by both of the workers' parties—a condition that, given the loathing between Communists and Social Democrats, was practically unrealizable. Jászi saw from this response that Károlyi had moved still further leftward and was therefore thrown into consternation about the meeting of the emigration that was scheduled for that weekend. The failure of that, however, could not be laid at the door of Károlyi's intransigence.

On July 3rd, 1920, what was intended as a first meeting toward setting up a democratic front of Hungarian émigrés was held in the small town of Znojmo on the Czechoslovak–Austrian border. The only source of what transpired is Jászi's diary, which succinctly sums up the views of the participants and the reasons why the talks failed:

A charming little town in wonderful countryside. Hock, Sándor Juhász Nagy, [Henri] Simonyi and I traveled together. Károlyi and his secretary (Faragó) arrived a day late, on the Sunday. Organization of the emigration again fell through, de-

spite energetic and at times hard-hitting argumentation from Károlyi and me.

It turns out that it again revolved around the key issue of relinquishing an insistence on Hungary's territorial integrity and political cooperation with the successor states, with the added bite that barely a few weeks had passed since the Treaty of Trianon was signed. When it came to it, János Hock and Sándor Juhász Nagy, despite having seemed to be in agreement with Jászi's ideas in the days running up to the meeting, were unwilling to turn against public opinion in Hungary and thereby definitively cut themselves off from any chances of returning home, whereas Károlyi and Jászi accepted that. The participants could not have known for sure, but they must have sensed, that their decision might affect their entire lives, more even: how history would judge them. They had to face the fact, Jászi writes, that the two of them on their own—without the 'national democrats' and the Social democrats—could not nail their colors to the mast. All that was decided for the time being was to establish contact with the Clarté group of Henri Barbusse, and make an attempt to acquire the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*.

Passing through Prague, Jászi again had an opportunity to meet with Károlyi, whom he primarily pushed to get on with the memoirs, but it was clear this was progressing only slowly, so on getting back to Vienna he suggested to György Bölöni, a copy-editor for the Bécsi Magyar Press, that he produce his own memoirs of the revolution: "In this uncertain time I feel a strong need to throw light on my role, my motives and my objectives for contemporaries and posterity," he wrote in the diary, meanwhile assuring Károlyi that this would be a very different sort of work, both in nature and scale, with his little book being "a nice pace-maker" for Károlyi's (the first volume of which in fact only appeared three years later, while the second, about 1918, did not appear until 1968).

By putting that idea of writing his memoirs into effect Jászi almost literally managed to pull himself by the hair out of the deep crisis of exile and his private life in which he had been foundering. Written in one sweep, within the space of just three weeks, *Magyar Kálvária*, *Magyar Föltámadás*—literally 'Hungarian Calvary, Hungarian Resurrection'

though actually entitled *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*, when it appeared in English translation in 1924—the 1920 Hungarian-language edition of which bore the subtitle ‘The meaning, significance and lessons of the two revolutions,’ was to become the most successful of all Jászi’s books. Unlike with ‘Anti-Marx’, at which he had toiled rather slowly and laboriously, he was now able to write almost one chapter a day, and for the most part was happy with the text he had set down. He and Bölöni then got the work ready for printing during September and October, and the book was actually on sale by the end of October, in time for the second anniversary of the ‘White Chrysanthemum’ revolution. It went into a second impression in Vienna in 1921, a revised and enlarged German edition (with a preface by Eduard Bernstein) in 1923, and two English editions (with a preface by Seton-Watson) in 1924 and 1968, but it was not published in Hungary itself, along with additional material on the Horthy régime that had appeared in subsequent editions, until 1989, almost seven decades after the first printing in Vienna.

Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary is an idiosyncratic blend of highly personal confession and sweeping philosophico-political and indeed politico-sociological survey of what happened during these two processes in 1918–19. According to Jászi’s own foreword, it is not a memoir as such, since his own notes had been left in Hungary, and in any case he hated telling anecdotes and the dishing out of personal intimacies; but then it was not history either, because the sources were not yet accessible. What he sought to provide, then, was “some sort of self-reckoning, a litigation of sorts that I have been engaging in for well-nigh two years.” He made it clear that he did not wish to respond to calumnies and slurs, but he had recorded his deeds, his aims and his experiences for the future, primarily for those “who will continue the matter of liberating the Hungarian conscience (because that is what the revolution, deep down in its roots, has always meant to me).” He explains that this act of public self-examination is something that, in point of fact, all of the major actors in the events ought to feel an obligation to carry out. In the years that followed, a great many memoirs did indeed see the light of day, but in most cases with the aim of self-justification rather than self-examination. Jászi’s book stands out above them in regard to both its

analytical and moral power, even though he too was naturally seeking to show posterity that his thinking and his actions were right.

In the fourth chapter of the book, Jászi analyses the Károlyi government, including his own activities, both commissions and omissions. He sees reforms as being the most serious of the omissions, most particularly the postponement of land reform, a new structure of local government and elections. He lay blame for the failure to solve the crucial question of what to do with the army on the chaos of the end of the war and the bullying stance of the Social Democrats. Indeed, he attributes a very great significance to the weakness and poor selection of the men who made up the government, and in so doing he denounces the government and its individual members, including Mihály Károlyi himself. He acknowledges the failure of his own nationality policy, but he sees that as being essentially inevitable:

My policy could have only three rational goals: to salvage the principle of conducting plebiscites and thereby making the final borders of the new Hungary as favorable as possible; to preserve the old economic and transport links between the mother-country and the territories that were to be detached from it; to work toward a confederate political system... In the interests of the future, then, I had to assume a policy that held out hopes of only very meager results for the present. So I was not the naïve professor and armchair critic at whom the Romanian and other national leaders laughed up their sleeves when up against him.

That last sentence in all probability says a lot about Jászi's most secret doubts and anxieties. It is quite sure he would not have written that at the end of his life, because he knew that he had always lacked the determination and pugnacity needed by a real politician. In the early days of exile, on the other hand, he was as yet incapable of facing up to the bitter humiliation that when fate seemingly presented him with the chance to implement the ideas he had been professing for two decades, he was able to achieve virtually nothing. By way of self-examination, the text chosen as the epigraph for the volume was a verse from Endre Ady's poem 'History Lesson for Boys,' which ends with the couplet "If Heaven and Earth should be rent, / Hungary will be different."

He was not able to stay in Vienna for the actual publication of the book, for that autumn brought him much pain and excitement, and a lot of traveling to boot. In early October, he learned that Bódog Somló had committed suicide. He reacted to this news with one of his longer diary entries, still stringent even in mourning:

Such a very great pity. Clearly, he could not stand the torments of social breakdown. He gave in to the Whites, but that atmosphere drove him to despair.

The next day he had to travel to Prague, because Károlyi's position there had become untenable due to the trumpeting of his Communist links by the Czech press. Jászi arranged with Masaryk and Beneš that the family be allowed to slip out quietly, without any expulsion scandal, to resettle in Italy, with the transit across Austria also being fixed by him with Chancellor Renner. By the time that had died down, news arrived that József Madzsar had been arrested in Bratislava for forging documents. Through the Czechoslovak ambassador to Vienna, Robert Flieder, with Beneš's help he managed to secure his brother-in-law's release, and then he was at last able to travel to Hrušov to see not just his children but now his mother as well. By mid-November he was back in Vienna, but only for a few days until setting off on a tour of Yugoslavia and Romania.

"I am going with heavy heart on this tiring and disagreeable journey," he noted presciently on November 16th, just before setting off. The 32-hour trip to Belgrade alone was enough to convince him that "the Balkans are palpable at every hand," on the Pullman cars of the train just as much as in the teeming bustle at Belgrade station, in the ubiquitous "raggedness and confusion," the hotels that were dubious despite their expense, the absence of timetables and directories. The truly disagreeable aspect, though, was the political part of the trip, since it was a matter of establishing with which circles in the successor states it would be possible to work, and how, for the good of Hungarian democracy and a Danubian confederation of the future. Already in Belgrade he had to enter discussions over a very specific and very delicate matter: a plan by Béla Lindner's group to use the city of Pécs and the surrounding so-called 'Baranya triangle'—then under occupation by Serb troops—to build up a democratic 'bridge-

head,' knowing full well the risks that its implementation would run both in Hungary and internationally. An old friend, Arnold Dániel, had written to him two months earlier:

At first sight, I consider the whole enterprise to be an unhappy idea. It is not possible to make Hungarian policies by relying on the biggest enemies of Hungarian interests—whose interest does not lie in seeing Hungary recover and gain strength in a spirit of democracy but in weakening the country still further with civil wars. Tactically, you would start off from an unfortunate position. Horthy's group would say that the Jews and the Reds were coming back and bringing the Serbs, Czechs and Romanians with them. What gave the Reds power—to the extent they had any—was the fact that they went *against* Prague, Belgrade and Bucharest. Any democratic action is stillborn by contrast, and anything that comes from these hornet's nests is suited only for compromising progressive forces still more seriously. Don't go to Prague, and don't commit to anything that comes out of Prague!

Jászi however, as has already been seen, built his policy up with Prague as the keystone, and it was in order to build it further that he was now traveling to the other two capital cities, and would also be taking in Zagreb on his way back. As is evident from his diary, his letters and his public statements, in both Yugoslavia and Romania—unlike in Czechoslovakia—he had discussions not just with persons who were in government but—if anything with more weight being placed on them—with the leaders of the local left-wing opposition parties, prominent intellectuals and newspaper editors. As he was to write to Károlyi, he was cordially and respectfully received in all three cities:

The leftist parties and the young were enthusiastic about my idea; the rightist parties and the old, although very polite, hardly grasped it. [General] Averescu or Take Ionescu would obviously sooner make contact with one of Horthy's agents.

In Bucharest Octavian Goga, with whom Jászi had long been acquainted, was of most assistance, but he also had a long and friendly

conversation with Iuliu Maniu, his opposite number in Arad two years previously and now in opposition, as well as with the great historian Nicolae Iorga, who presented him with a copy of the French edition of his book on the history of Romania. There was nevertheless also a personal motive for this visit, which was to acquire a Romanian passport for his American trip, which he could claim—with Goga's help—on the grounds that he had been born in Nagyvárad, which had now been annexed to Romania. Since he had in effect lost his Hungarian citizenship, a Romanian passport was the sole document that he had with which to identify himself until a decade later, when he acquired American citizenship.

As far as his political goal was concerned, recognition of the democratic Hungarian emigration and support for their demands, he confessed to Károlyi that he had received lots of encouragement but no definite promise. He therefore sent a message to Beneš, who was right then in Paris, to suggest that the Little Entente ought to call on Horthy to disarm his military detachments, to reduce the size of the army and to vacate Western Hungary, in security for which the Little Entente would grant autonomy to Pécs-Baranya but refuse to return the territory until Hungary had met all the peace treaty conditions. He was nevertheless skeptical about Beneš's willingness to do this, even though—or at least so Jászi believed—stronger diplomatic pressure and a sharp condemnation of endeavors to restore Habsburg rule in Hungary would have been enough “for the whole mob to crack.”

That “mob,” however, was by then beginning to successfully consolidate its grip on power. By the latter half of 1920, Pál Teleki, who belonged to the innermost circles of power, was already at the head of the government. The Hungarian National Assembly passed legislation that extended the Regent's authority and later on a ‘*Numerus Clausus*,’ the country's first anti-Jewish legislation, which placed quotas on the number of Jews permitted in higher education. In December, the government issued an amnesty which applied to all political prisoners of the two revolutions, except for the leaders. An eye was kept on the latter even in exile; indeed, with the help of diplomatic staff and informers, they came under ever-closer observation. From the extant archive of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs it is clear that from the spring of 1920 the Hungarian embassy in Vienna, which at the time

was headed by Gusztáv Gratz, a former friend and fellow editor of Jászi's, started sending increasingly frequent reports on Jászi's activities and plans. Also contributing to this was military intelligence, as a result of which the Hungarian state managed to gather fairly accurate information on him all along. In early November 1920, they intercepted a telegram, sent from occupied Pécs to Pál Szende's address in Vienna, in which Béla Linder communicated when and where he would be waiting for Jászi in Belgrade. On that basis the Hungarian ambassador to Belgrade received notification of Jászi's movements and discussions there well ahead of time, as well as instructions about keeping him under observation. On November 27th, Ambassador Magyary sent a detailed but, in his opinion, not completely reliable report to the Hungarian foreign minister that was passed on as "strictly classified" for the prime minister's eyes only. In this he listed who Linder and Jászi had called on, and he claimed that they had signed an agreement regarding the creation of an autonomous Republic of Baranya and Baja with the Yugoslav government and also the Czechoslovak and Romanian embassies. This entity, which would retain its autonomy until Hungarian democracy was restored, was to receive financial support from Czechoslovakia and Romania, while Yugoslavia would defend it militarily against a Hungarian attack. It was in this connection that Jászi was traveling to Bucharest, Magyary reported, after which he would probably be going to Prague (this was in fact false, as was the report about an agreement having been signed in Belgrade). The Hungarian ambassador to Bucharest, for his part, was able to contribute little new about Jászi's visit, but he did deem as very important Jászi's opinion about what had been experienced in Romania, the government that was then heading to be turned out of office and the similar prospects for the liberal government that could be expected to replace it. Transylvania would demand an autonomous régime sooner or later, but it was also not inconceivable that a Republic of Transylvania and the Banat might come into existence.

Jászi returned to Vienna from Zagreb late in the evening of December 9th. A great deal of bad news was awaiting him both in his post and in the press. His mother's stock of coal had run out and she could not heat the house; the Sociological Society's former premises in the Anker Lane had been commandeered; and the *Bécsi Magyar*

Újság had been banned from Slovakia as “a product of the Horthyist–Communist press” at the request of the socialists, who were preparing to set up a paper of their own. This life, he confided to his diary, “can only be continued in one form: as the fulfillment a duty, as standing guard.” He was concerned about the fate of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, because at this point he had been looking to acquire this originally right-wing but later Communist-tinged newspaper to place under his own group’s direction. On getting back from the Balkan trip, he published a succession of articles in it, whereas beforehand it had accepted a bare handful of his pieces. A big interview with him about the goals and results of his trip appeared on December 12th, and that was followed by three lengthy articles about the countries he had visited being the allies of Hungarian democracy and on the situation of the Hungarian minorities in the states.

It was in this series of features that he first set out in any detail his own perception of the medieval level to which conditions in Central Europe had again sunk: the return of frontier posts, military cordons and police harassment, national hatreds, relations between the successor states, and of Hungary in the role of the regional ‘Archimedean point,’ since he was of the opinion that the process of renewal or final breakdown could only start from Hungary. It was necessary to demand that the peace treaty be implemented in full, with the demobilization of all irregular armed formations and reduction of the manpower of the Hungarian army to the stipulated quotas. He favored making the evacuation of Pécs and Baranya by Serbian troops conditional on the restoration of law and democracy to Hungary; at the same time, he underlined that Magyar minorities in the successor states should enjoy comprehensive national autonomies, because

Hungarian democracy can renounce revanchism, but never and under no circumstances can it renounce demanding for its detached kinsfolk all the rights and freedoms that it demanded for the national minorities during the period of Hungarian hegemony.

Finally, on the basis of the experiences he had garnered on the trip, he used dramatic words to characterize the “horrible spiritual and moral isolation in which civilized people are living today”:

Before the war we learned more, and more quickly, about life in Africa and Australia than what Budapest, Vienna, Belgrade and Bucharest today learn about one another for months on end. Immense Chinese walls divide the nations: walls of hunger, hatred and ignorance...

He recommended to the Magyars of Transylvania that they give up any idea of fighting a war of revenge, abandon their damaging passivity, and play an active part in Romanian public life. Hungarians ought to be supporting the forces of European integration every time and everywhere, for a European confederation was the only way of healing the disaster that had taken place. The economic, intellectual and moral fiber of the Magyar community could be boosted by founding schools, distributing newspapers and books, establishing co-operatives and model farms, and asserting their minority rights. Needless to say, this was all diametrically opposed to notions of Hungarian nationalists, who espoused passivity and a policy of sitting things out, under the thrall of the idea of gaining a revision of the Trianon treaty at the earliest opportunity, whereas Jászi was preparing the ground for a Danubian confederation. This was the period during which ‘Jászism’ became a watchword—a rallying cry on one side and a term of abuse on the other, as the antithesis of the irrendentist stance. It is an argument that is still going on to the present day, albeit under a different name.

Jászi spent Christmas 1920 and the first days of 1921 at Hrušov again. He also stayed one day in Košice with István Maléter, who “said distressing things about the oppression of Hungarians in Slovakia. Czech rule is starting to revive the old Hungarian assimilatory repertoire. I was seized by genuine despondency.” For relaxation, he took along and read through the surviving manuscript of Ervin Szabó’s study *Social and Inter-Party Struggles in the 1848–49 Hungarian Revolution*, which Béla Kun had wanted to have published in 1919 but Jászi had refused to hand over, as his friend had entrusted him in his will with preparing it for the press; it was therefore a job that he felt he could not put off any longer. As a preface to the book he himself wrote a very thorough essay on ‘Ervin Szabó and His Life’s Work,’ which he discussed with József Madzsar and indeed with Aline Klatschko-Furtmüller, with whom—along with her Russian-born fa-

ther, a much-esteemed friend of Trotsky—Szabó had maintained a close tie, both intellectually and as a fellow member of the labor movement, when he was studying in Vienna around the turn of the century. In this preface Jászi very emphatically played up his friend's distancing from Marxist socialism and underscored the final—what he called “ethical”—segment of his life. In addition to having the Hungarian text printed by the Bécsi Magyar Press in Vienna, Jászi also arranged for the work to be published in German in professor Grünberg's *Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung*, (the book was not published in Hungary itself until 1946, precisely a quarter of a century later).

In February 1921 Jászi was already making feverish preparations for the American trip for which the way had been smoothed for János Hock and himself by John Bíró, a New York newspaper editor (and brother of Louis, who made a name for himself as a screenwriter for Alexander Korda's London Film Production Co.), as well as the rather opportunist but indispensable János Török, who was already bustling around in the country. Apart from taking English lessons and doing translation exercises, Jászi collected addresses, letters of recommendation and an Italian visa, because they were due to board ship in Naples at the beginning of March. For safety reasons, he even resorted to disinformation tactics: in the February 25th issue of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* an interview with him appeared under the title “Tasks for the Future and Rule by the Titled in Hungary,” to mark his impending departure from Vienna on “a study-cum-lecture tour” of the Balkans and Transylvania, though he did not manage to fool the Hungarian secret service. He traveled to Italy via Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass, accompanied part of the way by Máli. In Rome, however, he was greeted by the alarming news that Mihály Károlyi and his family had been expelled from Italy after Horthyist agents and informers (including the journalist Stefánia Türr, daughter of General István Türr, one of Lajos Kossuth's associates who had accompanied him into exile in Italy) had got mixed up in Communist-inspired disturbances in Florence. Jászi, Hock and Louis Bíró made efforts with the Italian government and leaders of the opposition to have the police decision countermanded and get the Károlyi family released from internment at Villach, on the Italian–Austrian border, but their sub-

missions did not help the Károlyis, only harmed themselves. They got to Naples, but now János Hock also came under attack by the press, and the suspicious incidents started to pile up: "Fate has truly conspired against us," Jászi wrote a few days later to Károlyi:

As if your expulsion and Hock's involvement were not enough, in Naples Hock found himself in the hands of a Horthy spy, to whom the old man blabbed every detail of our itinerary, so we now find ourselves in the mousetrap of the White embassy in Rome, which has managed to get the visas for Hock and the Simonyis cancelled. Yet that was still not enough. As Hock and I sent a telegram to Giolitti and an open letter to Turati regarding your case, the Italian government has declared us 'undesirable aliens' who have been 'meddling in Italian politics,' and the police have informed us that either we must make our way immediately to the border, under the discreet custody of detectives, or else 'we shall meet the same Fate as you.'

Returning to Innsbruck, Jászi made all-day walks in the surrounding 6,000-foot mountains to work off the crushing sense of failure, which was only made worse by news that a Czech–Hungarian agreement had been reached between Beneš and Gusztáv Gratz, the Hungarian minister of foreign affairs. He could not help thinking that this was an agreement that an old and a new 'friend' had reached at his expense: "We have not previously been this downcast," he wrote to Károlyi, but he had decided not to give up the struggle. Before all else, a solution had to be found for the plight of the Károlyis, who were still whiling their days away at Villach, at the junction of three national borders—stateless and fearful of attempts to murder them. After a few days in Vienna, Jászi made a trip to see them, and then on to Yugoslavia, because that seemed to be the only country that was willing to give refuge to the ill-fated count's family. After a week of exertions, during which government circles in Belgrade and also himself were unsettled by news of the first attempt that was being made by Charles IV Habsburg to regain his Hungarian throne, Jászi managed to persuade them to grant the necessary residence permits on April 1st and finally have the Károlyis sent on their way to Dalmatia on the 7th.

He himself had to make the arrangements needed to “settle” again in Vienna, as he had wound up all his business there and did not even have a room of his own. Having tired of more than a month of fruitless searching for lodgings, he went off to Hrušov, where he was able to enjoy the superb spring weather and re-edited his “Anti-Marx” in a vain attempt to improve it. There was, however, one disagreeable task that he could not dodge. Because the property at Hrušov stood under threat of seizure and confiscation as a result of a land reform in Czechoslovakia, he wrote to President Masaryk to ask that Anna Lesznai be allowed to keep the house, garden and, perhaps, the immediately surrounding land. This he did with no small discomfiture, as it went against a deeply held conviction:

Everything here is very nice. I am happy when I can be with the children. All the same, this well-being, this plenty is troubling. And I am pained by the dreadful misery and uncertainty there is in world. My own life's lack of resolution. The break-up of my family hearth.

At least by the end of May he managed to resolve the matter of his residence in Vienna, because Recha Rundt, an old acquaintance who was later to become his wife, offered him a room in her apartment at 3 Albertgasse in the Eighth (Josefstadt) District, and he moved in the following day. He had no reason to suspect that this was to prove a decisive step for the rest of his life, as at the time there was no question of any love affair between the two, but he immediately regretted the decision because he found he was unable to work in the confined and noisy room, even at times when his landlady was not hosting a gathering, though he had the good luck to be given space by professor Grünberg at the Institute of Political Science.

In the middle of June, after prolonged negotiations, the fate of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* was decided. The change had probably been forced by the Slovakian ban on the paper, which covered one of the largest elements in its readership, due to its Communist sympathies, with the permit for further publication being tied to its being run by the Civic Radical exile group. Although several members of the previous management who were Communists, or at least closely associated with them, kept their posts for a while, Jászi assumed, as he wrote to Káro-

lyi, “intellectual dictatorship” over the daily, which was all the more important because in the meantime the moderates in the Viennese émigré community had started their own paper, *A Jövő* (The Future) under the editorship of Ernő Garami and Márton Lovászy, which was funded by Lajos Hatvany. For them a return to Hungary did not seem out of the question at that time, so Jászi felt it was important that there be a newspaper that was uncompromising in representing the true spirit of the October revolution:

So, I would like to make the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* an organ of the left wing of the emigration, in a spirit of free, nondogmatic socialism, which would be grouped around your person, which would be able to curb unprincipled compromises and exercise a salutary influence on the severed Hungarian community.

György Bölöni, who at the time still saw completely eye to eye with Jászi, became deputy editor, and through its first-rate staff, including the later famous Communist and then 1956 revolutionary Tibor Déry, the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* became a colorful, versatile title with a purview of international, cultural and literary matters that was important not just to the émigré community in Vienna but also to the Hungarians of Slovakia, Transylvania, Yugoslavia and even points westward. In Hungary itself there was just one subscriber, the press department of the prime minister’s office, but it was claimed that several thousand copies out of the total circulation of 35,000–40,000 were smuggled into the country daily. For two whole years, running the paper, providing it with leading articles and surmounting its recurrent money problems were Jászi’s main occupation and worry, which was also why he put thoughts of traveling to America to the back of his head for the time being.

His articles were mostly in the form of leaders, but sometimes statements, that he would produce once or, more often, twice a week on the subjects of Hungarian domestic and foreign politics, the newly instituted trial of Károlyi *in absentia* for treason in Hungary, the situation over Pécs-Baranya, and the occasional issues of principle or history. In the latter half of June 1921, after the “take-over” of *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, he wrote two emphatic articles about the tasks of the Hungarian exile community and the charge of so-called treason against its

members. There is no doubt that he too was caught up in the heat of the increasingly acrimonious battle, and the majority of his pieces around this time were concerned with revealing and castigating the 'gang rule' at home and with the united front against it that was being presented by the Hungarian communities in the succession states and the emigration. He passed judgment with unsparing scrupulousness and rigor on representations of Hungary that were made either at home or in his own exile community, even if that were to involve people who were close to him. Thus, when József Vészi, editor of *Pester Lloyd*, whom he respected, in an interview that he gave to an American reporter—and moreover in the "company" of Miklós Horthy and Miklós Bánffy—denied the existence of anti-Semitism in Hungary, Jászi wrote a scathing piece under the title 'Horthy's Jews' in which he ranked Vészi as belonging to "the school of Hungarian-Jewish journalists... that has served every ruling power with equal humility."

His friends accepted his moral judgment, albeit sometimes with difficulty, because they never doubted the sincerity of his intentions. There were indeed instances when he defended nominal opponents, as in the case of Lajos Hatvany, for instance, in whose internationally acclaimed book of 1921, *Das verwunderte Land*, émigré critics deemed they could discern evidence of pro-Horthy sentiment and nationalism. "I have no hesitation in declaring, in regard to this charge and insinuation, that I diagnose a case of *émigré paranoia*," Jászi wrote. True to his own intellectual tradition, he pointed out: "in face of the great Hungarian misfortune there is no truly revolutionary quality or serious human value in dispassionate neutrality." Memory of many a coffee-house spat must have given weight to that pronouncement. All the same, he did not hide his view that Hatvany, like many others, was a "revolutionary without faith," who in 1917–18 had been swept along, not by any conscious will to struggle for the creation of a genuinely new order, but more by a loathing of certain feudal aspects of the old régime, and the war especially, as well as by the heady impetus of the early days of the revolution. And he lays down with his accustomed stringency that

If any Hungarian émigré may step before the foreign Areopagus he is nowadays not permitted to say a word about the

national injustice that has befallen us until he has branded before international public opinion the mass murderers of the White régime and the odious outrages it has committed against the people.

The tone of the dispute that arose with the Communists of *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, and Andor Gábor above all, was entirely different. When Jászi took over direction of the newspaper they made a kind of mutual non-aggression pact. According to Gábor's recollection:

We set down in writing that we had a common enemy, defeating whom was the most important thing for the time being. At the same time, we stipulated that just as I would not make Communist propaganda in the *Bécsi Magyar*, because that was not possible given that the paper was Civil Radical, equally Jászi would not write anti-Communist articles in the paper.

Gábor then asserts that Jászi broke the agreement with leading articles in two Sunday editions ('Danton or Napoleon?' and 'Tolstoy or Lenin?' on July 17th and 30th, 1921), which obliged him to counter-attack. In truth, though, only Bolshevik paranoia could have discerned anything anti-Communist in the two articles, any more than in an article by Karl Polányi under the title of 'The Chances for the New Russian Policy,' which pursued Jászi's train of thought and seems to have been the last straw for the Communists on the paper. In any event, Gábor launched a series of attacks on the Radicals in the columns of *Proletár*, a Communist-controlled paper. In one piece, under the title 'The *Bécsi Magyar Újság* and the Jászi Legend,' he hit below the belt by playing the 'national' card, accusing all the tendencies that belonged to the non-Communist émigré community of having become obliging lackeys and agents of the Little Entente. With backing from most of the editorial staff, Jászi now pushed through Gábor's removal from the paper. Gábor carried on his campaign against Jászi with all guns blazing, but Jászi did not react to the attacks. On May 6th, 1922 he merely noted in his diary: "The Communist *Munkás* [Worker] of Košice has written its fifth article against me under the title 'Jászi the Marx-Killer.' Of interest, symptomatically speaking." He did not spot, and maybe did not even read, a malicious bull's eye

scored by Gábor when he noted in connection with the Civil Radical émigré group that “he had worked out with *Schadenfreude*” that being revolutionaries they could not go home now, but then if the revolution were to triumph again, they would still not be able to go home, this time for being counter-revolutionaries. “How droll their tragedy is,” he added, probably unaware that he was indeed accurately foreseeing the tragic fate of Hungarian democracy.

The year of 1921 was eventful and full enough of surprises for room still to be left intermittently—between two blows—for hope. Charles IV of Habsburg’s two attempts to regain power raised an expectation among émigrés that forceful intervention by the Entente or Little Entente would rattle or crush Hungary’s counter-revolutionary régime, but what happened was precisely the opposite: Horthy’s authority, position and administration were consolidated. There was also a spark of hope in relation to the Yugoslav-occupied Pécs-Baranya triangle, because it was conceivable that Hungarian democracy could gain a foothold here. Jászi and Károlyi were skeptical, but they stood by the citizens of Pécs when they declared an autonomous Republic of Baranya and Baja, inviting Garami, Jászi and Lovászy to attend a mass meeting on the traditional Hungarian holiday of August 20th (the feast of St Stephen, Hungary’s first king). The Entente, however, decided that the occupying forces should vacate this territory. As a result, Hungarian army and gendarmerie units marched in, while the left-wing workers and intellectuals, headed by Béla Linder, who was the go-between with Belgrade, were forced to flee to Yugoslavia. Jászi, who had already obtained a Yugoslav visa on the 17th in order to visit Pécs, ended up only traveling at the end of August to Zagreb and Belgrade, where Prime Minister Pašić and Foreign Minister Pribižević gave assurances of official support for the refugees from Baranya. In that respect, he gave a satisfied account of his trip to Károlyi, urging him also to make contact with the leadership in Belgrade, though not hiding his view that the Little Entente was not going to make any strong representations against Horthy or Habsburg attempts at restoration. In an article entitled ‘Belgrade Impressions,’ Jászi quoted the opinion of “a highly influential statesman” on the conditions for working together with a democratic Hungary, to which he raised the objection:

The Little Entente's policy on Baranya shows that there is no serious will or intention to overcome the main obstacles to such a co-operation. On the contrary, the signs are multiplying apace that the Little Entente, from one day to the next, is seeking petty *modi vivendi* instead of a policy of firm principle.

The article closes with an encouraging response from a Yugoslav politician, but Jászi makes no suggestion that he accepted this explanation.

After the failure of Charles IV's second putsch attempt, in October, Jászi and Szende hurried straightaway to Prague in order to find out what line the Little Entente was taking. On the evidence of a memorandum that was produced for the occasion, they put it to Beneš that problem of Hungary was a vicious circle, insofar as disarmament could not be enforced for want of a democratic government, but without disarmament it was impossible to establish a democratic government. They saw the solution as lying in bringing pressure to bear to achieve dethronement of the Habsburgs, because that would break the régime's moral backbone, then disarmament and implementation of the Treaty of Trianon in regard to the Burgenland and the protection of minorities, and then it was necessary to go back to the Clerk-style agreement on forming a new, democratic government. Beneš apparently agreed with all that but was long on his promises and attempted to excuse himself by referring to difficulties raised by the Great Powers. He informed them that the Little Entente was mobilizing four hundred thousand men, but it was unlikely that it would be necessary to march into Hungary: military pressure alone would suffice. Conversations with other Czechoslovak statesmen and opposition politicians, including Milan Hodža, left Jászi with a disenchanted impression. On the last day of the stay in Prague, on the third anniversary of the Hungarian 1918 revolution, he summed it all up in his diary:

We all have a dreadfully grave dilemma: even knowing and seeing the reactionaries in the successor states, one still has to go along with it against the even more appalling Hungarian reactionaries!

Danubian Cultural Alliance

By Christmas 1921, Jászi might have felt, with an article he wrote on ‘The Future of the Danubian Confederation,’ that he had found a way through the “grave dilemma” he had discerned while in Prague. He would place his hope in the peoples, rather than the governments, of the successor states—in the first place, their independent intellectual élites.

A sense of a kind of anxiety, aching oppressiveness, uncertainty, and near-hopelessness resides today in the peoples of the Danubian Basin—not only in the vanquished but in the victorious as well,

he diagnosed. “Life has grown very ugly and rough. People have lost their physical and psychological freedom of movement.” The division of the Danubian peoples into nation-states had been a great step forward, he said, while also maintaining that the new order could not be truly viable in the state of separation:

The major problem for the Danubian peoples, therefore, is how they may reconcile an undiminished independence of their existence as a state and nation with the overall economic and cultural interests of the Danubian community of fate.

Government circles and “all the serious factors of *realpolitik*” were mistrustful or hostile to the idea of a Danubian economic alliance, so an initiative could only proceed from the intellectual sphere. The new plan admittedly reached back to the pre-revolutionary projects to rally

the intellectual élites of the surrounding peoples to work together for peace and structural modernization of the Monarchy. He was reminded that Lajos Hatvany too had proposed the idea of an 'Ady alliance' to bind together the cultures of the severed Hungarian communities and the successor states. He was now proposing the establishment of a Danubian Cultural Alliance, even if were just with a dozen people "from the best brains of the successor states and the Hungarian community, so that at least an exchange of ideas may get under way undisturbed and the very first bodies for cultural contacts be set up." This Alliance could put out a common periodical and through other publications it would provide for the exchange of cultural values, translation of literary works, reporting on the main economic and political problems and aspirations, and take up the fight against nationalist and chauvinist tendencies. In this manner, the detached Hungarian minorities could be converted "from mines of irredentism into couplings of cultures":

The Danubian Cultural Alliance would thereby become the leaven for a new Danubian synthesis. True, it would not solve a single political or economic problem, but it would open up the psychological lock-gates for a creative future policy.

It was in Transylvania above all that this challenge awakened a response. Imre Kádár, a newspaper editor in Cluj-Kolozsvár and both supporter and friend of Jászi's, reacted just a few days later: "all of us here welcomed your article with a full awareness of the magnificence of the cause." The Romanian Emil Isac, the superintendent of theatres in Transylvania as well as a poet and journalist, who had already written in an article the previous year that Horthy's place would be better occupied by the persecuted Jászi, who was having to lead a wretched existence in Vienna, was likewise in agreement with it, though he saw little hope that "today's generation of Romanians and Hungarians are able to accomplish this cultural solidarity." But Jászi rejoined, "Would it not be possible to realize the plan for a Danubian Cultural Alliance? Ten good, civilized Romanians and ten good, civilized Hungarians, with the same number of Czechoslovaks and Yugoslavs, would be enough for the time being." Jászi, though, had already had occasion to learn that Isac, for all his good intentions and their longstanding relation, had become

cautious, for this was a person who had declined the suggestion that he invite Jászi and Szende on a lecture tour of both Hungarian- and Romanian-majority towns in Transylvania.

The nationalist Hungarian press in Transylvania also reacted to Jászi's Christmas article—negatively and aggressively, it hardly needs to be said. In the view of the *Újság* (News) of Cluj-Kolozsvár, "Jászi is spineless toward the nationality policies of the successor states. Failing to acknowledge facts, concealing crimes, in short he is contradicting his entire political past," because now "he does not measure Hungarian or Romanian, Serb and Czech chauvinism with the same yardstick." The same article was run in Košice by the liberal *Kassai Napló*, which is where he read it and to which he responded with an article under the title 'My Foreign Affairs Policy and the Magyars of the Successor States,' in which he bluntly admitted:

The tone and outfitting of my present campaign are indeed different from the old one, but the circumstances have also changed significantly. Back then I had to fight down to every last detail against my own country's domestic policies on the basis of a profound knowledge of local conditions; today, as a foreigner, I am obliged to concern myself with the problems of foreign states whose local specifics I am not always able to judge. Then the fronts of the reaction and the progressives were strictly distinguishable on this issue; today much reactionary and indeed Horthyist contraband is also being smuggled in under the cloak of national struggle. Then the problem was the central issue of Hungarian public life, because I saw clearly that the survival or destruction of Hungary was dependent on it; today it engages with bigger and more universal problems. Then all my ideals and proposals met with categorical rejection; today, serious statesmen in the successor states stand for it, at least in principle... Nonetheless, I have not altered the principle of my standpoint one iota, I have not glossed over or distorted anything; at most I stayed silent.

At the end of the lengthy piece, he reminded his readers that for more than two decades he had been called a traitor for the very ideals and suggestions with which it might have been possible to rescue Hungary.

It took several months for a broader Romanian response to develop. In the spring of 1922, *Revista Vremii*, a new, progressive Bucharest-based periodical, printed a three-part series of articles by Jászi with the titles: '1. The Nationality Question in Central Europe,' '2. The Benefits of a Danubian Alliance,' and '3. A Cultural League of Danubian Peoples.' In an ensuing number, Mihail Manoilescu spoke highly of the initiative but more particularly of the author in person:

One person has addressed our people—a person who has the right to do so, not just on account of *what* he wanted to say, out of solid, sincere and profound conviction, but also because in hard times—at times when in his homeland to speak the truth was a great virtue and required extraordinary courage—this person proved himself to be an understanding and equitable friend of ours.

Even so, a genuine debate did not take place in the periodical's columns until later on, in connection with a trip Jászi made to Transylvania.

At the time the original appeared, at Christmastide, Jászi was already in Hrušov "after a tiring, sleepless, cold journey, perched on a trunk in an overcrowded third-class carriage with Máli." Two weeks later he traveled in a similarly cold third-class carriage back to Vienna, where he had already changed his lodgings twice. In October he had moved from the dreary room in the Albertgasse "that was only fleetingly brightened by Recha's delightful kindliness," into a detached Secession-style house with its own garden at 19 Felix Mottl Strasse in the residential area of Döbling, Vienna's Nineteenth District, then from there to 43 Semperstrasse in the neighboring Eighteenth District of Währing. He grew to love this area, called 'the Cottage' locally, where the trees and alleys of Türkenschanz Park offered splendid strolls, but it is also likely that the instinct to flee played a part in the moves, because on the evidence of the diary's laconic entries Recha Rundt—now with her hysterical and sentimental outbursts, now with her depressed moping—had begun to be a burden. The die had already been cast, however. After his return from Hrušov, the following is to be found in his diary for January 8th, 1922:

Yesterday evening might be fateful, either for good or bad. R. became my lover. There was no other way as further resistance on my part would have been life-threatening. But where is this route going, I wonder? How can her young, very contradictory being find a place in my declining life, so divided as it is by work, strife and dilemmas?

That question and the foreboding were not groundless. Out of the old acquaintance and later friendship and now budding love affair was to come, three years later, a marriage that lasted a good three decades until Jászi's death. Recha Wollmann had been born into a German Jewish family in 1885, and so she was precisely ten years younger than Jászi. She had divorced years before from her first husband, Arthur Rundt, from whom he had a son, Stefan, who grew up mostly in institutions or with his father. Recha was a cultivated woman, having studied the history of art with some of the top masters of the time: Heinrich Wölfflin in Berlin and Max Dvořák in Prague, then had been one of the circle around Max Reinhardt, the great Austrian theatre director, but her interests and outlook on life were very different from Jászi's. She was personally acquainted or friends with many of the leading figures in Viennese intellectual circles of the day, including Chancellor Karl Renner and his family; Alfred Adler, founder of the school of individual psychology; Eugenia Schwarzwald, who had run soup-kitchens in the better restaurants during the worst of the poverty and starvation of the immediate postwar period, an activity that Recha too had been drawn into; and Hugo Heller, owner of the biggest socialist bookshop in Vienna and also proprietor of a publishing company and concert agency, for which she worked as head of the Anglo-French section.

Their love and marriage started promisingly, almost happily, with both of them believing after many let-downs and failures—he at the age of 47, she at 37—that they were getting a new lease of life. Their attachment, in which Recha's happy and playful nature often cheered up even the gloomy Jászi, was later to end up in increasingly embittered recriminations and finally a veritable two-person hell. In her 1967–68 manuscript about their shared life, Recha deals in great detail with how they came to meet, the start of their friendship and later

love affair, and in doing so she presents a close-up portrait of the exiled Jászi that substantially rounds out the self-portrait that is won from the diary. According to her recollection, they first met even before the First World War, possibly in 1912, at a party thrown in the Budapest home of the lawyer Károly Pollacsek (an uncle both to Ervin Szabó and to the Polányis). Prior to that, she had heard a lot about him from Social Democrat friends in Vienna, who regretfully noted that he did not belong to the party because he was not a Marxist. She knew about his struggles and knew he was a remarkable man. At that gathering what had struck her were (to use Máli's phrase) "the golden-brown dates" of Jászi's eyes, even if they were not paying much attention to her but gazing into the distance as Jászi nervously kept shifting his crossed legs. The second time she saw him was at Ady's funeral, but the next time had been in Vienna, where Jászi, from his point of view, knew relatively few people and (to use Thomas Mann's expression) was suffering from the asthma of the banished, so he looked her up from time to time. Marriage was not for him, he declared; he lived with Máli for six years and with her for thirty-six, and both marriages were stormy. After he died, the two women—who maintained good relations with one another throughout—concluded that, rather than marry, Oscar ought really to have lived in some form of monastery that would guarantee him all the conditions needed for intellectual work, but with women dancing attendance on him. His blame is somewhat lessened by the fact that both marriages were proposed by the women.

As Recha characterized him, Jászi did not have pleasures or diversions like music (he himself makes the point with regret in his diary), the theatre, gossiping or 'chattering' ("Oscar disliked small talk, he discussed," she writes). He did not like jokes if they were at his expense. He had a lot of friends, and he was a faithful friend himself, but he did not like being together even with his friends for any length of time; Szende or Madzsar, for instance, would get on his nerves after more than an hour. He felt sorry for Alice, his younger sister, yet he did not love her. He was extremely good to his children. Máli was his confidante. Recha indeed quotes William Blake's wife, who in response to a question once confessed that it was not easy to get along with her husband as he was always living in Paradise: "Oszkár, by

contrast, was perennially sojourning in Purgatory.” In her memoir, not surprisingly, it is possible to trace the development of their relationship in a quite different setting than in Jászi’s diary. In her opinion, Jászi was in love with her (though in the end she did not know for sure whether he truly loved her), whereas she took pity on him on account of his loneliness. At the beginning of their love affair (which she dates a few days later, to January 11th), Jászi was in poor psychological shape, swinging between self-accusation and self-pity. On Recha’s urging, Alfred Adler once paid a visit on him, but he loathed Freud and his pupils: “Oscar on a couch, confessing, is a grotesque idea,” she writes.

Spring did not bring any real easing of his stress: “Hassles till I drop,” he noted on the ides of March. He was plagued by editorial problems at the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, and the newspaper’s financial position was becoming ever more precarious—so much so that Károlyi felt obliged to agree to the sale of his most valuable asset, a painting by Anders Zorn, while by mortgaging the Károlyi fortune in Belgrade he set up the so-called Vera Fund, a personal loan to bankroll the Hungarian exile community, and the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* first and foremost. According to Recha’s much later recollection, Jászi’s pay as editor in chief was the same as that of the printers, and he did not draw even that when the financial situation was particularly tight. March 18th was “a trying day” for Jászi, even in comparison with those previously, for this was when he learned from the Czech minister to Vienna about Beneš’s undisclosed negative opinion that “once the emigration gets back to Hungary, it will pursue the same foreign policy as Horthy. Every Hungarian can only pursue a policy of territorial integrity”; he was sympathetic to the émigrés, but he did not wish “to use and sell them as tools... Anyway the emigration has committed a lot of mistakes. It has overstepped the boundary that an émigré community can pursue against public opinion in its own country.” This was a profoundly true assertion and at once totally at odds with the one that preceded it and the one after it, according to which the Hungarian emigration had done a poor job: “it has failed to keep British and French public opinion informed, which is now pro-Horthy.” Beneš also sardonically let it be known that the émigrés’ forecasts had not been borne out either, for look:

despite interventions by the Little Entente, Horthy had not been overthrown. The conversation totally crushed Jászi: "I told Krofta that the position of the emigration is totally hopeless if we have been unable to convince even Beneš that our foreign policy is completely different from Horthy's." He could see that Beneš had merely said "with cynical frankness" what he had hitherto been thinking. As he wrote to Károlyi, he had warned Ambassador Krofta of the perils into which Central Europe would be driven by Beneš's short-sighted policy:

We have to stick by the policy on which we have embarked, because we cannot pursue any other or better one, and it would be a mistake, because of an affront, to discard an orientation that the greater part of the opposition has now also accepted.

If he was thinking of the liberal opposition in Hungary at this point, he was soon obliged to perceive that he was mistaken.

Hungary prepared for mid-year general elections, this time back on the limited franchise of the pre-revolutionary era. Both wings of the émigré community put out statements disclosing the abuses that were taking place: Garami's group in *Jövő*, Károlyi, Hock, Jászi, Linder and Szende in a proclamation entitled 'To Democratic and Pacifist World Opinion'—put out in Hungarian, French and English—in the March 19th, 1922, issue of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, which was heralded and explained by Jászi in a leader, 'Before Europe!', three days in advance. He portrayed the methods that were being resorted to in the campaign with desperate fury, calling for action:

Otherwise the Horthy–Bethlen crew will finally settle in, making a healing of Hungary's wounds and reconstruction of Central Europe impossible for a long time to come—possibly forever.

Under the circumstances, he saw only two ways out: one was to make ready for a new revolution (which even he did not believe in), the other was foreign-political solution, whereby

Democratic, pacifist and socialist opinion in Europe and the civilized world must be roused!... So let the most intense, the

most savage foreign propaganda come against today's usurpers of power!

Nor should anyone feel restrained by the mendacious dogma for love of one's country and not spilling the beans to foreign countries. It is not too far-fetched to think that the sarcastic message that had come from Beneš played a part in this passionate appeal, which was soon followed up by two further articles.

After the election results were announced, Jászi highly praised "the entry of socialism into the Hungarian parliament," with 25 Social Democratic representatives being returned, because that was what they and their associates had been fighting for since the beginning of the century. Still, he was well aware that this would do nothing to alter the essence of the régime, and for the Interparliamentary Union's congress which was held in Vienna that August he prepared German-, English- and French-language pamphlets on Hungary's pseudo-parliamentary system of government, again under the signatures of Károlyi, Hock, Jászi, Linder and Szende. At his request, Eduard Bernstein, one of the most distinguished delegates, drew the proclamation to the conference's attention at one of its sessions. With a big Hungarian delegation attending the conference, scandal was not far behind of course, either at the conference itself or through the howls in the press back at home—even the liberal press, as Jászi noted in an article under the title 'Rezső Rupert's Theory,' in which he bitterly pointed out that this brave liberal representative, who had been of very few to stand up to the White terror, was roundly condemning the émigrés' procedure, saying that, "When it is a matter of Hungary appearing abroad, all internecine warfare must cease; we must preserve unity toward the outside world." With an energetic argument, Jászi demonstrated the untenability of this principle from both a moral and a political point of view, given that it was precisely this close-ranks policy that had led to the world war and its serious consequences. He asked whether the murderous detachments of the White terror really stood closer to him than did Eduard Bernstein or Anatole France, and ended up quoting István Széchenyi: "Anyone who covers up the homeland's dirt, will besmire the homeland's high-lights."

This was indeed perhaps the main difference of principle that divided Jászi from the opposition in Hungary and also a good few of his fellow exiles, and it was this implacability that made his name particularly odious in official and gentry circles in Hungary (to the degree that it is still felt even to this day, so long after the event). Thus, when Zoltán Szász, a writer and journalist who had been critical of the Red and White régimes alike, was arrested and put on trial in Budapest for the dispatches he had sent to *Jövő* in Vienna, the prosecutor's address presented this as if it had served Jászi's anti-national émigré policy. In a leader entitled 'On a Personal Question,' Jászi pointed out the lie which, for purposes of denigrating the accused, identified the more moderate *Jövő* with radicalism, but at the same time he also sought an explanation for what he, of all people, had done to deserve the flattering hatred of the established political order. He discerned the causes essentially in the way he conceived of nationality and his representation of the actual distribution of large estates, and overall in his plan for radical transformation of relations in the Danubian region. Irrespective of this, though, he could not help observing that the exile community was in the process of breaking away from life as it was being consolidated, in its own way, in Hungary. At the end of May, he published in its entirety a letter he had received from Budapest that warned him and his companions that they were alienating the population from themselves with their propaganda abroad, and "by the time the reign of the Horthy régime is overthrown, they [the emigration] will suddenly discover that as big a chasm yawns between them and Hungary as between Hungary and the Horthy régime." Jászi acknowledged that the correspondent was right, but he replied:

It would be a sin on our part if we were to be disposed to compromises or half-solutions for the sake of being able to return home. We must emulate the intransigence of Lajos Kossuth and not budge an inch from the ideals that have been set! Better later but undefiled; better to carry on in misery, but on an ethical basis.

In October 1922, Jászi considered the time had arrived for the democratic community in exile to commemorate the Chrysanthemum Revolution on its fourth anniversary. In his view, it had initially been

either too little or too much for most of the refugees, with few of them seeing it as a path for the future, but after three years, according to him, that had changed a lot, partly under the influence of historical experiences, partly as a result of the heroism and intactness of the October revolution's leadership. The first commemoration to be observed in Vienna was intended to capture and proclaim through a mass demonstration the hitherto solitary expectations that had built up over the previous three years. In advance of the anniversary, Jászi wrote a big, two-part article in which he compared the group that had followed Lajos Kossuth into exile after the 1848–49 revolution with the exiles of October 1918, following this up with a special festive leader in the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* for Sunday, October 29th. That was also the day that they organized the celebration itself in the Biograph Theatre, joining with the socialists and Lajos Kassák's group:

The workers, with their red carnation buttonholes, around Vilmos Böhm and Zsigmond Kunfi. Pál Szende and József Rédei bring a large bunch of white chrysanthemums and hand these out among the members of the group around Oszkár Jászi,

the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*'s reporter wrote. Apart from an appearance by an Austrian workers' male choir, Béla Reinitz performed songs on texts by Endre Ady, after which a telegram of greeting and more extensive letter from Mihály Károlyi were read out. Jászi gave a speech in which he contrasted the October 1918 program with the reality of the Horthy régime. Intriguingly, the Entente's "bloodsucking policy" was listed only in second place among the reasons for the failure of the revolution, behind the lack of organized peasant and middle-class forces and the workers' brash and unrealistic longing to have everything. He was followed by Zsigmond Kunfi, who discussed the social significance of the October events for Hungary, emphasizing that although the revolution had not betokened socialism, it had nevertheless been a step in that direction, and workers could feel it to be their own. Jászi was imbued with quiet satisfaction after the ceremony, writing in his diary of "a big, enthusiastic audience." In the remaining decades of his life he did not get many opportunities for public commemoration of what, for him, was such an important day, but he never overlooked it in his thoughts and writing.

Living and working in Vienna were now more and more inspiring a sense of hopelessness in Jászi as it was becoming ever clearer that it was not possible either to continue this way or give it up or go home. Joy for him meant the hours he was able to spend with Recha and the more frequent opportunities to be with the children after Anna Lesznai moved for a while to Vienna then purchased a small house in nearby Mauer, where Jászi was a frequent visitor, taking big walks with his sons into the beautiful surrounding countryside on Sundays. Meanwhile the newspaper was getting into increasingly serious financial difficulties. For a time, József Madzsar tried to put its affairs in order, then Vilmos Böhm, a man who had been tested as a minister, army commander and diplomat, was entrusted with the task and was, in fact, able to stave off collapse for a while longer.

At the invitation of the Károlyis, in mid-November Jászi was able to set out for Dalmatia for a long-delayed rest. He reached the place where the Károlyi family had their home at the time, on the island of Lopud off the coast at Ragusa (Dubrovnik), after a rough sea passage via Split. During his three weeks there Jászi would spend his evenings with them but the daytime was usually taken up with long excursions to the ancient town of Ragusa and the peninsula, the island of Lokrum or the nearby craggy mountains, and by reading. On Mount Petka, it occurred to him that if he were to sprain a leg on the rocks there, he would perish, "so desolate is this fantastically lovely peninsula," but he was spellbound by the wild beauty of the landscape. Never before had he spent, nor afterwards would he again spend, so much time, so intensively, with Károlyi. This was the first opportunity they had had to talk over personal matters, what had led up to their friendship. Jászi showed him Ady's article that he had written about Jászi just ten years before: "It was such a big event in my life that I wanted Mihály too to know about it," he noted down one evening in his diary. At the end of it, the two made the leisurely train journey to Belgrade, chatting all the way about their most intimate affairs, their families and marriages, their likely fates.

Barely three weeks later, they met again, this time at Maribor, in Slovenia, for a January 1923 conference of the exile representatives, at which the main topic was how the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* was to be saved. Károlyi stood very strongly by Jászi, "who is currently much more

possible than himself in the eyes of the successor states.” At the communal hotel dinner, Jászi conducted an impromptu poll among those present, writing down on a piece of paper which is appended to the diary the answers he got to the question, “*In how many years will we get home?*” The reply that turned out to be the most accurate was the one given by Károlyi: “When I’m a very old man—but young at heart!” Of the other better-known participants, Vilmos Böhm predicted five years, while József Madzsar thought “Never. One by one, in 10 years time”; Béla Linder, “Before the end of this century”; Pál Szende, “Neither in good time nor soon enough”; and according to Márton Lovászy, in under five years. Jászi himself wrote, “Either six months or five years or never,” which was a fair reflection of his mood at the time, switching between fond hopes and a sense of reality.

More travel and negotiations ensued, in Belgrade and then Prague. “I think,” he wrote on February 20th, “that it is no longer possible to count on Belgrade, and the sole chance of saving the paper will be to obtain a loan here, in Prague.” But Milan Hodža, not for the first time, misled Jászi, who was thus impelled to make another trip to Prague in March and this time—very much against his inclination—to ask Beneš to arrange a loan. Beneš gave him what he wanted with almost humiliating courtesy and speed:

At my request, he made the total sum available and left the arrangements to me. (Barna drew it without a word in writing.) This was one of the most embarrassing steps in my life, but I had no other choice, as without the paper our entire work in exile would have been ruined. All the same, the intervention almost made me ill, even though it lays no moral obligation on us. The paper’s line will be unchanged.

This may have been the final push that was needed to set him off toward America, because he was acutely aware that even if there was no direct obligation, the loan put them in an exposed position and, ultimately, a condition of dependence that precluded freedom of judgment. That was something he had not previously accepted and would not accept now or in the future. But more than likely another spur to leave Vienna was the fact that conditions back in Hungary were changing from the temporary to the permanent, and with that his opinion

about the realistic opportunities for the emigration. A commentary that he wrote to mark the third anniversary of Horthy's accession to the regency demonstrates that he had understood: the authority of Horthy and the eponymous régime did not rest solely on armed might but did have a certain social base, and that was why it could not be swept aside so easily or quickly as he had previously believed:

Because can one believe that a country and people which tolerates that man and that régime for three years now has a future? However bloody and terroristic that rule may be, it would be unimaginable in a country in which several thousand civilized and honest people were to be found. It is not pure chance or contingency if a country has a Masaryk or a Horthy as its head of state.

February brought news of the guilty verdict in the trial against Károlyi that had been proceeding in Hungary for the past two years. "I have been waiting for days on end," Jászi opens his leader on this:

I had always hoped that at last a decent, human voice would make itself heard in the midst of the abject howling or the even more depressing silence. I have waited in vain, however. One has to conclude that there is not a single man, a single decent person in the entire Hungarian daily press—with the exception of *Népszava*—who would plead the cause of Mihály Károlyi, now deprived of his property and his reputation (I am referring as always to official public opinion) by the verdict pronounced to order by an intimidated judiciary.

That feeling of want and harsh judgement referred, above all, to *Világ*, which had once stood especially close to Károlyi and to Jászi, who was also condemned in the verdict. (Confidence in the liberal newspaper's editors was subsequently restored, and in 1925 they were publishing on an almost weekly basis—anonymous but quite easily recognizable—popular science articles by Jászi, who was able to support his mother on the proceeds.)

In mid-April it was the turn for one last visit to Belgrade and a number of important interviews there. The Yugoslav foreign ministry had come to an unfavorable view of Jászi and the *Bécsi Magyar Újság's*

foreign-political line, which they regarded as anti-French and too pro-German. Jászi was indeed critical of certain elements of French foreign policy, such as the military occupation of the Ruhr region in January 1923 and its support for the Habsburgs, but that did not amount to a wholesale opposition to French policy. Assure him as Foreign Minister Momçilo Ninçiq might of his continuing respect, or that this was not the reason for spinning out the matter of the loan, Jászi could sense that relations had changed and that the underlying cause of this was Béla Linder, their “confidential man” in Belgrade, who, it became increasingly clear, was actually a double-dealer and acting for the Yugoslav government. The protracted collaboration with him quite possibly qualifies as the worst, almost ignominious mistake of Jászi’s activity in exile.

Arriving in Belgrade at the same time was Seton-Watson, whom Jászi had last met almost a decade earlier, before the outbreak of war. He concluded contentedly in his diary that their standpoints were “closely kindred in their assessment of the situation in Central Europe.” Seton-Watson unfolded to him, and later on—in the presence of Károlyi, who as usual was late to arrive—also to Ninçiq, his idea that the Little Entente should cancel part of Hungary’s reparations in return for democratization and genuine disarmament in the country. He was expecting that to provoke Horthy’s downfall because, as he saw it, the Hungarian question had reached a psychological turning-point. With Jászi he made no secret that Czechoslovakia was the only state in the region with which he was satisfied, as he held both the Romanian and Yugoslavian régime in contempt, but he did not have too high an opinion of British diplomacy either. They spent more time in one another’s company in Vienna, where Jászi introduced the Scot to Márton Lovászy, Anna Lesznai, Hatvany and Szende, and later on also to Kunfi and his group of socialists. In so doing, then, he was showing a degree of rapprochement to the various tendencies within the Hungarian émigré community—typically at the very time when the organized operation was in the process of being wound down, as *Jövő* had by then ceased to appear and the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* was on the way toward that fate.

At the beginning of May, Jászi reached the fourth anniversary of his exile, which he commemorated by repeating, with Pál Szende, the

first big walk they had made, from Heiligenkreuz to Mayerling, in the countryside surrounding Vienna. In his diary he bitterly recorded how worn-out and aged he had become due to emigration in comparison to the barely younger Seton-Watson. On May 9th he set off on a tour of Romania.

The trip had several goals: to hold discussions with Romanian government and opposition politicians and leading intellectuals; to familiarize himself with the groups in the Magyar community in Transylvania, their situation and aspirations; and to acquire a passport, visa and ticket for his passage to America. Travelling via southern Slovakia and northern Transylvania, he called in on Oradea. There a veritable welcome committee was awaiting him, including Béla Zsolt, a talented writer and journalist then at the start of his career, a city prefect, and former tutor to the children of the prime minister, Ion I. C. Brătianu. Jászi stopped at Ciucea, where Octavian Goga and his wife were now his hosts in “Ady’s castle,” then passed through Cluj-Kolozsvár to Bucharest, where he was put up in the residence of the banker Aristide Blank. Over the eight days there he met with numerous politicians and journalists, including—on several occasions—Iuliu Maniu and Petru Groza, Foreign Minister Ion Duca, Interior Minister Vaitoianu, politicians Ion Mihalache of the National Peasant Party and the independent socialist Nicolae Lupu, the editor in chief, Constantin Mille, of *Lupta*, and editors Serbescu and Gafencu along with the whole staff of *Revista Vremii*, the twenty years older Constantin Costa-Foru, one of the organizers of the League of Human Rights, with whom he had been corresponding for years and now got the chance to become extremely close to in human terms as well. He paid a visit on professor Dimitrie Gusti, the dominant figure in the Romanian monographic school of sociology, and exchanged experiences with him regarding their work in running similar social science societies. He also conversed with General Mosoiu, who had commanded the troops that occupied Budapest in late 1919, as well as the general’s son, a man of letters, but he did not find out much that he did not already know about those dramatic autumn days, which of course he had not witnessed personally.

The Bucharest press concerned itself quite closely with his visit. On March 22nd, in *Adeverul*, appeared Costa-Foru’s interview “with

the great Hungarian democrat,” who naturally spoke about his grand utopia, a confederation of Danubian peoples, as being the sole possible long-term solution to the region’s problems. He recognized that public opinion was not ready for this solution in even one of the states concerned, but he hoped that in ten years’ time the project would no longer be a utopia, emphasizing that until then independent minds and groups would have to fight “to bring an end to the incessant corruption of souls.” Two days later, by which time he had departed, the same paper also published a nice appreciative article by Costa-Foru on Jászi and his visit, which included some sharp criticism of nationalism on both sides: “If Jászi were governing the Hungarian state,” he wrote, “then thoughts of war and sentiments of hatred would give way to the relations that are sought by Jászi—and, incidentally, by ourselves too... the Hungarian and Romanian peoples will come to understand that our common fellowship saves us, guaranteeing our joint development. Dr. Oszkár Jászi’s visit to Bucharest was well timed.” Of course, Jászi also hoped that with his visit, and especially through Maniu and his associates in the National Peasant Party, who seemed to have a real chance in the upcoming general election, he would be able to set off a process of rapprochement. In this he was to be disappointed, and indeed he duly gave voice to that disappointment a few years later.

As regards ideological rapprochement, he pinned his hopes on the *Revista Vremii* group. He had dined with them on May 16th: “An intelligent, hearty and enthusiastic bunch. Enveloped with great affection. I set out my plans regarding democratic control... The gathering wishes to grant the Magyars full equality of rights. Disdain and animosity towards the liberals” (the latter clearly referred to Goga’s party). Manoiilescu chose precisely the time of Jászi’s visit to print in the magazine the latter’s article on ‘The Economic Factor in the League of Danubian Peoples,’ the introduction to which was the above-cited obeisance. In its next issue, in which the magazine gave an account of the visit and the speech Jászi had given at the dinner, Gafencu, as editor, stood by the concepts that had been advanced: “these opinions enthralled and convinced us.” Also responding to this speech, which was not itself printed, was also a certain A. Corteanu: “For us, Romanians,” he wrote, “who have achieved our national as-

pirations, Prof. Jászi's proposition is as attractive as it possibly could be. The translation of his ideas into reality would ratify and consolidate what our nation has gained." Research in Romania has shown that this exchange of ideas and debate 'about a utopia' continued in the columns of *Revista Vremii* into 1923–24, and what is more in a highly positive spirit. In late September 1923, allegedly with a delay that was due to the summer break, they published a letter that Jászi had written to the editor. He had promised Gafencu that he would describe his trip and summarize his experiences; however, in the letter he frankly admits that he had already given up on the series of articles (which his own paper would have printed in Hungarian) in the process of writing, because he had realized that it would displease both sides:

My Hungarian brothers could find my point of view too rigorous and impassive, while certain Romanian circles might regard my observations as unjustified interference in their country's internal affairs, so that I would compromise what little influence I may have on some Hungarian and Romanian circles.

In the letter, then, he merely undertook to communicate, without any detail, a few general impressions, assuming that "attentive readers will be able to draw several useful inferences from these." First and foremost, he had the highest praise for the "superior intelligence, somewhat skeptical and ironic," yet at the same time humane and democratic, of the better part of the Romanian intelligentsia, the likes of which he had not encountered in any of the neighboring countries. Straight after that, though, he brings up "frantic centralization," the effort that was being directed at forced assimilation of the divergent regions that made up Greater Romania, its insensitivity to the needs and proposals of national minorities, indeed its adoption of the spirit and methods of the old Hungarian nationalism in local government and public education. As a sincere friend of the Romanian people, he was asking them to stop this poison from entering the circulation of their people: "Our own national tragedy, painful as it is, can be a useful lesson for you too!" He nevertheless finishes on a hopeful note—building with naïve optimism on the results of land reform—in his assessment of the chances for democracy in Romania, in which he

also saw a guarantee for the realization of the Danubian Confederation:

For I see no other alternative. Either incessant economic and national conflicts, or confederation on the basis of free exchange and national autonomy. That is what is written in the book of Fate.

That standpoint and advice would only have been acceptable to the democratic elements (and perhaps later to broader strata) of Transylvania's ethnic Hungarian population if their honest efforts to act as loyal citizens had met with a Romanian nationality policy that was tolerant and generous, or in short similarly democratic. Jászai was well aware of this, for that was why he had already made a trip to Bucharest in 1920, why he had conducted innumerable confidential talks, and why he had written his open letter to Averescu in 1921, and would also write one to Maniu in 1929, when the latter was prime minister. Minority rights, however, were enforced less and less, so that in the eyes of the native Magyars of Transylvania, and above all the influential segments among them, Jászai's concept—as it was wrongly interpreted—became a synonym for national self-sacrifice. This, as a matter of course, led to the discrediting of 'Jászism' by the Romanians, and the progressive isolation of Jászai and his supporters in the country.

He had to face up to that when on May 21st, after Bucharest (where he finally managed to obtain not just a passport but also the American visa that had been denied him in Vienna and Prague), he arrived at the much-loved city of Cluj-Kolozsvár, the first stop on his Transylvanian tour, where Imre Kádár, László Dienes and other old supporters were waiting for him. He met with Hungarian and Romanian journalists, businessmen and socialist politicians, with the latter involuntarily convincing him that the Social Democratic Party was dying with the younger generation, destroyed not by the iron fist of the authorities but by Bolshevism and inner crisis: "The masses have turned away from the party. There is chauvinism; no serious internationalism." The key conversation that he had was with one of the leading figures for the Hungarian population in Transylvania, Árpád Paál, editor in chief of *Keleti Újság* (Eastern News), and his staff. Paál,

in connection with whom Jászi refers in his diary to “touching human greatness,” had welcomed him even before his arrival with a big article, under the title ‘Oszkár Jászi Among Us,’ which posed the fundamental questions. Jászi’s views and his trip to Romania were contrasted directly with István Bethlen, who at that time was trying to avoid the need to come to agreement with the neighboring states by seeking financial support from the West:

It is over this that the Oszkár Jászis of the world, on the one hand, and István Bethlens, on the other, confront one another as political opponents. We cannot help noticing, however, that the discrepancy between them arose merely as a result of chronologically differing perceptions of exactly the same situation. One of them was quicker to transmute the sensation of acting under compulsion to the superior thought of co-operation; the other still has the sensation of acting under compulsion, but he too will eventually get to the idea of non-compulsion.

In the longer term, then, Paál would have liked to resolve a discord of historical dimensions in Hungarian politics which also directly beset the Magyars of Transylvania. Well aware of the passions with which a substantial section of that population would greet Jászi, he ended the article with an appeal against hatred:

We harm ourselves with it. Either we wish to have ethnic minority local self-governments, in which case we cannot hate the people who formulated the idea, or else we hate the people who formulated the idea, in which case we cannot wish to have the idea either.

On May 22nd, Iván Rubido-Zichy, the Hungarian minister to Bucharest, produced a report under the title ‘Oszkár Jászi’s Dealings in Romania,’ according to which the visit “elicited a substantial response in the Romanian press, but while it was met with unqualified sympathy to start with, more recently the Romanian press too has been raining somewhat on the parade.” The evidence for this was an appended article on ‘Jászi’s World View’ which appeared in *Adeverul* on that day, which examined the Hungarian exile’s opinions on the former Mon-

archy and on the restoration of an economic and cultural community of the Danubian peoples, the first step of which would be a triumph of democracy over Horthy's dictatorship in Hungary, in which he envisaged an important role for the Little Entente. The closing part of the article, which is what the ambassador was pointing out, declared that the Little Entente, sadly, "cannot ignore the all too often contrary tendencies and sentiments of their great allies." The Hungarian ambassador reassured the Budapest government that he too would do all he could, for his part, to discredit Jászi, but there was in fact no cause for particular concern. When Duca, the Romanian foreign minister, "casually" raised the matter of Jászi's visit he did not deny their meeting, but he reassured Rubido-Zichy that they had no wish to interfere in Hungary's internal affairs, while his own political stance "did not square with Jászi's attitudes in any way." According to an opposition journalist, the Romanian government had issued a confidential instruction that contacts were to be cultivated with Jászi in both private and press circles, because it was possible he could render Romania useful political services, but officials were to steer clear of holding direct discussions with him. In the ambassador's opinion, the sole disagreeable outcome of Jászi's trip could be that *Keleti Újság*, which had lately been taking a softer line, might be re-radicalized, which could also have repercussions within the Hungarian Party in Transylvania.

The dominant tone in Jászi's diary throughout the entire stay in Cluj-Kolozsvár was one of profound melancholy: "Everything is so hopeless, the atmosphere so suffocating"; "Bone-weariness." The mood only intensified in Marosvásárhely (Tîrgu-Mureş, Romania), where there were more backers looking forward to see him, including the sociologist József Halász and editors Károly Molter and Kálmán Osvát. As Jászi saw it, they were just about "the only ones who see the situation in the cultural center of the Székely region; everything else is fiction, slander and animosity. I now find myself at the focus of animosity and attacks." Even in his diary, however, he puts the cause down to the Romanians' mindless policy and assimilatory vandalism: "Removed statues of Bem and Kossuth. Removed stained glass. Monolingual Romanian street signs." In an interview which appeared in *Tükör* (Mirror), the local paper, under the title 'Interrogating Jászi,'

Kálmán Osvát (younger brother of Ernő Osvát, who edited *Nyugat* in Budapest) pumped the guest about 'Jászism.' Did such a thing exist? Could its adepts not help it if Jászism, for all its merits, also had disagreeable overtones? Jászi denied this. He explained his own and his party's political activities as extensions of his academic work in *Huszadik Század* and the Sociological Society, and while he recognized that "a section of radical young people accepted political responsibility during the Communist outbreak," he was proud to emphasize that, unlike with Károlyi, his supporters had not deserted him but were still sticking to their shared principles. In response to a question from the sympathetic Osvát as to whether "[his] experiences in stormy weather not compelled him to revise thoughts arrived at under calm conditions," he acknowledged that he had become a good deal more pessimistic in his assessments of people, and although he continued to believe in the fate of the ideas that he represented, "revision is essential for the leading progressive movements, and especially for socialism." What was most important, however, was ethical revision, because "incompetence and business are in the driving-seat now in Europe. The most moral people were unable to gain a role."

Tükör also reported on Jászi's visit, while it summed up the press coverage of his tour in the following terms: "The Romanian press has greeted him in tones of appreciation, while the Hungarian press in Transylvania, according to party affiliation, either likewise with a sincere welcome or a cool objectivity or, come to that, intense antipathy." It was not yet the end of the Transylvanian trip, however. Jászi spent a day each in Nagyvárad (Oradea), Arad and Temesvár (Timișoara), gaining ever-poorer impressions of conditions in the region as he went:

The madness of forced assimilation. Police state. Dead silence. Yet peasants are satisfied and indifferent; they are drawn more to the authorities than the priests! Serious abuses over land reform, a sea of corruption.

Finally, he returned to Cluj, where he met up with a number of Romanian scholars and politicians, Vaida-Voevod among them, and also Seton-Watson, who had just arrived. The conversation with the latter, influenced by the experiences of the preceding days, must have been quite tense:

I told S. Watson about my qualms over whether, after my experiences, I could carry on with my policy. He understood the dilemma, and he added that he felt it too and he would be telling Beneš that he must make up his mind: Did he wish to work with the emigration or not?

The next day, he stopped at his native town of Nagykároly (Carei), making the rounds of the once familiar streets that evening:

Our street is nowadays Strada Avram Jancu. The house is unrecognizable; the garden and courtyard too... The Count's castle has become a sanatorium. The area around the synagogue is more ghettoish than ever. The muteness of the Reformed church.

The next day, after meetings with a few former schoolmates and Hungarian and Romanian acquaintances, he traveled on via Satu Mare to Hrušov, then a few days later on to Vienna. He made preparations for the trip to America, with intensive English lessons, while trying to sort out the *Bécsi Magyar Újság's* ever direr financial straits and handing over eight articles by way of 'reserves' to his deputy, Zoltán Rónai (among these was a review of Oswald Spengler's famous treatise on British liberalism and socialism, *The Decline of the West*, the second volume of which had just appeared.) On June 17th he wrote:

A difficult evening today. The farewell from Recha was very painful. The poor thing is again going to be alone. The torments of packing. Veritably funereal mood... A new chapter in my life is about to begin, which could also be a new era! In any event, my decision was *necessary*; there is no other way out for me. This *Kleinstaaterei*, so much ado about nothing, is killing me!

First Time in America

Jászi did not set off on his first trip to the United States with the intention of settling there but in order to make a big lecture tour to set out his ideas, particularly in regard to a solution of the Danubian region's ethnic problems; to expose the Horthy régime and counteract its propaganda among American intellectuals and university students; and by making new contacts, to assess the lie of the land with a view to future activities of the democratic Hungarian exile community, himself in particular. He was well aware that whatever little success there may have been, the opportunities in Central and Eastern Europe were largely played out. Although they had not yet reached the point of dissolving their operations as an organized exile community, it was nevertheless obvious that the Vienna–Prague–Belgrade days were coming to a close. The emigrants were starting to disperse. In early July 1923, even the Károlyis had got to England, where, with help from Seton-Watson and the Labor Party, they were soon granted residence permits.

Jászi set off on his 'wanderings' from Hrušov, because he wanted to say good-bye to Máli, his sons and his mother, who was also there, having made the trip from Budapest. On July 31st, they all saw him off at the local train station at Bánovce nad Ondavou, from where he traveled to Bucharest in order to pick up his ticket for the voyage. There, anxious as ever by nature, he fretted about whether he may not have made a poor choice of starting-point as he was well-known in Bucharest, whereas it would have been easier to keep his trip secret in a Western European port:

I am pitching between hope and extreme dismay. My nerves keep giving out on me. I fear that Costa-Foru's splendid optimism, which sees in me the means for accomplishing great tasks, can no longer be fulfilled. I am weary and tormented; excruciating desire for Recha. Only now do I feel how much her kindness, her playful gaiety and, beside that, her talent '*das Leben resolut zu führen*' mean in my life.

This time, nothing intervened. The following day, on August 4th, he departed for Constanza, where he boarded a Greek ship, the *Megalo Hellas*. He had no way of knowing it, and more than likely he never found out, that the American visa he had been unable to obtain in Vienna or Prague, even with Beneš's assistance, but which had suddenly been issued in Bucharest in response to a letter of recommendation from his host, Aristide Blank, was actually granted courtesy of the goodwill of Consul Palmer, because the American embassy itself, despite the intervention of Foreign Minister Duca, had also declined to take any action. As one learns from a subsequent note by one of the top officials in the US State Department, the issuing of the visa occurred through "a mistake by the consul." It also emerges from the archives of the Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs that the authorities did everything in their power to prevent Jászi from leaving. On May 29th, while Jászi was still moving around Transylvania, the foreign minister, Géza Daruváry, informed the minister in Washington:

I have been informed that Dr Oszkár Jászi, born Nagykároly in 1875, Reformed Church, married, former university lecturer, who played a major part in preparing the way for the events of October 1918 and Bolshevism, intends to travel to America. Please use your influence to see that the government there does not grant him permission to enter the country.

By then Prime Minister Bethlen and László Széchényi, the Hungarian minister to Washington, and his American wife, Gladys Vanderbilt, could count on making their influence prevail in the State Department, and thus for a long time they were successful in keeping Mihály Károlyi and his supporters out of the country on the grounds of their alleged "Communism," Jászi's first trip, then, could only be put down

to pure luck, and thus, for all that he had no way of knowing it, he had nevertheless been right to fret about.

The diary preserved every aspect of the almost month-long voyage in exhaustive detail. Jászi already decided on the first day that his companions were of no interest, most of the travelers being Jewish emigrants from the Ukraine, though he did also hear some words of Hungarian. The food was moderate. As the ship put out to sea, “after all the anxieties, I was seized by a blithe contentment—as if I had been freed from five years imprisonment.” He repeats that several more times during the voyage, but various anxieties also resurface. On August 6th they docked a Varna, on the 8th there was “a marvelous passage through the Bosphorus,” on the 9th they were held up at Istanbul, but by the 11th they had arrived at Piraeus, the harbor for Athens, where the ship was moored for several days, so that Jászi, despite the heat, walked round the Acropolis, as he had not previously visited Greece (nor was he to do so again). By the 14th they had reached Patras, from where the next day, with many new passengers on board, they made their way, without putting into harbor again, down the Mediterranean, through the Strait of Messina, past Sardinia and then the Algerian coast, through the Strait of Gibraltar to the Atlantic Ocean.

They were on the approaches to the port of New York, according to the diary, on August 30th:

My heart was beating like some young student's before the big exam. Was I going to be able to step out onto this land that I have been striving to reach for four years with so many sacrifices and struggles? And if so, shall I be able to do any useful work?

He passed the immigration controls on Ellis Island without incident. Even while still on the boat Jászi had received a letter from banker and industrialist Robert Caldwell in which the latter informed him that he would be at his service if there was anything he needed. They finally docked on September 1st:

“And when the ship passed in front of the Statue of Liberty to enter the city fired by feverish activity, I was so overcome by emotion that I burst into tears on the ship's bridge.”

Even in old age he retained a precise recollection of this moment, and he mentions it in the draft of his planned memoirs, where he explains it in these terms: “Coming after a world lying in ruins, this was creative life. The triumphant world of skyscrapers. The triumph of work at every hand.”

The first impressions after disembarkation were not so favorable: “Much dirt. Oppressive uniformity. Substantial technological perfection.” He spent the first few days in a missionary house in mid-Manhattan, on 44th Street: “fairly pleasant; clean, simple, decent.” He sent a telegram to Recha: “Happily arrived. Good prospects. Love.” Next was a hearty meal in a Broadway restaurant for 70 cents:

I thank God that I have made it here after so many obstacles. Equally, a big lesson, which I shall not forget, how I tortured myself to no good purpose for four weeks.

Yet the first few weeks there too were very wearing, and just as in Vienna, so too in New York a lot of time was taken up searching for suitable lodgings. He moved from the missionary house to a hotel a good hour away, on the Brooklyn sea front, then back into Manhattan. As the draft memoirs put it: “With little money the gloomy and disagreeable milieu of New York’s lodgings rented by the month, with their shared bathrooms.” He also complained about his circumstances in the first letter that he wrote to Károlyi (September 27th), acknowledging that his friend had been right in wanting to remit one thousand dollars to him from the Vera Fund. He had only wanted to accept five hundred, but in the end they had not been able to pay out even that much: he had received \$425, and the voyage alone had cost \$150. At the end of the first month, all that remained, including his own money, was \$300, and since he had to reckon on a minimum of \$125 per month, even living as frugally as he could and surrendering a family heirloom, a gold watch, he could see that he would only be able to stay until the end of the year.

“This straitened financial situation has two major drawbacks,” he wrote to Károlyi:

Pushing frugality to the limits takes up a lot of time, and by avoiding the better hotels, I cannot conduct myself with the

necessary weight in this snobbish world. The bigger trouble is that the uncertainty about the future is on my mind, and plans and work at earning my keep occupy me greatly. I am working 8–10 hours a day, and since I cannot afford a secretary, making copies and other things also absorb my energies, there is less opportunity to move about in society, and I fear that the concern about my livelihood is going to be hard hit by propaganda.

He makes it clear in the letter that he wants to appeal primarily to the Anglo-American public, not the Hungarians out there, among whom János Hock had already achieved about as much as was possible. The Hungarian Jews of New York were either Communists or else Horthy supporters, and “October is being ground away between these two millstones.” As far as he was aware, the Whites had already started the job of undermining his position, with the American Departments of Justice and the Interior launching enquiries to determine “Had he been a Bolshie?”

On top of that, today saw the arrival of Apponyi, who is held in extraordinarily warm regard by the Aristo-Diplomat-Big Jew clique. The aged orator will no doubt present the worst possible information against me (as you well know, I was ‘your demon,’ the one who corrupted you in your aristocratic innocence!), and since there are no facts they can bring out, they are probably going to play the anti-Semitic card, even though the entire Hungarian-Jewish community of New York supports Apponyi.

In his own memoirs, indeed, Apponyi proudly writes that at a dinner given in his honor by the banker Caldwell “the entire élite of the financial and intellectual worlds of New York was present,” and without mentioning Jászi by name, he notes ironically that the naïve Caldwell was unable to understand why he could not also invite “Hungarian exiles from Mihály Károlyi’s time.”

Those efforts notwithstanding, Jászi’s contacts with academic and political circles and with the press developed rather quickly and favorably. Through Caldwell, he was introduced to a Professor Lindsay of Columbia University and, through Prince Bibesco, the Romanian ambassador to Washington, DC, to Hamilton Fish Armstrong, the

editor of *Foreign Affairs*, who was to become a friend and supporter for the rest of his life. Indeed, after Jászi's death he provided an appreciation of his life and works to correct the obituary published by the *New York Times*, even though the latter—without any 'introduction' or strings being pulled—had almost immediately placed itself at Jászi's disposal, and on September 16th published a major interview with him under the grandiose title 'Jaszi Here to Aid Hungary's Peoples,' and was often to print articles and letters from him in times to come. János Pelényi, a talented young career diplomat who, although nominally just counselor to the Hungarian embassy in Washington, was effectively running its affairs (he was later to be appointed the minister to Washington), reported to Budapest on September 24th that "Oszkár Jászi, despite all the State Department's assurances to the contrary, arrived on United States territory in the middle of this month. At present I have no information as to whether he has come for a longer stay or is just in transit; for the time being, I have given instructions for him to be kept under surveillance, the results of which I shall duly report." He notes that up to that point only the *New York Times* and *Új Előre* (New Forward), a left-wing Hungarian émigré paper, had brought out articles on Jászi's arrival, while other papers had treated it as a minor news item. The same day, he learned from his sources in the State Department that Jászi "arrived with a Romanian passport," and they themselves were disagreeably surprised as the visa's "issuance in spite of the instructions supplied" as reference is made to shortcomings in the consular service, that being the second instance, after János Hock, and they still had to prepare for the arrival of Mihály Károlyi! On October 18th, Ambassador Széchényi quotes the regretful comment he had received from William R. Castle, a high-ranking official in the State Department: "There is nothing to be said about the matter but to apologize."

September 20th marked Jászi's first public appearance, this being at a dinner put on in honor of Caldwell, who reported on his experiences in Europe. During the course of the evening, Jászi also spoke, giving an address in English for about twenty minutes—without difficulty or flagging, so far as he could judge, even though this was the first time he had done so. (On the evidence of his diary, which from several days previously he had been writing in English, by way of

practicing the language, he was committing a fair number of grammatical errors and still had a heavily 'Hungarian' sentence structure and idiom, but in any event he had the feeling that he had got fairly well into the swing of both speaking and writing the language, and in girding up for the imminent clash he proudly quoted to Károlyi a comparative statement that an editor had made about the depth of Apponyi's knowledge of English, "Not, of course, that I am ever going to declaim like him," he added.)

By way of a first step, he wrote a substantial article on Count Apponyi's character and career for the October 1st issue of *The Nation*, a respected left-wing weekly. The magazine, which was to print many articles from his pen over the decades to come, introduced the author himself in a few lines. Jászi was critical but respectful in what he wrote about Apponyi, acknowledging, among other things, that he was the only leading politician in Hungary who had taken a strong line against the White terror. Nevertheless, he also explained to American readers the anti-democratism and chauvinism that actually lay behind the high-flown liberal phrases spouted by this well-known orator, and what his pro-German stance had meant during the past war. More or less in parallel with this, he also wrote an open letter to the *New York Times* the outcome of which was to be an interview in its October 7th issue under the headline 'Jaszi Says Apponyi is Habsburg Aid'. Jászi, then, was playing on Apponyi's declared legitimist bias as his main trump card, counting on the American public having an opposing bias—not unreasonably, but not with complete justification either, because the Count, who had already won respect in the United States, was on this occasion traveling to the New World to prepare the way politically for a League of Nations loan that Hungary was seeking to negotiate. Jászi nevertheless warned Americans that any such loan would be used for purposes of restoring the Monarchy and consolidating the feudal hierarchy. He, with the agreement of Károlyi and other Radical émigrés, wanted to tie the granting of any loan to the condition of a true democratization of Hungary's political life, and to exploit Bethlen's drive for international acceptance to demonstrate conditions within Hungary and to secure changes in these, including the reinstatement of basic human rights. To the emigration, this seemed like the only chance they would have over the

months to come, but it turned out that it would be the source of their total isolation.

Apponyi felt it was beneath his dignity to give any account in his memoirs of his ongoing debate with Jászi, but in his own book *Imre Jósika-Herczeg*, who organized Apponyi's tour and escorted him throughout, devoted a whole chapter to the conflict under the title 'Jászi contra Apponyi,' from which—as he presents it—Apponyi naturally came off the winner. Apponyi responded to Jászi's article, on October 11th, with a lengthy open letter in which he denied that the purpose of his visit was to facilitate the loan, which "is progressing well. But now certain Hungarians appear on the scene who start up a campaign against its success purely because they do not approve of the present government." He noted out emphatically that "there can be nothing in common between me and a man, or a set of men, whose patriotic conscience allows them to take such a course." He pointedly contrasted his own role in the service of "democratic progress" with Jászi and his associates' responsibility for a totally "unnecessary and frivolous revolution" and its consequences.

Jászi read Apponyi's article while he was on a train heading for Washington, DC, and while judging it to be Jesuitic and hypocritical, he felt that this was more to his own advantage. His riposte was printed ten days later by the *New York Times*, in slightly abbreviated form but still given prominence, under the headline 'Apponyi and the Loan,' with the subhead 'Professor Jaszi Replies to the Attack of the Hungarian Statesman on the Attitude of the Liberals Toward Present Government.' Here it was not just a matter of the loan and current politics but of Hungarian history of the recent past, and Jászi was able to show that Apponyi had deliberately lumped the two revolutions of 1918–19 together so that he could pin the blame for the Commune and its consequences on the democrats. He drew a sharp distinction between them and proudly accepted responsibility for the democratic changes that had been ushered in during the October 1918 revolution, which from the standpoint of the oligarchy—though not the general population—were indeed without purpose. While acknowledging that his conservative adversary by then counted as a liberal in Hungary, that was not the result of any change in Apponyi but of the way human rights were being stamped on in the country. He gave an incisive out-

line of those conditions, ending up by underlining that he had never been against the loan being granted but had only wanted to ensure that it would not give succor to war but to peace, democracy and creative labor. He had all the more reason to feel he had come off best because the *Times*, in one of its own leaders, chose to raise the question of whether the loan was going to be used for purposes of peace or war, citing in this context Regent Horthy's belligerent utterances regarding revision of the territories Hungary had ceded under the Treaty of Trianon. According to a letter of Jászi's the next day, "as everyone sees, Apponyi has got the worst of it, and even the fact that he started the argument with me is a sign of weakness on his part."

After a slight delay, the press in Budapest latched on to the dispute, which was now carried on more indirectly in connection with news bulletins about the Count's lecture tour. Jászi summed up the essence of the hostility and the main issues in a weighty open letter to *The New Republic* for January 2nd, 1924, under the headline 'Kingdom or Republic in Hungary?' One of the issues, of course, was the matter of complete frontier revision, which Apponyi set at the forefront of all his speeches yet keeping very quiet, as Jászi was not slow to point out, about two significant circumstances: first, that the majority non-Magyar population of the surrendered territories did not want this, so that the policy would only lead to another war, for which Horthy and his régime—allied to Atatürk, Mussolini and the German right wing—were already preparing; and second, the problem of what form of government Hungary actually had, which Apponyi was unwilling to pronounce on, saying that it was purely the country's internal business. Jászi explained that the latter was in fact a matter that touched on the future of the whole Danubian Basin and Central Europe, for in the end the only choice was between restoration of the Habsburg monarchy or the 1918 republic as it was quite unrealistic to consider electing either a Hungarian citizen or a member of some foreign royal dynasty as king. He provided a quite detailed synopsis of the role of the Habsburgs in Hungarian history, and the fate of the series of rebellions that had broken out against their rule:

As you see, from this point of view republic and monarchy have an almost symbolical significance. They are the ideals of

two diametrically opposite worlds; the one, the ideal of the Hapsburg aristocracy, the other of the Hungarian working classes, peasants, industrial workers and creative intelligentsia. Political integrity of the Hapsburg dynasty, economic integrity of the latifundist estates, that is the real meaning of the restoration of the Hapsburgs. A new Hungary on the basis of democracy, the dismemberment of the feudal estates, sincere policy in the spirit of free trade and national autonomy, a serious step towards confederal rapprochement—that is the real meaning of the restoration of the republic. That is the problem which Count Apponyi considered too small in importance to bring to the attention of the American people, [while] he asked for American assistance in many problems: for a loan, for the restoration of our frontiers, for a new treatment of the reparation question, for the improvement of the conditions of Magyar minorities.

This article marked the end of the dispute, which, regardless of the actual ‘result,’ was in any event favorable to Jászi in that, through being featured in *New York Times*, had made his name, his position and his activity widely known. All the same, the letters that Recha received from him at the time were melancholic in tone.

The mood swings had not let up: one day he would be complaining to his diary about his utter depression, the next day sending triumphant announcements to Károlyi. Professor Stephen Duggan, director of the Institute of International Education, who had invited Apponyi to deliver some lectures there, offered the same facility to Jászi:

In any case, attention is starting to swing in my direction. On Wednesday the *New Republic*, the most illustrious of the liberal reviews, put on a dinner in my honor. Then I have been invited by the Council of Foreign Relations, which is an influential body, then the Foreign Policy Association, and then the biggest Ladies’ Club, so in early November I shall be giving 3 lectures in Washington, etc.

The weeks that followed in New York were filled, like his time in Vienna, with diligent work. He fleshed out the lectures that he had

already sketched in Vienna and set them into an easily presentable form, marking correct pronunciations whenever necessary. While still writing articles for *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, he also put together one or two for American newspapers. He received various invitations, including one to take afternoon tea with Eleanor Roosevelt, at which her husband, Franklin D., then the governor of New York State, also put in an appearance. He was making contact with a growing circle of acquaintances, many of them Hungarians, above all his faithful friends John Bíró and Emil Lengyel, who had stood by him against Apponyi and had reviewed his book for the *New York Times* book supplement. "All in all, I like America," he wrote to Károlyi. "For all its imperfections, a marvelous Ocean. One senses its boundlessness and the sea-swell of World History." He was already thinking that if he were able to bring his children out, he would spend "the remaining years of exile" in America. By now he was reckoning in terms of years, despite the fact that János Hock, who had meanwhile also arrived in New York, was again prophesying a speedy return home—this time by 1925.

On November 5th, he kicked off his first lecture series in Washington, where his host, Professor Putney, greeted him with the news that the Hungarian embassy had attempted to persuade the teaching staff at both local universities to rescind their invitations. The first of the talks, to a women's club at the American University, he thought had only gone tolerably well, while the second, also at that university, had been a resounding success, speaking to a packed room in which the leaders or representatives of nine foreign missions were present—primarily, of course, the ambassadors of the countries of the Little Entente, with whom he also went on to establish relations. The next day, he gave a talk to around one hundred students at the National University, the day after that to the International Women's Club Association, then finally he gave an impromptu address, without notes, to the National Press Club. He could sense, however, that he really needed to improve his English, so he enlisted the help of a Hungarian American to rework his lectures and also took elocution lessons from a lecturer at Columbia University, which no doubt helped to some extent, though he was never able to shake off his strong accent. In his lectures, which continued at the New School in New York, he

adopted the approach of staying close in what he said, albeit not word for word, to an already prepared text, because he was too exhausted to dare to deliver them without notes. Gratifying successes were mixed evenly with uncomfortable flops. At the Columbia Political Club, he talked about the situation in Central Europe to a rapt audience of some 40–50—more clearly than any other European guest who had preceded him, according to a Bulgarian student who was there. At Princeton, on the other hand, a young Hungarian mathematician by the name of Béla Kerékjártó, who was later to become an eminent professor back home, at Szeged University, threw in some politically hostile remarks to the lecture, which rather angered Jászi.

News of a commemoration organized in Budapest for the fifth anniversary of the Chrysanthemum Revolution gave him considerable comfort, however. Jászi's mother was one of those who attended the banquet, from which the 'Octobrists' still in Hungary sent greetings to their exiled leaders: Károlyi, Hock, Garami, Lovászy and, of course, Jászi himself. (Those who had been present, including the elderly Mrs Jászi, were subsequently hauled in for questioning by the police, which Jászi became extraordinarily worked up about.) That was followed, just a few days later, by the crushing tidings that the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* had ceased to operate. In his letter breaking the news, Károlyi himself admitted:

This is perhaps the end of the Hungarian emigration, historically speaking, but not the end of our friendship. You feel the same way too, don't you, Oszkár? That it will last until the grave?

Jászi was deeply moved, but then in the very next letter he was being informed that the 'Red Count' did not wish to divert the two sources of money that Jászi had believed were at his disposal—Caldwell's offer and the bank deposit that Károlyi had made in America in 1914—to saving the newspaper, and for reasons of political correctness what was more, for on December 4th Károlyi wrote that he had no wish to deceive either those Hungarian Americans who had formerly donated money to the independent democratic program, or the equally democratic-minded banker, but he, Károlyi, could no longer content himself with a democracy that he regarded as an empty word

if it lacked socialism: he wanted to fight for a *socialist* Hungary. That was also why he did not wish to leave for America, despite Jászi's encouragement, because then he would not be able to speak with complete sincerity, but on the other hand he did not want to keep silent or lie about his principles.

This message caught Jászi, as he put it himself, a bit like a front-line soldier suddenly being slapped about the head by his own leader. In his lengthy reply, he ruefully noted that his friend was still "under the influence of the Russian faith," because every competent expert knew that the Soviet economic experiment was "a perfectly dead dog," and as far as freedom was concerned "the Communist Inquisition renders all contrary opinions, even if scientific, impossible." But to come back from more distant objectives to the present, he reminded Károlyi that he bore a far greater moral responsibility to his fellow exiles and his supporters back in Hungary than he did to Caldwell or to American donors ten years previously. He also protested on his own behalf:

I understand all moral scruples, but I demand the same sensitivity in respect of my own deeds as well! If you, from the viewpoint of your own innermost ideals, regard the October program as mere window-dressing in the eyes of American public opinion, then what am I to say, who has been representing that program on your behalf for the last five years; who has edited a newspaper under your guidance; who has published pamphlets with your co-operation, interpreted your goals and intentions for the last five years in the full light of international publicity, always emphasizing the correctness of the October program, always deliberately contrasting it with the Red and White reigns of terror.

He had never written such a bitterly angry letter to Károlyi. Loneliness and tension over his position in New York contributed to the despair:

For then—don't you see?—either I am a fraud or else a blind, naïve tool in your hands! Here I am wrestling night and day for you and for October. I have managed to beat off Apponyi,

managed to restore your name to popularity here as well... But then what is your program? Hungarian *socialist* radicalism would be happy with October, but you must have a socialist or semi-socialist Hungary instantly. (Because what you think of as a political and scientific ideal in the distant future cannot be deceit from Caldwell's or anyone else's point of view!)

He therefore warned Károlyi that if he could no longer avow the October program, then they ought to admit publicly that politically they were going their separate ways. He considered that he owed it to himself and to posterity to make it clear that he had never been a traitor to his ideals, never been a tool in someone else's hand, "even if that someone else was Mihály Károlyi, for whom no one on Earth has a greater respect or love for than I." He ended by once again urging Károlyi to make the trip to America, on a common Octobrist basis, because in his opinion this was the last chance "to utilize the American world tribune." On Christmas Eve he appended a few sentimental lines as a postscript to the letter:

My heart is very heavy. I am afraid I shall lose you. This last letter has been a particularly savage blow. The winding up of the paper, the dilemma posed by your letter, the vile smear campaign that the Whites here are running against us, my mother's interrogation by the police—this whole uncertain life, this total rootlessness, this being torn apart from my children—I beseech you, whatever you may decide, that you too keep politics—loathsome, ignoble politics—separate from our personal relations. I could not go on living without your friendship.

They were a long way from even a political rupture, however. Károlyi replied promptly and affectionately, managing to save their friendship from a bust-up: "What is important is not that we make politics together but that we should never doubt one another's sincerity. That is the essence of our friendship," he wrote, reassuring Jászi that differences over more distant goals should not be an obstacle to collaboration in the present, but in any case he did not regard himself to be a Bolshevik: "I am a very left-wing revolutionary," he proclaimed. Jászi was glad to acknowledge that there was no rift between

them, and he hazarded the suggestion that what divided them was not socialism but Marxism:

Don't forget, Marxism is just one of the forms of socialism. I am just as much of a socialist as you are, but I consider Marxism to be a bloody *deadlock* [*sic*] which is wrecking the labor movement.

With this the new flurry in their ideological skirmishing again died down, at least temporarily, but Károlyi informed Jászi that, much as he would like to, he did not wish to travel to America for the time being. Despite that, Jászi still felt it to be his task to pave the way for Károlyi and make him better known as a figure. It was at this time that he acquired a copy of Károlyi's first (1924) set of memoirs, *Fighting the World: the Struggle for Peace*, on which he had played such a direct hand in encouraging him to write and helped him with the drafting. It was thus both moving and gratifying for him to thumb through it and then, with the help of József Szébenyei, a Hungarian American journalist, to compose a 5,000-word review of it for the *Current History Magazine*, the *New York Times*' monthly history supplement.

With varying success, then, Jászi carried on his campaign in the forums of America's intelligentsia by himself, or to be more accurate, in parallel with János Hock's propaganda to Hungarian American circles. The bulk of his talks were those designated as No. 4 and 5 on his list, on the subjects of 'The Present Crisis of European Marxism' and 'Tolstoy or Lenin?', while by mid-December a piece had appeared in *Foreign Affairs*, the then new but already prestigious periodical. This essay, under the title 'Dismembered Hungary and Peace in Central Europe,' was basically intended to explain to American readers what had happened in Hungary in recent decades, outlining all the factors that had created the poisonous atmosphere of national hatreds and mutual loathing in Central and Eastern Europe, which in turn had unduly favored the revival of military régimes and the emergence of dictatorships, whether Red or White. "The chief victim of the historical forces I have enumerated was my unhappy country," he stated, describing the unprecedented extent to which Hungary had been dismembered, and drawing attention to the roughly three million people in ethnic Magyar minorities who were now living in the new

successor states. As to a solution, a healing of the wounds—and this is the main point of the piece—he perceives two completely contradictory possibilities. The first way was peaceful and democratic: a democratization of domestic social and political conditions in Hungary, the establishment of free, multilateral economic and cultural links with the surrounding states and their Magyar populations, and the creation of a climate of trust that would make an equitable adjustment of the present frontiers possible—on the part of Czechoslovakia, for instance (for which the remarks that President Masaryk had made in his presence would be guarantee enough, in his view). The other way, which was the one on which the Horthy régime and the feudal oligarchy behind it had embarked, was a program of restoration of the Habsburgs, restitution of Hungary's former frontiers, and reimposition of Hungarian rule over the neighboring peoples, which meant a permanent threat of war in the region. The argumentation by which he underpinned the dual goal of the article—to present Horthy's Hungary as a threat to European peace and to contrast with that his own plan for a Danubian confederation as being the sole long-term possibility—was not entirely watertight as, for example, the danger of the Habsburgs returning to power had by then largely vanished, whereas the Little Entente countries were hardly behind the Hungarian government when it came to their nationalism and they showed no readiness to return any Magyar-inhabited areas voluntarily or to start actually paving the way for a Danubian confederation. Nevertheless, he made a powerful and convincing presentation of the idea and significance of that confederation to liberal American readers.

Publication of that article was preceded and followed by a protracted and interesting correspondence involving the editors of *Foreign Affairs* and diplomats on the part of both America and the Kingdom of Hungary. The idea of commissioning an article had come from the editor, Armstrong himself, in September, when he first met Jászi. Professor Archibald Coolidge, head of the Harvard University library and the periodical's managing editor, who in 1919, at the request of President Wilson had chaired a commission in Vienna and had got to know Jászi in Budapest, had been enthusiastic about the idea, based on the highly favorable impression that Jászi had made on him back then, and so he asked Jászi to provide a piece about Hungary. Mean-

while Coolidge had been sought out on Apponyi's behalf, but he saw neither the opportunity nor necessity for the Count to be invited to Harvard. However, in mid-November he had received a fulminating letter from William Castle of the State Department, a friend of Count László Széchenyi, the Hungarian minister to Washington, whom he had already sought to help by trying to prevent Jászi's entry into the USA in the first place, with Castle expressing amazement at the impression the professor had formed of Jászi:

I find myself unable to have much sympathy with a Hungarian who will come to this country paid by the Little Entente to stir up feeling against the present Hungarian Government... The man must have deteriorated, I think, since you knew him in Vienna.

He alleged that the Yugoslav embassy had been distributing invitations for Jászi's lectures in Washington, and that the audience had consisted purely of staff from the missions of the Little Entente (and his own observers).

Coolidge took alarm to a much greater degree than one might expect of an American professor. "Castle's letter gave me pretty cold feet about Jászi," he wrote to Armstrong, because whether Jászi was an agent of the Little Entente or not, just the fact that he was regarded as such urged caution. Armstrong, however, was angered more by Castle's improper one-sidedness. In the end, Coolidge was unwilling to reject the article at the last minute, so in early January he was at the receiving end of bitter reproaches from Count Széchenyi and a request that he urgently also run an article about Hungary by Apponyi as a counterweight. The professor declined that on the grounds that the American public would look on Apponyi's opinion as being official government propaganda, but he did offer to publish an article by a suitably eminent Hungarian politician—specifically Prime Minister Bethlen, if that were possible—at the end of the year. Meanwhile, also in early 1925 and blissfully unaware of any of this, Apponyi himself submitted to the periodical an article in response to Jászi's, claiming that the latter had not been simply an expression of individual opinion but was part of a methodical and persistent campaign that was aimed at hoodwinking the public abroad, and Apponyi

felt it was his duty to oppose the morbid views of this school of thought; he alone represented the ideals of peace and democracy in Hungary. Instead of publishing the manuscript, however, Armstrong sent it back to Count Széchenyi, who was thus forced to take note that the periodical was not going to let itself be used as a forum for disputes of that kind, though that did not stop him reiterating that, contrary to the editors' assertions, it was not Apponyi's response but the respected forum itself that was endowing the piece by the extraordinarily harmful Jászi with disproportionate significance.

Jászi was well aware which way the wind was blowing. In the first of his still extant letters to Hamilton Armstrong he actually named Castle as the person he presumes had been trying to make him out to be an agent of the Little Entente, based on false information supplied by the Hungarian embassy in Washington. He makes it clear that however many attacks he may have been subjected to in the past in gentry Hungary, his moral integrity had never been questioned, and he points out that in order to preserve his independence he had not accepted a professorial chair in Prague offered by President Masaryk himself. He therefore strongly insisted that he be told who had been the unsound source, which Armstrong naturally did not oblige him with, though he did pass on the letter, via professor Coolidge, to Castle himself, who in all probability handed it on to Ambassador Széchenyi. At the time, on December 10th, Széchenyi was writing up, or at least putting his signature to, a detailed report on 'Oszkár Jászi's Actions in America' that was sent back to Hungary.

In the introductory part of this a comparison is made of Apponyi and Jászi's lectures in Washington. Whereas the former, at Georgetown University, had been given to an audience of 600, and even the corridors were packed, Jászi's audience at the two smaller universities had been around 60 in total, including the 15–17 representatives from Little Entente countries and the three Hungarian observers whom he had ordered to attend. In Széchenyi's view, Jászi's talks did not present much of a danger, even though his tour had been arranged by highly influential people: "He is a poor speaker, due as much to his halting delivery as to his poor English." On the other hand, "A much more serious threat is presented by his articles, which unfortunately show a masterly touch, not just in the manner in which they are for-

culated but in terms of the burnishing of their English... Counter-acting Jászi's impact here is no easy task," the ambassador complains. "Nothing is more gratifying than to appear in front of the American public as a victim of political persecution and to appeal to America's traditional open-heartedness to such people." Nor was 'sponsorship' by the Little Entente damaging here, because pacifist circles had only dim notions of what the Little Entente was, and in their eyes "the very fact that Hungary's neighbors trusted him commended Jászi." Thus,

Neutralizing Jászi here, in effect, is nothing less than neutralizing the Little Entente, which even with the best will in the world can only be hoped for after years of effort. Naturally, I have not omitted any chances in personal conversations vis-à-vis newspaper publishers and university circles to characterize Jászi in suitable terms. Although Jászi may wormed his way into one or two of those circles, at least he has not managed to do this with government circles.

The Hungarian ambassador was sure that Jászi's efforts in regard to the loan would be equally unsuccessful because he did not understand the American businessman's mind:

With them business and emotions are kept under separate headings, and they will only extend credit to a strong government, not a weak one in the way Jászi suggests. Jászi could, however, be detrimental in respect of the saleability of loan bonds, at least in certain circles, but even those circles would not lose out on a good deal for the sake of emotions.

In Széchényi's opinion, Jászi's American visit had a useful side, in that it had brought the matter of Hungary up for discussion. He admits to having been surprised by some of the patriotic statements in the *Foreign Affairs* article, which he would not have expected from Jászi: "Their propagandistic value lies in the fact that they carry more weight for being framed in the context of ferocious attacks, and one can refer to the fact that even a Jászi is forced to admit them."

Jászi spent that Christmas and New Year sadly and solitarily in his room on 82nd Street. "I am very lonely," he wrote as the last entry in

his diary for 1923. "How long is my stateless condition going to last, I wonder?"

The year of 1924 started with extremely mixed experiences. On January 3rd, he delivered a talk to the New York Chamber of Commerce on 'Economic Federation in Central Europe to Avoid Future Wars.' He sensed an antipathy on the part of the Chamber's president, a certain Bush, but a warm response from the audience, giving him the feeling he had truly gone down well. It hit him badly the next day to find that the *New York Times* had merely mentioned his appearance at the Chamber, and even then only at the end of a long article about the controversy surrounding the building of a new Hudson Bridge. To make matters even worse, the organizers explained it on the grounds that his accent had made him incomprehensible to his listeners. ("After twenty lectures!" he noted indignantly in his diary, clearly suspecting political intrigue behind it, which was only strengthened by the knowledge that János Hock experienced something similar at the hands of the Catholic church.) It was brought home to him that he was also going to have to take greater care with his correspondence, because an émigré newspaper, the *Amerikai Magyar Népszava* (Voice of the American Hungarian People), tried to use a stolen letter against him.

On January 12th he set off on a long tour of the American continent under the aegis of the Institute of International Education, the head of which was Stephen Duggan. The first duty was to give a talk to the 400–500 female students of Vassar College in nearby Poughkeepsie, N.Y., then face some intelligent questioning at the College's Socialist Girls' Club. The next day he spoke to a big and interested audience at Ithaca, from where he traveled on to Buffalo, N.Y. Although he was taken out to see the Niagara Falls, the spectacle seems not to have made much of an impression on him. The next stop, two days later, was Oberlin College, just beyond Cleveland, Ohio, where he was warmly received by German-born Prof. Karl Geiser, who headed the Department of Political Science, and all six of the teaching staff with whom Jászi dined made an extremely good impression on him. He gave three talks at the College: one in Geiser's department on the problem of Central Europe; a second in Professor Miller's class on the subject of 'Tolstoy or Lenin?'; and then in the evening,

before a large audience, on the issue of a United States of Europe. Following this, Geiser offered him an assistant professorship, on an unofficial basis, at the college. In the diary, beyond the words of praise for the campus and the chapel, serving both academic and public purposes, there is no indication that Jászai entertained any suspicion of the part this quiet university small town was going to play in the rest of his life.

From Oberlin, he traveled on to the western end of Lake Erie, arriving in Detroit on January 20th in the middle of a very cold spell. After a talk given to a well-disposed audience of 200, who asked a lot of questions, there is a suggestion for the first time in the diary that maybe he had devoted too much time and energy to this—at least in relation to the measly \$25 fee that he was getting. (Prior to this there had been places where he had received the “surprisingly large amount” of \$75 for a lecture.) Even so, he was content and promised to return later on in order to give a talk to the Hungarians of Detroit as well. On the evening of January 22nd was a further note: “Lenin’s unexpected death due to a stroke. Tragic figure. The victorious tool of a revolution that was not his own.” He expanded on that in a letter that he wrote a bit later to Károlyi:

Lenin was a significant historical figure in my eyes too. Of course, I do not class him as one of the truly great men, because he was intellectually blind and made *l’art pour l’art* out of slaughter. A poor great man who thought he had made Communism, whereas what he was creating was peasant property and civil democracy.

That erroneous bit of wish-fulfillment was something he would correct, of course, during Stalin’s rule.

The last week of January was spent in Chicago, a city that fascinated Jászai even more than New York. Here he also finally encountered some like-minded democrats of Hungarian descent among Republican leaders of one of the local universities, including István Fáy and a Dr. Baróthy, son of a colonel who had emigrated from Hungary after the defeat in the 1848–49 War of Independence, and he was disturbed to discover that the local socialists (led by Sándor Vince) wished to oust Fáy, who had come from a noble background and was

even related to the Horthy family, from his position as president: "The same intolerance that also distorted our October revolution," he noted for himself. With help from János Hock, he managed to restore confidence within Chicago's Hungarian community, and their assembly of some 500, which Jászi also addressed, did not display its customary division into Horthyists and Communists but a solidarity of the democratic elements. In February, the "agitation" that Hock and Jászi had been conducting in that area was the subject of a special report by the Hungarian consulate in Chicago, which the embassy in Washington forwarded to Budapest. Surveillance, in other words, was effectively continuous.

University circles also embraced Jászi with interest, while the Council on Foreign Relations put on a dinner in his honor and invited him to deliver a talk at some later date. On January 28th, Jászi and Hock were met off the train at St Louis by a group of 20 Hungarians, among whom was a long-standing friend, the chemist Mihály Somogyi, younger brother of Béla, a socialist newspaper editor who had been murdered in Budapest. The following day, with journalists present, he gave a lecture to 500 people at Washington University and, so he felt, dealt effectively with the questions raised at the end. By this point, a growing number of new invitations were coming in to ever more distant parts of the country, including Iowa, the University of Oregon and even California. Springville, Utah proved atypical, for here the lecturer from distant parts was awaited by 40–50 elderly farmers, and he ended up declining the fee they were supposed to get together. This was followed by Ames and Lincoln in Nebraska, where another manifestation of the Kossuth-era emigration turned up in the form of a descendant of the Hungarians of the former colony of New Buda, which had been founded by a certain László Ujházi. Next, after passing through Denver, he arrived at the University of Colorado in imposingly situated Boulder, the campus of which he found the most attractive of all those seen hitherto. Among other things, he gave a talk to a large, interested and amicable audience of the local Freemasons, although he sensed that their dogmatism and formality were alien to him. The next stops were Fort Collins, Colorado, and Salt Lake City, where he was given a particularly warm welcome and got a chance to see the various Mormon memorials and the city's splendid

setting. His itinerary then took him southward, with a 24-hour train journey taking him from the Rocky Mountains to California's world of citrus groves. Before a select and attentive audience at the Claremont Historic Club, he analyzed the situation in Central Europe, and he gave a separate lecture to students the next day. The diary preserves his rapturous notes about a drive his hosts had taken him by car to see the country around Riverside. A final evening spent with the university teaching staff, however, upset him with the naïve well-meaningness of their questions about his "nationality and descent," and he "did not have the courage to give a categorical answer as that would have harmed the cause." The old problem of his unwilling acceptance of his Jewish origin therefore caught up with him even as far away as America's West Coast.

The next day, though, when János Hock and some of his Hungarian friends welcomed him at the station in Los Angeles, he found himself irritated by "the usual Hungarian Jewish crowd." Even though feeling poorly, due to a bout of bronchitis, Jászi enjoyed a trip to Pasadena, and started feeling a lot better after he had tried a bottle of 'Coca Cola,' a then new but heavily advertised beverage (this was a nostrum that he was to resort to more than a few times later on as well). All the same, on the evidence of the diary and its incoherent handwriting, on this Californian segment of his trip he was tottering on the brink of breakdown, struggling at times with psychological disturbances, and it was only with the greatest effort that he was able to pull himself together to stick to the succession of scheduled lectures and conferences. In the meantime, there would be meetings with university teachers and Hungarian acquaintances, who would take him on sightseeing tours of town and countryside, while his nights were none too restful either, indeed often a torment due to his permanent nervous tension or the noise outside, to which it seems he reacted with a pathological sensitivity. During the evenings he would write letters or postcards to his loved ones, with telegrams for the birthdays of his mother and younger son. He could not have known, of course, that András would later be living and eventually ending his life in this particular part of the world.

The highlight of the one-week stay in Los Angeles—on his forty-ninth birthday, March 2nd, as it happened—was a talk given to a Hun-

garian conference in which he reviewed the consequences and lessons of the war and the 1918–19 revolutions, along with the current situation in Hungary and Central Europe. A heated debate arose following subsequent remarks by a Communist, which were given short shrift by János Hock. The next day, Jászi traveled on to San Francisco, where he stayed only one day, though it seems he made good use of that to discover the “wonderful city” and its surroundings. It was a tonic to him after “strident and dirty” Los Angeles, but continuing northward he was able to enjoy the air of the northwestern hill country after California’s moist climate. Nevertheless, it was in Eugene, Oregon, that he suffered an attack that he dared give an account of only to Recha: while on the train his consciousness and memory simply deserted him, leaving him not knowing where he was or where he was going. The train’s conductor came to his assistance by having the good sense to ask a group of professor types who were at the station whether they happened to be waiting for a foreign guest off the train, and “handing over” Jászi, who quickly recovered. His first talk at Reed College, to some twenty of the teaching staff, was about the Central European position, but this was followed by two lectures to large student audiences, one in the morning, on Red and White Bolshevism, the other in the afternoon, on the crisis of Marxism. Seattle, Washington, still further to the north, marked the last stop and lecture on the West coast, in an auditorium with a capacity of 2,500, after which he set off eastward from Portland. He traveled three days by train to St Louis, where Mihály Somogyi’s hospitality gave him some chance to recover.

After this, there remained only a few of the engagements he had agreed to undertake: talks at the University of Illinois in Urbana, the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, and at the Cosmopolitan Club and two Hungarian gatherings in St Louis itself. At the first of those last two, delivered on March 15th, the anniversary of Hungary’s revolution of 1848, at a dinner given by the Hungarian Republican Party, he compared that 1848 revolution with the “aborted” 1918 revolution and the severe consequences that had attended their failure. He closed with some words about Károlyi’s “will and testament,” quoting Ady bitter short poem “The Magyar Messiahs”: “A thousand times they perish, / Unblest their crucifixion.” The

next day he paid a visit to nearby Granite City for the March celebrations of a Hungarian community there which, for the most part, had emigrated from Károlyi family estates in Heves County, in north-eastern Hungary. "It was a splendid assembly that moved one to tears," he wrote to Károlyi, "I would have given a lot for you to have had the chance to experience the faith, affection and trust that your former 'serfs' show for you." Over the ensuing days, St Louis was used as a center to reach the venues for the remaining talks as his thoughts began turning to the trip home:

"My lecture tour is coming to an end," the same letter notes:

I have delivered close to 40 talks while I have been here in America. I have reason to be satisfied with the moral success; the financial success, though, is minimal, as my modest income has been largely consumed by the substantial travel expenses. I am also in poor shape as far as my health goes. The overwork and 3 months of strain traveling between the two Oceans have been shattering. On top of that, a great deal of upsets, culminating in the news that I received today: poor Madzsar has tried to commit suicide in Üszküb [Skopje, Macedonia]. Fortunately, he was saved, but you can imagine the situation of my Mother and Sister, and my own mental state.

In the draft of the memoirs that he wrote three decades later, Jászi devoted a number of important jottings this lecture tour and the first American trip in general:

The State Department did not consider it worth a single good word. The hand of the Hungarian embassy evident everywhere. Cases of backing down... The enmities in Hungarian organizations... The influence of American university life; a totally new world. Main obstacles: lack of money and the deficiencies of my English. My organic inability to seek out and sustain contacts. My great honesty also hurt. 'I was and have remained a walking daydreamer.'

The last stop of the tour was Baltimore, where he spoke about Europe to a select university audience and met several Hungarian scholarship students, who appeared to agree with him that it was not

telling the truth that was rewarded back home, more Apponyi-style self-delusion. On his rest-day the next day, he visited two wealthy elderly Jewish ladies whose home housed a veritable museum of modern art, so that he spent hours among the paintings by Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso. He also attended a Neolog Jewish service, though he was “left completely unmoved” by it. On March 29th he got back to New York, and he spent a happy day on Long Island at John Bíró’s new home, where he also had the opportunity to see Louis Bíró and catch up on the latest news from Hungary: the régime was continuing to consolidate and it was going to stay; the British had promised that Sir Thomas Hohler, Horthy’s friend and faithful backer, would be recalled from his post as ambassador in Budapest; Louis Bíró was thinking of going back to Hungary, whereas Szende intended to settle in Paris.

He delivered a scattering of lectures at nearby universities, and also traveled for a few days to Boston on being invited by Professor Felix Frankfurter, “dean of progressive jurisprudence in America,” who was to prove an important and lasting link later on as well. For the occasion, Jászi worked out an eight-point series of questions relating to the chances for liberalism and conservatism in Europe and America, which he also discussed with the 90-year-old educationalist Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, whose optimistic answers in regard to America he found very reassuring. He was not so lucky with a third visit, this one on Professor Coolidge, the managing editor of *Foreign Affairs*, with whom Jászi wanted to clarify certain events during 1919, when Coolidge had been in Budapest to study, at President Woodrow Wilson’s request, the countries of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Despite having arranged a meeting, he was nowhere to be found, maybe wishing to avoid drawing down upon his head the wrath of the State Department and of Hungary’s royal ambassador.

Back in New York, several more important meetings were arranged. One was with the journalist Walter Lippmann, whom he was relieved to establish held virtually identical views on liberalism and socialism as himself and who promised that he would help him with getting his articles placed in the American press. His last days were taken up most of all by preparing the way for a lecture tour that was

to be undertaken by Károlyi's wife, Catherine (Károlyi himself having given up traveling for the time being) and also taking leave from his friends and supporters in New York. It had turned out that the editors of *The Nation* and *The New Republican* were seriously counting on further pieces from him and long-lasting collaboration, with explicit agreements forthcoming in both cases. A proposal to throw a farewell party also crops up in the diary, though it may not have actually taken place. By then, his attention was more on getting back to Europe, increasingly pining for 'home,' even though he could not truly put any trust on the future. One indication of his state of mind was a letter that he sent 'ahead' to Vienna to report on his trip to the Hungarian exile community there. Since the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* no longer existed, he wrote to Ferenc Göndör for the periodical *Az Ember* (Man):

I have been round the whole of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. I delivered more than fifty lectures and speeches in English, and I feel my work was not in vain. Now, 'weakened but not broken,' I am getting ready for the return trip, if not to get back 'home'—that, sadly, is still a long way off. Shall we live to see that, I wonder? How awful it is that the infernal medieval Hungarian island poisons not just the 'ancestral home' but the 'new' one too. I am constantly having to steer between the Scylla of Horthyism and the Charybdis of Bolshevism as I row the October skiff. It has not broken up, fortunately; indeed, I dare say it is in better condition than it ever was.

Although in the diary he thanks his lucky stars that the trip had turned out well in the end, he was nevertheless in rather a poor mental and nervous state by the time he boarded the *SS Albania* on April 26th. He was longing for solitude and rest after the deadly tiring months of travel, and he was delighted to discover that, unlike on the outgoing voyage, the ship was clean, the passengers civilized, and he had a cabin to himself. Though sea-sickness was still a problem, he still managed to compose an essay entitled 'Education against War' for a competition being run by the International Education Association (it seems he did not win this). After docking at Cherbourg, he traveled on to England, being met by Károlyi at the station in London on May 7th. He stayed three days with the Károlyis, which gave them

the chance to talk over everything that had happened during the year and a half since their last meeting, in Dubrovnik. Jászi remarked in his diary that the couple had changed for the better, being extraordinary kind and accommodating toward him but, not wishing to be a further burden on them in their small flat in St George's Square, Westminster, he moved into a modest hotel.

The remaining time in London was packed with important meetings. He had tea with Prof. Harold Laski, the chief ideologue of the Labour Party, and Gregory, whom he was not personally acquainted with before but found immediately to be of like mind. More important than that, though, was his regular, almost daily contact with Seton-Watson and with Wickham Steed, *The Times* of London's long-standing correspondent in Vienna, which allowed thorough discussion of the position in Hungary and the whole of eastern Europe. With their help, he wrote and was able to get *The Times* to publish 'An Ex-Minister's Reply' to an inordinately pro-Horthyist article by Sir William Goode, a diplomat who had been part of the British delegation at the Paris Peace Conference and had visited Hungary in connection with the League of Nations loan facility. In this Jászi pointed out the profoundly antidemocratic features of Hungary's franchise, the denial of political rights to landless peasants, the corrupt electoral practices, the political manipulation of court verdicts and political prisoners, and the dangers of a revanchist war being launched. It was in Seton-Watson's house that Jászi was also given an opportunity to acquaint a select gathering of some thirty people with what his 'project' was. Recognizing the importance of the occasion, he devoted a whole day to preparing for it, assembling his text from 'the very best' of the American lectures. According to a surviving copy, this started with an analysis of the cause of the world war, went on to the revolution ("October was killed by over-revolution"!) and the causes of its downfall, the longer-term impacts of the war, present conditions in Hungary and the position of the Hungarian exile community. He again chose Ady's 'The Magyar Messiahs' as his final word. Afterwards he felt that "my address made a deep impression," as was indeed confirmed Károlyi, who had also been present, and in his diary he considered this had brought the entire lecture tour—his "mission" as he very characteristically persisted in calling it—to a true close.

On March 16th, he traveled with the Károlyis to Paris—the site of the Peace Conference to which they had not been invited five years before. It was now the Hungarian embassy what strove to prevent Károlyi from entering France (for a second time from London), supposedly at the invitation of the triumphant Radical Party (whose leader, Édouard Herriot, was now prime minister) and the socialists, who were looking to break from Poincaré's policy of invariably supporting reactionary forces in the countries that had been defeated in the world war. One day later, Pál Szende joined them, so the three of them made long walks. Jászi hugely enjoyed this time in a city he was very fond of but had not seen since he was a young man, in 1905, and albeit less clean, was a great deal livelier than London, so he found. Along with Károlyi, he met Prof. Louis Eisenmann, a historian of Slavonic culture, who was of Hungarian extraction but already, in Jászi's opinion, a fully fledged French chauvinist, and the sociologist Céléstin Bouglé, a lecturer at and later director of the École Normale, who assured them that imperialistic tendencies were alien to the French. The diary throws no light on whether this meeting might have had any purposes beyond an exchange of views over dinner, but it leaves a distinct impression that the conversation did nothing to boost Jászi's trust of the French; it seems he was more confident about gaining support from Seton-Watson's circle than from Eisenmann's. The day after that, Jászi traveled to Lens in order to attend an assembly of 600–700 immigrant mineworkers who were mostly from the Hungarian town of Tata, finding them to be enthusiastic supporters for the October revolution and Károlyi who, as far as he could tell, had not yet been infected by Communist propaganda.

On March 20th Károlyi and Szende saw him off from the Gare de l'Est in Paris, from which he traveled on with his book-laden trunks to Salzburg, where he met Recha, though even her delight over seeing him again was unable to dispel his bad mood and worries. The trip to America, it seems, had ultimately only reinforced his sense of hopelessness, both politically and personally. Being politically active as an émigré was something that, in practice, he could not contemplate continuing, but he could not count on securing a job as a sociologist, he wrote in his diary before returning to Vienna: "My health is broken. Morally and physically I am in the most delicate position possible."

Back in Vienna

This is the title Jászi himself chose for the chapter in his planned memoirs that would have covered the period following his trip to America, and arguably it is indeed the one that best expresses that it concerned a transitional period—albeit the last one—in his life, a transition between Europe and America. On getting back to Vienna, he quickly discerned that with the *Bécsi Magyar Újság* having folded there was nothing truly for him to do. The greater part of the Hungarian exile community in the city had scattered to all points of the globe, with most of those who had stayed leading a rather miserable, vegetative existence. The demand for journalistic work in Hungarian dried up completely in 1924, leaving only the occasional piece of writing—anonymous—for the *Világ* newspaper in Budapest.

The bulk of the first few weeks after “returning home” were not in fact spent in Vienna itself, but further up the Danube in Mauer, just outside Melk, in Anna Lesznai’s house, mostly playing with his sons and taking them on walks around the district or excursions to Lainz zoo, though they also had some serious matters to talk over, since Anna’s mother, Mrs Géza Moscovitz—Grandma Hermin—who had always looked after them when their mother was otherwise occupied, was on her deathbed in the house. It fell to Jászi to acquaint the boys with the idea of death, and meanwhile also to comfort and support Máli when her mother died and help with the arrangements to have her buried in the family vault in Budapest. Establishing a new framework for their lives, and for the boys’ upbringing in particular, was a constant topic of conversation for the two of them at this time, with

Jászi taking the latter aspect far too seriously to entrust it to Máli alone, even though it was she who had the financial security. With himself having been left no source of income in Vienna, academic or political, the idea of emigrating permanently to America came increasingly to look like the only solution—initially, perhaps, on his own but later the whole family, or at least the boys, though of course Máli was averse to that. It was at this point that Jászi even received from professor Geiser a letter of invitation to take up a post at Oberlin College. It was thus with a sense of profound dejection and feeling trapped that he wrote in English in his diary: “Where there is a will there is a way.” A few days later, though, he had reverted to Hungarian: “because if I am tired when I write the entries all the nuances and colors are lost in the English text.”

The summer of 1924 was a period of half-hearted attempts in various directions. Rudolf Goldscheid raised the idea of holding a conference of Hungarian émigrés in Paris, but Ernő Garami was pessimistic and a few days later came out definitely against the plan. At the end of July, Jászi put together a long letter to Stephen Duggan, president of the Institute of International Education in New York, who had been instrumental in organizing and backing the American lecture tour. He reported that the news of Hungary’s “pseudo-reconstruction” being backed by international capital since he had got back to Europe had convinced him that he could not contemplate returning there for the foreseeable future, whereas his situation in Vienna was such as to offer no opportunity of continuing his academic work, the only way out that he could see was to undertake teaching duties in the United States. He therefore asked Duggan to support his applications to gain a post as an assistant professor or lecturer at some university or college, with copies of the letter being sent to Armstrong, Frankfurter and Caldwell, among others. According to the diary, he was also at this time developing a plan to set up a study committee to probe into “the experiment in the Soviet Union.” (This signal, indeed pioneering idea was one that he would raise repeatedly, always failing to attract a response or backing, even though he would rightly refer to it later on, at a time when much money and energy were being invested into conquering the barren summit of Mount Everest: many years had still to go by before a need was real-

ized to set up a string of university chairs and institutions devoted to the arts of 'Kremlinology.')

Máli's frequent "rages" or hysterical outbreaks were also spurring "me to escape to America," he wrote in his diary, but he was still not quite sure that he would be capable of taking the plunge. After a week intended for resting, which he spent with Recha in Villach and the surrounding countryside, he was again noting, "I see no way out, no solution. Maybe never before have I felt so hopeless and at such a loss." There is no denying that in his diary he had never been so concerned with his own physical and psychological state as then. Admittedly, there were tangible grounds for that, insofar as tests had established that he was suffering from the onset of diabetes; but the real cause of his rancor was the preclusion of the activity that he had hitherto considered as providing his life with its meaning and mission. At the very end of July, he traveled to Hrušov, where, apart from a few days' break in Prague, he spent the rest of the summer. The politician was already starting to change into a private person—for the time being an émigré who has missed his way. In going to Prague this time it was not to see either Masaryk or Beneš, but to meet three American professors—Geiser and Miller from Oberlin, and Charles Merriam from Chicago—over the matter of an invitation that through professor Miller, who was of Czech descent, would have the support of Masaryk's entourage. He knew that the lecture he had delivered in Oberlin had made a favorable impression on the college's teaching staff and students, and they would be glad to see him as a professor there—a post to which the *Current History Magazine* had already more than a bit prematurely 'appointed' him.

From his acquaintances in Prague he gained a "ghastly picture" or the social reorganization that was taking place in the successor states:

Billions misappropriated and the emergence of a new aristocracy. Poor, downtrodden Slovak lawyers are turning into millionaires and ministers; Ruszinszko [i.e. Subcarpathia] is just as barbaric and exploited as ever; the Schönborn manor has been acquired by a big French financial group. The school of capitalism is coming to take feudalism's place. And those of us who struggled disinterestedly for principled objectives and who rep-

resent the highest democracy and international standard in the Danubian Basin have to wander around with a beggar's staff without sufficient financial basis to be able to pursue the most modest scholarly life. A person who does not believe in supernatural dispensations and missions can be overcome with despair by the ruins of his life.

This accumulation of bitterness may well have given rise to the astonishing idea that struck him a few days later: "It occurred to me: what if I were to go home and face the court? That might shake up the country, and it would be a good finale to October." In his diary he deliberates over whether he would have enough strength to start a new life in America, or might it not be better "to perish on the soil out of which I grew up, and to manure that"? Two counter-arguments come to mind that he mentions: for one thing, the "experiment" would be a dreadful ordeal for his mother, but for another, he was not sure if his "backbone would be up to carrying the burden." Nevertheless, the idea continued to haunt him for a while. The weeks at Hrušov were also filled with grim anxiety, not merely on account of his personal fate but also the uncertainty of the position of Máli's property and wealth, and thereby of their sons' future too. "Conditions in Körtvélyes are dire," he wrote to Károlyi from the place:

Letting is forbidden. Máli and her family have been living out of debts for two years. The farm buildings are falling down; a typical lord's *Wirtschaft* [farm]. The expropriation of the property has been ordered... These were the circumstances under which I have taken all steps to obtain a chair in America.

He was somewhat reassured by the fact that his mother was with them at Hrušov, but in her too it was decline and passing away that he perceived instead of the previous firm point. Meanwhile, however, he took pleasure in excursions with the boys, in walks along the banks of the Ondava and theatrical games that they would make up for themselves, as well as in conversations with this mother, which still provided a unifying frame for his life:

In the evening I took a stroll in the garden with Mama, and we sat on the pretty hillock with the view and talked about Father,

Viktor, the past and the uncertain future. It was very painful and sad,

he noted in the diary.

In mid-August he and his sons attended the opening of a new votive church in the nearby village of Dlhé Klčovo, where local superstition had it that the Virgin Mary had appeared and accomplished miracles. The religious rapture of the crowd made such a deep impression on Jászi, as a sociologist, that he decided to study and record the myth of this “new Lourdes.” Over the succeeding months he did indeed set to work on the subject, writing a paper first in Hungarian for the magazine *Korunk* (Our Era) of Cluj-Kolozsvár, then himself translating it to English for the *Slavonic Review* (‘How a New Lourdes Arises’) and to German for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*. A popularized version also appeared in the *Kansas City Star*, in early 1926, under the title ‘The Day of Miracles Is Not Past. How Our Lady of Lourdes Migrated to Kolcove.’ This was the first piece on a non-political subject that he had produced in a very long time.

It had been his grasp of, and the serious consideration that he gave to, the phenomenon and social significance of religion that set Jászi’s thinking favorably apart, almost from the very outset, from most other representative figures of his generation. He starts off this paper too with the observation that religion, which eighteenth-century Enlightenment philosophy had wished to banish to the museum, had for a good while been occupying the intellectual élite and also the masses. He had been observing the scholarly and literary manifestations of this for years, he writes, but he had never before had an opportunity to study the popular mind. Now a direct opportunity to do so had presented itself in a little Slovak village near the Hungarian border which had been feverishly living under the spell of a miracle since December 1922, when the Virgin Mary had appeared to Anna Saffa, a 53-year-old peasant woman, and announced that she was moving from Lourdes, where people had become wicked in their ways and unbelievers, to take up residence in Dlhé Klčovo, among good, God-fearing people. This announcement had been accompanied by a variety of miraculous occurrences, after which pilgrims had started arriving in the community from as far as three days’ travelling

distance away, and a collection launched to build a new church had accrued 7,000–8,000 Korona.

What principally interested Jászi, naturally, were the motives that had prompted the movement and the reactions against it, from church and society at large, because by then it was discernible that most of both the Roman and Greek Catholic hierarchy was hostile, whereas educated people saw in the whole thing only hysteria and efforts to make pecuniary gain. Yet “the people here are passionately fighting against the Churches for the miraculous truth,” he wrote, adding that the mystical and transcendental realms of the imagination belong to one of the most deeply imbedded strata of human nature. The social reality of the phenomena was indisputable, but why were they appearing precisely now, and what need were they satisfying? The war and revolutions had unleashed acute religious emotions, given that this had been a time of hunger, darkness and mental shocks; equally, modern culture had barely grazed the consciousness of these people (the last Hungarian survey in the area in question had indicated that half the population were illiterate). The old miracles were no longer sufficient, whereas new miracles represented a hope of change, active intervention by the celestial power in earthly troubles. As Jászi saw it, a general lack of confidence was being shown toward the materialist culture of the modern world; in the end, though, Jászi’s sociologist self could not resist the politician showing himself: “With Mr Zinoviev’s wonder-working coming to nothing people are starting to go back to supernatural miracles.”

On September 10th, he took his leave of the family and, with a short stop-off in Košice, traveled back to Vienna. During the last days at Hrušov Máli had offered, indeed tried hard to persuade, Jászi to spend the winter there, but he had declined, partly on account of Recha but also because he did not like the idea of being ‘kept’: “Either I find a feasible means of making a livelihood or I’ll perish,” he commented despairingly in his diary. In Vienna he had a job working on documents in the Imperial court archives, mainly arranging Archduke Albrecht’s confidential reports for publication, and also putting together the “Lourdes article,” on which, for the first time, he used a newly purchased typewriter (he had to obtain special keys for the Hungarian ‘long’ vowels). Although there was a marked fall-off in the

attention he gave to émigré affairs, he still considered that he had a duty to defend the reason for the existence and the basic goals of the emigration. At the end of September, he received an important letter from Seton-Watson, who—at his request, regretting the need but sympathetically complying—had sent letters of recommendation to a variety of figures in America but also declared that he did not feel able to fight for the exile community's policy if the Hungarian émigrés themselves were incapable of gaining acceptance for it by the British Labour Party or the French Radical Party. By way of a reply, Jászi reminded him that British public opinion, unlike the 'fanatical' and 'blind' emigration, appeared to give credence uncritically to the "new English gentleman types" like Sir William Goode. Nevertheless, he was obliged to sense that the Scot, who had always been well-disposed toward them, was not warning them for no reason that, in terms of its efficacy, their international activity, especially in Britain, could not compete with Prime Minister Bethlen's contacts and foreign policy.

In the autumn of 1924, contact with Károlyi also showed signs of life after a long period of silence had begun to be disquieting. A letter from Károlyi in early September informed Jászi that while cycling he had suffered an accident in which he had fractured his hip, which would keep him bedridden for a substantial time. Meanwhile his wife had finally been granted an American visa, so she was preparing to embark on her lecture tour there. Even in that condition, he was thinking of Jászi and urged him to quit Vienna:

Don't fritter your life away, dear Oszkár, you have already done enough for the emigration; now is the time to think of yourself. In the midst of the stabbing pains, I often think of you and your big, noble heart, so much do I feel that you are one of the half dozen people whom I truly love very much: my wife, my three children, my elder sister and you—and after that the Flood.

Moved by that, Jászi replied in similar style, saying that if it had been up to him, he would have set off immediately to see his friend, who had suffered more than anyone else during the past years,

But even shattered, sick and poor as you are, your example shines out afar... I too am one of those who would have collapsed long ago on our steep and lonely path had we not constantly felt the noble warm light of your personality.

In the weeks that ensued, he too did all he could to fix Mrs. Károlyi up for her trip, assembling names and addresses into a veritable *Who's Who*, renewing and mobilizing his own acquaintances. The tour in fact got off to a good start, and after a few weeks Mrs. Károlyi had the idea of asking Jászi, as her husband's best friend, to spend a few weeks in London in order to alleviate Károlyi's loneliness and sadness. Knowing that Jászi's finances were shaky, she offered, with aristocratic magnanimity, to cover the \$250 travel expenses, though since she herself did not have any money either, she had asked their mutual friend, Caldwell, to provide Jászi with an advance until she had been able to earn and send the balance from the proceeds of her tour.

On the night of December 6th, then, Jászi set off for Paris. He spent the next night at the Bölöni's home in the rue St Placide before making the crossing the next morning to London. There the taxi he hired was unable to find the Károlyis' address due to a thick fog, forcing him to find a hotel for the night. Although he found his way the following day, the lingering damp and dense fog hung heavily on their mood as well as greatly limiting their ability to move around and get in contact with people. Their conversations, as far as one can tell, revolved around big theoretical issues rather than current political subjects. One evening, they dined at the 1917 Club, after which Jászi was of the opinion that his words had maybe had some effect, after all, though a few days later Károlyi had come to a more realistic and sober assessment. Károlyi sketched that same evening to his wife:

We had a meal with a young Russian whom I knew to be a Menshevik. When Jászi tried to get the Russian to tell us how dreadful conditions are in Russia, however, the little Menshevik took the Soviet side very strongly. Jászi said that the big Russian newspaper, *Izvestiya*, was of no interest, was it, because it was full of lies, to which the Russian retorted that there was no European daily paper of its high quality. I didn't say a word, just put on weight. Jászi is still at the stage where he thinks the Bol-

shies are racing around with swords clamped between their teeth, murdering and raising fires.

Meanwhile Jászi had the feeling that he was unable to draw Károlyi away from the Russian “mirage” even though he did not consider him to be a true Communist.

The previous evening, at the same club, Jászi had met up again with an old friend and former co-editor whom he had not seen in a long time: Péter Ágoston, a socialist professor of law, who had languished in prison in Hungary for two and a half years after 1919, due to his involvement in the Commune (he had been a people’s commissar for foreign affairs and later foreign minister), and then, through an exchange of prisoners, had been sent to the Soviet Union, whence—being seriously ill—he had been able to secure his release to reach Western Europe. Jászi was shaken by the broken figure of this once-celebrated leader of progressive students in Nagyvárad (Oradea, Romania). Ágoston in fact died the following year, and in the obituary that he wrote Jászi tellingly set his friend’s tragic Eastern European fate against the spot that supplied the backdrop to their last conversation:

Weary, ill and unknown, [Ágoston] must have felt very out of place in that pink, Bolshevizing club, in the company of short-haired young women and long-haired young men. Because all the problems that these ladies and gentlemen philosophized and flirted about with such witty ease—surrounded by every capitalist protection and comfort of the metropolis—our friend was not just familiar with and had not just learned from books of socialist literature, but he had also suffered them all, every last one, at first hand, through his own brain and nervous system.

On this occasion, Károlyi was not in the least pleased about Jászi’s visit, even making heavy reproaches to his wife and informing her that he was seeking to send the admirable Jászi packing from London just as soon as he could. As his friend too noticed, Károlyi was in worse mental than physical shape. Even as Jászi was exhorting him, his thoughts were with his wife on tour in America, with whom he would sometimes exchange several letters a day. The encounter could

not be said to be a success, then; the friendship had passed into a phase in which it benefited more from distance than first-hand contact. And Károlyi did indeed unload Jászi off onto Paris—if not after three days, as he wrote to his wife, then certainly by the end of the first week—on the pretext of wanting to find out what was happening in his trial in Budapest. But it was precisely at this moment that news came through that the Supreme Court had upheld the verdicts of the lower court and the court of appeal, which made Károlyi's conviction for treason, and hence the expropriation of his properties, legally valid. This not merely incensed Jászi, it also prompted him to vigorous self-criticism: "This crime could not have occurred with more intelligent, better-planned, more honest work," he wrote to Károlyi. "I have hardly been able to take a look around Paris, yet I am still surprised at how many noble and loyal friends our cause—and above all you personally—can count on here!"

After the disappointments in England, he saw a firmer support in France after all.

The Christmas period was spent with the family in Mauer. Lajos Kunffy and his wife were with relatives in Vienna at the same time, and although the suggestion that they meet came from himself, Jászi notes brutally in his diary: "Ella has grown old." He spent an affectionate and poignant evening with the couple. The following day he received a letter from professor Geiser of Oberlin with the idea that for the first year of an appointment, before the College could pay a salary, he and his colleagues would club together to pay Jászi's fees. A few days later, he was already reporting on a first round of voting among his colleagues over whether Jászi might be invited to take up a post, with the result 9:2 in his favor, and the two negative ones being against solely on financial grounds. That meant that in effect he now had to make up his mind: "*Dilemma ante portas!*" Events picked up speed, the matter had now begun to be in earnest. On February 10th, Jászi asked Geiser to be allowed to delay making a final decision, but two days later a communication from the professor notified him that the staff had reached a final decision to invite him, and by a flatteringly unanimous secret ballot at that, which had been borne out by the references the president of the College had sought from American subject specialists.

One of the most attractive aspects of Geiser's offer letter for Jászi was that he would have three months' vacation annually. Was there anything that could compete with that? If he were to stay in Vienna, he would have to make a living from writing and publishing articles, but he was becoming increasingly averse to that; indeed, for quite a while he had been distressed at the idea that he might be compelled to earn a living writing about the sorts of things that he took no pleasure in. Yet here too a solution had come about that was to his liking. After preliminary negotiations, his former newspaper, *Világ* of Budapest, had accepted an offer from him to write a regular weekly column on cultural and popular scientific topics for the sum of five million crowns per month (or "900 dollars," as he noted, as an indication of the annual total). That would have provided for his existence, and moreover through decent "improving" work. "I am happy to have the chance to renew contact with my old public," he wrote.

A series entitled '*Great Problems*' was launched on January 6th, 1925, with an article on 'The Russian Sphinx', and up till September a further thirty pieces were to follow, to be succeeded from October—the time Jászi arrived out there—by an 'American Letters' series that continued into 1926. The titles embrace everything from sweepingly broad topics—'From Plato to Bentham: Two Millennia of Political Thinking,' 'The Crisis of the British Empire,' 'Antifeminist Feminism,' 'Is Liberalism Dying?' 'The Socialist Picture of the Future State,' 'The American Mind,' 'The New Europe'—to pieces marking anniversaries of the likes of Proudhon, Ferdinand Lassalle, Bakunin, Bertrand Russell, and others, giving it a most impressive span. The articles appeared without any by-line, but readers may possibly have recognized the style, the lines of argument based on solid principles and the bold historical sweep, for in late February he was told by a young Imre Kinszki, a former co-worker on *Huszadik Század*, that the articles were widely read and the identity of their author was common knowledge. That meant Jászi really had regained, and was able to speak again to, his old public, even if not about current politics, and he was particularly glad that his mother was now also able to read his writings and derive the benefit of the income he made from them. In addition to the column, the newspaper also regularly published selections from Jászi's collection of aphorisms. All these sources of in-

come vanished in 1926, however, when the Bethlen government quietly pulled the plugs on *Világ* over the role that the newspaper played in bringing the French Franc Forgery scandal to light during that year.

The year 1925 therefore started more encouragingly than the previous one had, and that included Jászi's health too, in that tests made in early January indicated the diabetes was taking a milder course, so he could somewhat relax the strict diet he had been on. He spent two days in Bratislava, on the invitation of the local Social Democrats there, delivering a talk on the role of violence in social development to a big and enthusiastic audience. Just a few days later, the subject of the talk was to come back to haunt him from his earlier life, when János Török, a Uniate bishop who had led a rather adventurous life, told him that Béla Linder had worked out a plan for an armed coup against Horthy that had support from Momčilo Ninčić, Yugoslavia's ex-minister of foreign affairs. Linder himself subsequently let him in on the plan, which he wanted to present to Beneš, but Jászi told him that he rejected armed action, being unwilling to accept as means of pressure anything other than the support of domestic republican elements and groups, the political organization of the exile community, and the launching of a weekly paper.

Having Linder running round like a loose cannon preyed on Jászi's mind, so in February he traveled to Prague to make sure Beneš was aware that he had nothing to do with Linder: they were going separate ways. Beneš simply commented, "*Cela me suffit.*" The other aim of the visit was to prompt some international movement on Károlyi's case, and President Masaryk, as well as Beneš, promised he would do everything he could—by putting in words with the French and British governments—to seek to have the Hungarian court verdict invalidated or reviewed. It seems from the diary that Masaryk received him very warmly on this farewell visit, also promising to allow the *Világ* to be imported and sold on Czechoslovak territory. He asked who, in the ethnic Hungarian community, might be asked to organize a Hungarian high school—a post for which Jászi recommended István Maléter. Finally, in a purely private capacity, Masaryk offered whatever financial support Jászi might need to start his career in America, an offer that he politely turned down, of course, but he took leave with ears ringing from the president's

praise that he had been the only great man to have emerged clean from the whole era of belligerency.

A third motif for the visit to Prague was purely personal, with Recha having been urging him for quite a long time to take her with him to 'the golden city.' She had clearly made her mind up that the time had come to claim her due, bringing up the subject of their shared future with growing frequency and even openly talking, a week before leaving, about how they would only be able to travel together to America as a married couple. Reconciling this with his old family ties caused Jászi not a few headaches, with America's well-known Puritanism in such matters adding an extra layer of difficulty, but he saw less and less chance of there being any other way round it. The journalist Ignotus too said to him in early March that staying in Vienna would be the end of him, and that very day it became clear that his diabetes—which seems to have been of nervous origin rather than organic—had again got worse. Simultaneously, though, there arrived a now official invitation from Oberlin, and to cap it all, lending a seal of fatefulness, this all happened on his fiftieth birthday—his "sad birthday" as he himself termed it. He was not to know that this effectively marked the end of the European segment of his life.

During April and May he spent several weeks in a sanatorium run by a Dr Möller in Loschwitz, near Dresden. The treatment, at least as Recha described it, based on their correspondence and a single visit that she made, consisted primarily of keeping to a strict diet and taking plenty of long walks. Jászi lost almost ten kilos in body-weight, his clothes were hanging loosely on him by the time he got back to Vienna, but the regimen did both his health and himself a power of good, what with a boat trip along a pretty stretch of the Elbe in Saxony, books that Bölöni sent him, and even a visit that he received from the painter Károly Kernstok.

That summer he had to make another trip to Paris so that he, Károlyi and Szende could vote against Linder's madcap 'liberation' project at a last conference for the emigration. This closing act of his career as an exiled politician gave a final push to Jászi's disgust, disillusionment and plan to emigrate. The closing passage of a letter that he wrote to Károlyi at the end of May illustrates his state of mind at this point:

As for me, I cannot take the Danube air any longer. My health had also deteriorated to the point that I have been obliged to spend six weeks in a sanatorium, and even so my condition is no better today. I think the trouble is more mental than physical. I shall be leaving for America at the end of August, assuming there is no difficulty over the visa. I have accepted a probationary year at the university, during which time it will be settled *whether we are mutually satisfied* [English as in original] and whether I can stand the separation from my children. A return home to Hungary is as unlikely today as it was during the first year of exile. The opposition, of which Vázsonyi has once more become the leader, is a veritable symbol of the decay in Hungary! On top of that, I am also impelled to America from the viewpoint of my children, because financial collapse seems increasingly inevitable for Körtvélyes [i.e. Hrušov]. There are also many other viewpoints besides this to say that there is nothing more for me to seek by the banks of the Danube; and if I still have anything at all still to do in this world, I shall only be able to accomplish that in a radically new environment and in complete solitude. I hate socialist politics almost as much as I do reactionaries, and I loathe the Progressive Jewish press just as much as the *Hakenkreuzler* [the 'Swastika lot' i.e. National Socialists]. Just hearing their stupid platitudes is enough to make me feel sick.

He had therefore finally made his mind up and at last committed definitely to a one-year trial period. In the time that was left, the only things left to attend to were family matters. Recha, on looking back, claimed that marriage had never been a topic between them before; it was purely on account of American (and especially small-town) mores that they took this step, just as Anna Lesznai and Tibor Gergely were to do later. Recha remarks bitterly that her husband would later accuse her of having forced him into the marriage, or else in the middle of an argument would hurl at her the jibe that he had saved her from the concentration camps by taking her to America. The truth is naturally more complex and contradictory than that, but it is a fact that Jászi was the one who fought it more and was more loath to commit, while Recha was more explicitly for it. Yet she had already been

tipped off by no lesser an authority than Alfred Adler, founder of the school of individual psychology, who on one occasion gave her the friendly advice that already with the first marriage he had taken on the impossible of trying to fashion a decent husband out of a womanizer; what reason did she have to think she would be able to turn a solitary person into a care-free, outgoing character? It was not going to succeed any better this time either. (Recha once told Jászi what Adler had thought, which included calling him a *Schwieriger*, or 'hard-to-please' type, and Jászi never forgot.) She realized time after time, she was to write, that she was unable to help Jászi out of his misery, his self-pity and constantly recurring fears. All the same, she was the active one, setting about the preparatory steps for marriage, which immediately hit on the difficulty that neither of them had documents to show they were officially divorced. Under those circumstances, Karl Seitz, the mayor of Vienna and an old friend of Recha's, was unwilling to accept the responsibility of administering the vows, but in the end, with the assistance of Prof. Ludwig Madermacher, a well-disposed Calvinist clergyman undertook to do it.

In July, Jászi made one more trip to Hrušov to be together with the children, Máli and his mother before leaving. It was only now that the two boys, then aged 10 and 8, understood that their parents had divorced once and for all, and that their father was moving to the other side of the ocean, but he seems to have reassured them that they too would soon be able to follow him. Máli, who liked Recha and looked on the relationship with her customary generosity and benevolence, was upset by the marriage plan, on account of its finality, but in the end she took cognizance of it. Mama hoped that the marriage would bring her son release from all his vicissitudes and worries. The trickiest task of all for Jászi, no doubt, was breaking the news to Ella Kunffy and getting her to 'accept' it, as he had a suspicion that she would not forgive him for doing what he had denied her and showing himself willing, after all, to bind his life to someone else. He was in America by the time the response came to his letter: Ella, a touch pathetically, gave her 'blessing' to the marriage and the new life.

The wedding was left to the last minute, on August 25th. The day before, it came to light that they had forgotten to take care of the

rings. The public was excluded from the ceremony, with only Jászi's mother, the Madzsars (his sister and her husband), and his old friends Károly Pollacsek with his wife, Irma. József Madzsar was Jászi's official witness, Professor Madermacher was Recha's. Even in the final years of her life, Recha still remembered that she had burst into tears, but she no longer knew whether that was from happiness or apprehension.

The festivities closed with a dinner that was laid on in Recha's apartment. The next day Jászi set off for Bremen on his way to America. The *USS Republic* approached American waters on September 7th. Before they docked at New York, Jászi set down on the shipping company's stationery—under the title 'Why Have I Come to America?'—a ten-point summary in Hungarian of his motives for making the move:

1. Because for a long time I have regarded the European situation as hopeless.
2. Because the means of subsistence are also such as to preclude me from thinking of serious, worthwhile work, leaving me to face a slow, barren decline.
3. Because I could not seriously be of benefit to my children with Máli's method of upbringing, which I have been unable to change in the slightest.
4. Because America holds out the hope of a more secure financial footing and of being able, in a few years' time, to throw a bridge for my children out of stagnant Central Europe across to this flourishing civilization.
5. Because what I hope for from America is the concentration and enough leisure to finally clarify my thoughts and be able to write the couple of books that might still have some significance.
6. Because instead of moribund Vienna I have been longing for the climate of a gigantic global culture in which the subject matter of my entire work to date will gain a new perspective.
7. Because my physical state would not have been able to stand this vagrant and uncertain life for much longer.

8. Because I can be of greater service to Hungarians from one of the centers of the Anglo-Saxon world than from Vienna.
9. Because only with a suitable distance will still bleeding mental wounds be able to heal over.
10. Because I would also like to secure more peace and freedom from worries for Recha too.”

Betwixt Europe and America

Jászi continued his journey immediately by train toward Cleveland and Oberlin without even stopping in New York. On this occasion there was no happy feeling of liberation from pressure on arrival in America: “After all, I am a psychologically amputated man, and it is questionable whether that sort of invalid is able to start a new life,” he wrote to Károlyi in his first letter from Oberlin, adding that his health was so erratic that he felt his future was unsure and he was hesitating over whether he should ask his wife to come out. Still, the picture presented in the replicated newsletter with the title ‘The First Month’s Impressions’ that he produced for his friends by mimeography, as was to become his custom, was quite a lot more light-hearted. Its superb summary is worth quoting in full:

The little town is extraordinarily nice and pleasant. It is like Vienna’s Cottage district, only a lot more intimate and modest. There are 1,000 families living in 1,000 houses, and in most houses there is a car, a telephone and Victrola [i.e. gramophone]. The countryside is a plain, with a fantastic density of enormous trees... it reminds me of my childhood surroundings, translated into Gulliverian proportions. The campus, with its huge trees, is delightful, and when there are many hundreds of capital young men and women strolling about in it, having fun, debating or throwing picnics, my poor Central European eyes are dazzled, making me feel I have fetched up in some kind of dream world... The College, both inside and out, is even better than I had hoped. There can be no doubt that it is one of the

top ten colleges in the United States, its reputation generally acknowledged... The atmosphere is religious, but not denominational, to the extent that some individual teachers are fiercely critical of the Churches, while attendance at Sunday service is not compulsory for the students... The library, measured by Viennese standards, is astonishing, I can get every book.

The young people are extraordinarily likeable, pleasant and fresh in their thinking. On the three courses I have more than a hundred students, who listen with the greatest attention and argue very intelligently... There are a lot of colored students. For me Color is one of the most exciting problems, and it seems the colored students themselves are interested in me. Tomorrow, for example, I shall be the official speaker for the Chinese students at the ceremony marking the anniversary of the Republic of China, while the Negroes have invited me to speak to them on Armistice Day next week. It seems it is my fate to become a prophet for oppressed peoples...

The first four weeks were hard work, and I was beginning to think I was going under. True, from the very first lessons I had no language difficulties, and I spoke as freely and fluently as I do Hungarian, but all the same, being *inside* the new way of thinking (for if one speaks a foreign language tolerably well, one does not translate into it but thinks directly in it) was such a strain and excitement that my nights were feverish, with me incessantly carrying on conversations and arguments in English, to the point that I was often tired out when I resumed work in the morning. If that were to have continued any longer, I would certainly have given up the ghost, but fortunately the over-excitement came to an end after 8–10 days; the new nervous paths switched on, and now my composure by night is just about normal... To sum up: my sphere of activity is extraordinarily fine and my surroundings very pleasant. If only my mind were not chopped up in so many directions I could be happier than ever before in my life. As it is, however, the past often weighs me down... Still, I feel as though I have emerged from a prison.

Jászi's commencement of duties at Oberlin was being notified by János Pelényi, temporary chargé d'affaires in Washington, to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Budapest already on October 29th. He ascribed the fact that an invitation had been made, he reported, to the visit made by the strongly Czechophile Professor Miller to Prague that summer, which was where he and Jászi had met. The diplomat also wrote that Jászi had informed one of their confidential men that he had not come to America for politics but to teach and study. He was still struggling with the language. As of yet, he had not shown any activity in newspapers or lecturing; he was exhausted and nervous, and his doctor had forbidden him from public speaking. The American press had barely taken any notice of his arrival; the local Hungarian-language newspaper, *Lorain és vidéke* (Lorain and District), had published a report on him, while the broadsheets had printed it merely as a short news item of a few lines.

In his early years, Jászi lectured on three subjects: political theories, peace, and the organization of states in Europe. He took his teaching duties very seriously, putting in a lot of time not only preparing for his lectures but also dealing with the students and assessing their work. "I continue to like it here in Oberlin," he wrote to Károlyi at the end of November:

Physically and mentally, it is a clean milieu. I am free and I can search for the truth *à ma façon*. There are many excellent young men and women among my students; some are interesting types that would have a place in a novel. Aside from that, they have a regard for me that is greater than I deserve. They entrusted Armistice Day to me, and two thousand students paraded alongside me with an enthusiasm of a warmth such as I rarely had the pleasure of even in Budapest.

Recha too found that this was the first time she was getting letters from him that had no complaints but reflected the optimism of the new world of the young. He was concentrating on his work and asked for some books, including the writings of Othmar Spann, because he wanted to teach something about conservative trends as well. He also wrote to his wife that in his lessons he was employing the Socratic manner of interrogative exposition, which his students also liked: "One

feels the pulse of world history more strongly in this little patch of garden than in the metropolis of Vienna,” he wrote to Recha, and as far as his private life was concerned he reassured her that the Geisers were taking continual care of him, literally coddling him, what with the professor himself coming across every morning to make sure the water was warmed up, and getting him into the good clubs in Cleveland. He also wrote to Ella Kunffy after a few months had passed:

I have not regretted my decision, because Vienna was a sad stagnation for me, whereas here new intellectual perspectives have opened up. The concentrated work, the quiet, the cleanliness of the milieu, the sparkling charm of the young people are a source of new strengths for me. Yes, here I might even ‘reach the Ocean.’

For all that, Jászi’s melancholy barely receded, due, on the one hand, to the absence of Recha (whom he was only expecting at the beginning of the next year) and separation from the children, his mother and Máli, and on the other hand, to his severance from the Hungarian world, which he longed for despite all the suffering. He considered he was no longer truly at liberty to pronounce on Hungarian affairs: “At best I can speak out as the expresser of an academic opinion that history will some time bear out (but when?).” In the years that followed he genuinely tried to adhere to that, albeit not completely consistently, when events and ever more dramatic news occasionally induced him to speak out. This was a plane of the emigration’s public activity that he was naturally obliged to accept. Thus, he already spent that first Christmas in New York, having been invited to give a talk there by an Ady Circle run by some old friends, though Jászi did also use the occasion to meet with his earlier American acquaintances, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Eleanor Roosevelt, Roger Baldwin and Robert Caldwell.

The first time Jászi mentions that he had received an offer from the University of Chicago Press to produce an important book—one that he was hardly in a position to undertake, given his physical and mental condition—was in a letter in November. What had led up to this was that professor Geiser introduced him to Charles Merriam, who had the chair of political science at the University of Chicago and invited him to a conference on the state of civic education in different

countries. There he was asked to put together a work that would cover this in relation to the multinational Austro-Hungarian Monarchy as part of a series of books. Jászi's interest was naturally instantly aroused by a subject for which he was so ideally fitted, but he was also concerned that this would distance him from his new American way of life, and dreaded the thought of having to go through the agonies of changing and adapting his language all over again. In the end, he realized that he could not let such a great opportunity slip, and by mid-January 1926 he was writing about it to Mihály Károlyi (from whom he also wanted advice) in the following terms:

I have been commissioned by a very eminent academic forum, within the framework of a ten-volume collective work, to write a book that would uncover the mass-psychological causes of the disintegration of the Habsburg Monarchy. I hesitated for a while, but in the end I accepted the commission. And not just because the problem interests me academically and falls within the general ambit of my work hitherto (after all, that was the problem on which we all came a cropper), but also because it may be of service to our cause if I write this volume and not some American who is only familiar with the situation from books, or one of the official Habsburg experts.

The contract with the publisher was signed on January 13th, and Oberlin College granted him six months' paid sabbatical leave to enable him to collect material for the book in archives and libraries in Vienna. For the time being, however, his concern was still with work at the university and his students, as the examination season started on January 21st, to be followed by the spring semester. In the meantime, he could not avoid the occasional need to don a political hat. At a Hungarian meeting on January 24th in nearby Lorrain, he spoke to an audience of workers—as he put it, in tones of moderation but frankly (only just beforehand, he had learned the results of the general elections that had been held in Hungary just before Christmas: “That sly Bethlen won again; poor, bankrupted country,” he wrote in his diary). Lorrain's three Hungarian priests did not accept invitations to the gathering, but they did not launch any overt attack on it. A hearty mood reigned during the talk and the banquet that followed, though

according to his diary entry he was sad to think that this Hungarian minority was condemned to disappear.

Two weeks later he was having to prepare an address for Lincoln's Birthday, on February 12th, which by local tradition was held in the College Chapel, the text that he had dictated being corrected by Prof. Geiser. Later on, he was frequently asked to give the address on similar occasions, possibly because these "chapel talks" of his were elegant yet meaty and, despite the heavy Hungarian accent, arresting. He became a master of this compact genre, in which elements of a lecture are fused with the function of a festive oration or, if it comes to that, a church sermon. On his 51st birthday, on March 2nd, he gave a talk to the Women's Suffrage League in St Louis.

In early February, with Recha's arrival imminent, he rented a small apartment instead of the room he had been lodging in up to that point. He awaited with growing impatience for his wife, who had in the meantime acquired a Romanian passport (Jászi having himself entered with one) and the American entry permit, let out her apartment in Vienna, and she had also been very shrewd in organizing her journey, because for the price of second-class tickets she and the widow of her previous boss, Hugo Heller, were given a first-class cabin on the Trieste Lloyd Company's ship in return for making an advertisement to give publicity to the shipping line and route. They arrived in New York a day late, on March 6th, and Jászi met his wife off the train in Cleveland on the morning of the next day. Recha was completely satisfied with the modern conveniences of the little apartment, where she had next to no housekeeping to take care of, beyond making breakfast, since they would have lunch at a café and in the evening ate a cold meal. In her memoirs she gives a fascinating description, testifying to her refined taste, of the friendly small garden town spread beneath the glorious tree canopy, its rather ugly buildings and wonderful little museum, in the development of which she herself was later to have a hand as a member of its acquisitions committee and a specialist in Baroque style, and even to give an occasional talk there. She described the college, and especially the training it offered in the history of art, as being of very high standard. It was also the first college in the country that offered places to women and colored people from as early as 1833.

It is from Recha that one learns most about Jászi's lifestyle in America and how he fitted in. Their first weeks were decidedly happy, as this was the first time they had been able to live together and it thus amounted to a delayed honeymoon. According to her, Jászi was pleasant and calm at this point in time. He would teach and deal with his students in the mornings, then they would take lunch together, and after a brief nap he would work until six, taking care of the massive volume of his correspondence, while in the evenings they would take a stroll in the neighborhood. Recha would give him a summary of what was in the *New York Times* that day before he scanned through it himself (Recha greatly admired the practice in newspaper reading that enabled him to get instantly to the nub of a story). He led a very retired lifestyle, not even picking up the telephone, if he could avoid it, and not receiving anyone unannounced. He hated black-tie staff dinners, usually sending his wife on her own, "lest people are offended"; they themselves preferred to invite guests for an after-dinner coffee or glass of wine. American social conventions were alien to them, such as the custom for men and women to chat in separate groups, because in their circles in Budapest and Vienna the done thing was for men and women to sit down together when holding conversations. They did accommodate to American customs at least to the extent of putting in the occasional attendance at Sunday service at the college's Congregational church. Recha was in fact urged to join the church; she declined, though she thought maybe her husband would have been more inclined to do so, only in the end he did not get round to it. Jászi was, in truth, a firm believer in God, but he never became a regular worshipper.

With the help of friendly and helpful colleagues and neighbors, and thanks to their chosen lifestyle, it did not take long for the Jászis to find their feet, though they were never entirely at their ease. One of the main obstacles to that can almost certainly be put down to a difference in how friendships were conducted in Europe and America. Although in Oberlin they were surrounded by obliging colleagues—the Geisers, the Tufts, Hazel King and others—this was nevertheless not the same as living in the tightly-knit, decades-old milieu of their friends in Budapest or Vienna, friends with whom the experiences of their younger days, growing-up and subsequent fates had a shared

frame of reference and who for that reason understood one another from even veiled allusions. Jászi's emotional center remained anchored in the old country not just in that first academic year but thereafter as well, and its affairs would engage his attention more strongly than political developments in America, although that having been said, he never lost sight of the latter's international dimension.

Even so, Jászi had by now passed the point where he would have been able to go back, even to Vienna: "I never did like it; now I shudder to think of that provincial atmosphere," he had written to Károlyi back in December.

I see things back home as unchangingly hopeless. Everything has degenerated so much, on the left as on the right, that only a new generation, with renewed moral force, would be able to set them right. Until the Hungarian peasantry gives birth to its own true leader, everything will remain stuck in the old mire. The aristocracy, urban petty bourgeoisie and socialism are all unsuitable for that job.

Naturally, there was more than a touch of self-justification and self-excuse, indeed even exoneration of the Social Democrats' powerlessness, in that view, which he was to hold on to, and often express, over the next two decades. It was maybe no chance that he should have formulated it for the first time after those initial few months in America.

Jászi made the acquaintance of the philosopher Géza Engelmann in Vienna in the autumn of 1924, the year after the latter's pocket-sized volume on the major figures of political philosophy had been published in German. Jászi had been increasingly taken by the down-and-out young Hungarian, while finding his book very good and useful, so already back in Vienna he had undertaken to act as co-author by writing introductory pieces for the various portraits for the benefit of an English edition. He also won over Karl Geiser too, who had taken on the venture and also was happy to pitch in as a co-author, introducing the presentations of the American 'federalists'—Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay—as well as taking on the job of translating the work. During the spring of 1926 Jászi wrote a dozen introductory pieces, each of 5–10 pages—85 pages

altogether—on the following philosophers: Plato, Aristotle, St Thomas of Aquinas, Dante Alighieri, Machiavelli, Thomas More, Hobbes, Spinoza, Locke, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau and Jeremy Bentham. These short portraits are typical of Jászi's style, strongly political and full of topical color, with the Communist ideal being projected straight back to the confrontation between Plato and Aristotle. In the joint preface that he wrote with Geiser, which they signed off as professors at Oberlin College on January 1st, 1927 (even though Jászi was still in Vienna), they emphasized that Engelmann had adopted a new method of familiarizing a wider circle of readers with the work of these great thinkers: instead of providing summaries or selected passages from their works, he was introducing them in the form of lively, personal, intuitive reconstructions. They considered the significance of the publication as a whole lay in going back, in a utilitarian age of discussing politics, to those thinkers who had stood on firm moral foundations and were more deeply familiar with human nature than the touts of 'relativism' and 'continuous change'—a wording that smacks of Jászi's pen. The book—*Introductory Essays to Engelmann's Political Philosophy*—was finally published by Harper in New York the following year, in the summer of 1927.

Toward the end of March 1927, Jászi set to the task of preparing an outline of what he planned to write for the book on the disintegration of the Habsburg Monarchy. Since that outline seems no longer to exist, we have to make do with a letter about the concept that he sent to Károlyi:

The trickiest point of the work will be proving that the Monarchy was not broken up by the war, as the Habsburg legend would have it, but the war was, as it were, merely the culmination of an internal process of disintegration. Few people are as well acquainted with the psychology of this process as you. I would therefore be very grateful if you would be so kind as to set down how you would handle the problem, and on what kinds of data—personal, material and from the history of ideas—you would place the main emphasis. You could maybe draw my attention to books of recent memoir literature which document that even before the war sharper-sighted politicians

already clearly saw the maelstrom toward which the Monarchy was racing... The material is huge, that is for sure, as I am going to have to take into account all the Monarchy's centripetal forces, on the national as on the social and religious side, but I feel that the year that I shall be devoting to the problem will not be fruitless even in regard to our common endeavors.

There is no sign that Károlyi responded to these questions and requests, but Jászi continued to send him regular reports on how the work was progressing and its difficulties. He felt throughout that the book was a part and continuation of their common cause and struggle, the historical explanation for their failure, and a foundation for their future objective, Danubian integration. To that extent he still approached the topic as a politician, but he was also thinking as a sociologist in that he discerned, even before he had made a start on the work, that the central problem was going to be one of presenting an organic process, and contrasting that with the dynastic, nostalgic or simply research historian's thesis—one that keeps coming to the fore, over and over again, in varying form and with varying evidence to back up the argument—that the Monarchy was smashed up from the outside. Jászi's sense of history had already been on display in the balanced manner in which took the national and social driving forces of Hungarian history into account in writing *The Evolution of the Nation States*; he now needed to apply the same in even larger proportions to the complex mix of ethnic, religious, social and political relationships across the entire Central and Eastern European region. From his diary and correspondence, and in his wife's memoirs, it stands out that the subject and the task were things he warmed to as he increasingly felt them to be his own, a continuation of all his work up to that point, so he worked hard to prepare himself for the months of research that he was going to spend in Europe.

By this stage even the authorities in Budapest had gained cognizance of these plans. Lajos Alexy, the Hungarian consul in Cleveland, reported in March that Jászi had been granted a whole year's leave from Oberlin for a work that was to sketch nationality, political and cultural conditions within the Monarchy in response to a commission from a University of Chicago foundation. The report also noted that

Jászi had paid a visit on the editor of the magazine *Szabadság* (Freedom). According to the consul,

He is searching for roots and sympathy here within the educated Jewish community of Hungarian origin, and he will undoubtedly find them as well. Through that influence, but also through his teaching at Oberlin, he has been doing great damage to Hungary. Hungarian students of his at Oberlin are very attached to him; he also exercises similar influence on his American students and other pupils too.

At the end of the academic year, and as a way of returning the frequent hospitality they had enjoyed, the Jászis threw a big dinner party in their favorite local restaurant, with Jászi even proposing a toast—in water, given that Prohibition was in full official swing at the time. From then on, he said, he would have to divide his heart between Europe and America, so once the work in Vienna had been completed both of them would be returning with great pleasure to Oberlin. Even before their departure, he noted more than once that he would be leaving Oberlin with a heavy heart, feeling that it, more than anywhere else over the past seven years, was his home, whereas he was apprehensive about Vienna and the conflicts that were to be expected there, as well as about Máli. They set off on June 7th, and their ship, the *Carinthia*, made the crossing from New York between the 12th and 19th, with them having to travel rather disagreeably in “proletarian class,” which Recha took to particularly badly, albeit without complaint. From Le Havre they went by train first to Rouen, before spending a week in Paris, of which two evenings were with the Károlyis and most of the rest with the Bölönis, who at this point were among Jászi’s most faithful friends.

They arrived in Vienna on July 2nd. Recha’s old apartment was still at their disposal, since she only sold it six months later, at the very end of their stay, which allowed them to straighten out their financial affairs. The Hungarian agents for their part, however, were totally confused initially about where Jászi was. One learns from a report made by Lajos Ambrózy, the Hungarian ambassador to Vienna, that he had been officially registered as resident at his old lodgings of No. 15 Schönburgstrasse since July 7th, 1925. Still, they soon located him, and in a report on July 10th the ambassador relates that at a dinner

given by the American minister to Vienna Jászi had met Joseph Redlich, and that he later paid a visit on him in order to give the professor, who was about to take up an appointment at Harvard, some advice on conditions in American universities. Ambrózy did not find it credible that a small American university would pay Jászi for six months without him doing any teaching, so

One must assume it stands to reason that an agent hostile to us who is familiar with his outstanding intelligence and brilliant pen has engaged him to come to Europe and write articles or a book directed against Hungary.

Even later on, the Hungarian authorities' intelligence was still not reliable, for on July 26th we have Waldemár Alth, temporary chargé d'affaires in Vienna, providing a false picture, based on the reports of an agent called 'Johann,' of what Jászi was up to. According to this, he was teaching at a university in Philadelphia, and the main goal of his American mission was to launch a collection on behalf of the Hungarian exile community and the Social Democratic Party, whereas in Vienna he was mostly to be seen in the company of Ernő Garami, Henri Simonyi and Pál Szende, and after August 1st he intended to lecture in the Little Entente states about America and against the Hungarian régime.

On the basis of the false report from this 'Johann,' the Ministry of the Interior on July 31st sent a note to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, then on October 26th of that year the Public Prosecutor's office in Budapest in turn asked the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to provide details of Jászi's collecting activity in America and any activities in Vienna "contrary to the honor of the Hungarian state and the good name of the nation." They asked if he had started his planned tour of the neighboring states, and what was the content of the lectures that he had given. The foreign ministry, in its own leisurely fashion, set wheels in motion and on November 19th issued a decree (MOL, KÜM, No. 3772/pol) concerning Jászi's anti-national activity, on the basis of which reports were requested from Vienna, Belgrade and Bucharest about what Jászi might have been doing, and from Washington on the alleged collecting activity. On the latter, Ambassador László Széchényi and the consul in Cleveland both gave negative answers: Jászi had delivered only a few talks outside the university, while

in Lorrain there had been no collection and he had not been given a very big fee for it. According to the chargé d'affaires in Prague, a certain Matuska, Jászi had not been in Czechoslovakia during the period in question, or at most only in transit. Only a year later did the Ministry of Foreign Affairs inform the Public Prosecutor's office of a report from the Hungarian ambassador to Bucharest, who, after a wide-ranging inquiry, had come to the conclusion that although Jászi had requested an entry visa, he had not passed through either Transylvania or Bucharest.

In reality Jászi was busy holidaying, initially in Yugoslavia, beside the Adriatic, and later on at Hrušov, in Slovakia, being in need of some rest after his first year of teaching in America and before he set to his next major piece of work. This was the first time that he traveled together with his two sons, then 11 and 9 years old. Máli, concerned for the children and not trusting in Jászi's competence, wanted to send a governess along with them, but Jászi rejected that, considering the boys were anyway overfed, nervous and undisciplined. In the end, they reached the compromise that Recha was to travel after them. They spent three weeks bathing in the sea and walking in the hills at Novigrad on the Istrian peninsula. One evening they missed their path on the rocky plateau and only found their way home, late that night, with the help of hill shepherds. Even while holidaying Jászi did a lot of reading toward the *Dissolution*, including works by Thomas von Sossnosky, Rudolf Charnatz, Otto Bauer and Karl Renner. He judged Renner to be much clearer and more significant than Bauer, whom he refers to in his diary as a "talmudic bocher" or student. He carried on reading during the second half of August, at Hrušov, concerning himself primarily with the major works by Joseph Redlich and Victor Bibl, then back in Vienna in September he set to work at full speed on the opening chapters of his own book.

Reading the diary with present-day eyes, and with a knowledge of just how big *Dissolution* is in its size and scope, it is astonishing how quickly its composition proceeded. Certain chapters, once he had done the preparatory work, were disposed of in just a day or two, and even the trickier ones took only 8–10 days. Though the structure was later revised, one can track—via the diary, of course—the progress in accordance with the original chapter numbering. Thus,

he wrote Chapter 1, which sets out the problem itself—which is to say the Habsburg Monarchy as the most comprehensive experiment that was carried on in the field of civic education—on September 20th. By the 22nd he was already on Chapter 2, which underlines the organic nature of the process of dissolution, and on the 29th he had completed Chapter 3, on the “double war” of the Habsburg Monarchy. These essentially formed the preliminary part of the work, with a lot of material still waiting to be collected for the remainder of the book.

Having picked his way through what, even at that time, was already a substantial literature on the question—above all, the works of the aforementioned Austrians that he had read during the summer, along with R. W. Seton-Watson and other specialists, as well as a vast number of memoirs—he went to the Nationalbibliothek and other libraries and also spent time in the Haus-, Hof- und Staatsarchiv, although at the latter he was disappointed to find he was not allowed access to any of the archive material relating to the war. Meanwhile he was carrying on with the writing of Part 2, on ‘The Historical Atmosphere,’ and by mid-October he had drafted, each inside a day, chapters on the Spanish terror, mercantilism, and the system of *douce violence*, which a month later—in line with his custom—he had already read aloud to his mother and Máli, who, according to the diary, were entranced by the text. During the closing two months of 1926 he wrote chapters on Metternich and his transformation of the Austrian state into a bulwark against the French revolution and on the military absolutism under Franz Joseph that succeeded it, bringing the book to its central and most original sections: its analysis of the Monarchy’s centripetal and centrifugal forces, including among the latter, on January 1st, 1927, the nationality policy that Kossuth worked out during his exile and the project of a Danubian confederation. During four months in Vienna, then, he had produced 600 closely typewritten pages of text towards his book.

In the midst of this, he still continued to live a social life (although after one soirée he swore he would never again surrender his evening solitude), meeting with friends who were passing through, such as Károly Kernstok, Ferenc Harrer, László Fényes and Ruztem Vámbery, and attended a few of the papers and discussion sessions at an

international congress of sociology and welfare policy which concerned the subjects of democracy, sociological methodology, natural law, sociography, and sociology as the study of relationships. Thus, on September 27th he listened to Ferdinand Tönnies' barely audible talk on democracy, followed by Hans Kelsen's "brilliant but insufficiently penetrating comments," then on the following day to Rudolf Goldscheid on natural law and Robert Michels' "interesting but fairly superficial" paper on the problems of mass psychology. He met Franz Oppenheimer and Charles Rappaport, and spent an evening in the company of Michels and others. Michels was someone he knew of old, as he had been a friend of Ervin Szabó's since the turn of the century and had also delivered a talk at the Sociological Society in Budapest, but he was now a disciple of Mussolini and an author with an international name. Conversing with him on topics of mutual interest was, on Jászi's own admission, very tiring, with the big gathering and the highly successful German-Italian colleague clearly bringing out his inferiority complex in a particularly acute form. Nor is that surprising, because this congress—a report on which was produced by Aurél Kolnai for the journal *Századunk* (Our Century), a paler imitation of Jászi's *Huszadik Század* (Twentieth Century)—was dealing with the very topics that he himself had been nurturing for the past two decades, and the fact that he, although present, did not have an active part in it indicated to him that there was no place for him, despite the pioneering work he had done in the field of sociology and his international network of contacts, in the discipline's front rank in Europe.

During the final weeks in Vienna, not unnaturally, there was another redoubling of interest in the family. He made more frequent visits to Máli and their sons, who by then were no longer living in Mauer but in the nearby suburb of Hietzing. His mother came to stay the end of October and then, for a shorter time, sister Alice, who traveled back with her to Hungary in mid-December. New Year's Eve of 1926 was spent in Recha's apartment with László Fényes, a young American by the name of Miss Arrowsmith, and Arthur Rundt—arguing about Hungarian matters, it need hardly be said. There were more leave-takings in early January, but work on the *Dissolution* was continued up till virtually the last day, even as the furniture and belongings that were to be transported across to Oberlin were being

packed up, with the chapters on 'Hungary versus Austria' and 'Croatia versus Hungary' being completed, putting, he estimated, a good three-quarters of the book behind him.

A whole troupe of people saw the Jászis off from the station: Anna Lesznai and the boys, Károly Garay, József Madzsar, László Fényes, Ottó Ernst, and pastor Ambró Czakó. Thus, even after a truly productive half year in Vienna, it was nevertheless with a sinking heart that he set off back to America, indeed was prey to suicidal thoughts en route. They spent two days with Recha's parents in Germany then three days in Paris, this time without any joy. Jászi had already notified Károlyi before Christmas that they would be coming, but that letter provides clear evidence that their friendship had again hit a sticky patch: "If one were to judge relations between us by the tempo at which we exchange letters, one might be excused for thinking that our friendship had broken up." He let him know that they would be in Paris around January 20th and was very much counting on their being able to talk over a few important matters and plans. Károlyi, however, had departed for London a few days earlier, escorting his daughter, Éva, but Jászi had good reason to note in his diary:

I took his absence to be deliberate (bearing in mind that he did not answer my last two letters), and that distressed me a lot, but Countess Károlyi and also the Bölöni assured me that his feelings toward me were unchanged, and he had not been aware that I would be passing through Paris in January.

Károlyi reacted inconsistently and with a (for him) uncharacteristic outburst of self-criticism to his wife's report on all this:

It horrifies me that I have hurt Jászi. That really was not my intention. I admit that I can neither make nor keep friends... I wrote a letter to Oszkár three times over, ripping up what I had written each time. I am now appending a letter for you to deliver to him... Events have hammered my heart as hard as nails. None of this pertains to Oszkár, whom I love; it's just an explanation.

Jászi was happy to accept the explanation that there had been nothing deliberate about his friend's absence, and that his sentiments were

unchanged. From his letter, it seems that one of the things he had wanted to discuss with Károlyi in Paris was a plan to establish a Workers' University in Budapest, for which József Madzsar, Ruzssem Vámbéry and the Social Democrats were hoping Károlyi would give his backing, both political and (even if not the entire sum required) financial.

The stormy return passage to America was spent reading through the manuscript of *Dissolution* on the deck of the *Aquitania*. He was greatly dissatisfied with his work and again saw his future as having no prospect. That was mirrored by what he wrote in an obituary for Péter Ágoston, in which he dolefully recalled the decades of shared struggle that now had to be started all over again from the beginning.

After a day in New York, they arrived back at Oberlin on February 4th to a pleasant welcome, with Prof. Geiser waiting for them at the station, and King, the college president, promptly asking Jászi to give the address at that year's celebration of Washington's Birthday. A few days later, still in a black mood, he resumed his teaching duties. He and his wife moved out of the small apartment into a new, permanent home in which they were to live the rest of their lives. Due to reconstruction, the four-apartment house at 131 Forest Street counted as brand-new and, for the time being, was empty, all its walls painted a neutral light cream color. The household possessions, Recha's old Biedermeier furniture in particular, eventually arrived safely in a container from Vienna, until which time they lived in part with hired pieces. The immediate next-door neighbor was Prof. Raymond Stetson, a psychologist, while on the ground floor were Prof. Frederic Artz, a historian, and Frederick Grover, a lecturer in Spanish literature. Recha writes that the purchase of an electric fire and a refrigerator was the cause of their first row, because her husband thought that the items she had picked were too big, adding that this was not due to tight-fistedness on his part but merely his inexperience. The furnishings only just fitted in, and they stayed where they were originally placed for some four decades, to the very end. The long hall and the walls in the sitting-room had bookcases built in up to the ceiling. Jászi's room, which served both as a bedroom and study, was small (he himself was later to refer to it as a "cabin") so he was not able to pace up and down in it while thinking something over, as he had been

accustomed to in his mother's house in Pasarét. In Oberlin, all that could be fitted into his room was a small reference library, because most of the space was taken up by his large writing desk. On the walls he placed portraits of old friends and great Hungarian poets: this was what he called his "Hungarian corner."

Their way of life did not change much from what it had been before. Jászi made breakfast and took it in for his wife to have in bed, whereas she learned how to cook and would have lunch ready for him after the morning's teaching. She was assisted greatly by a home help, Elisabeth Turner, a Black lady from Kentucky who worked for them for 15 years. Later on, Jászi would complain that Recha suffered from a boundless mania for cleanliness and order, setting about major spring-cleaning exercises virtually every week even in old age, which she found immensely tiring and onerous while also impeding Jászi himself in his work. Recha for her part complained that she generally found it hard to make him budge outside the house to go to a concert or theatre, and he was reluctant even to turn on the radio, even though she had talked him into listening as much as possible as a way of overcoming his strong accent.

From Recha's description too, the period during which *Dissolution* was drafted seems to have been one of the difficult patches in their life. At the end of February 1927, Jászi was writing to Károlyi that this was possibly the toughest time he had ever experienced:

Nine lectures per week in a foreign language, with the preparation they need, then the revision and translation of a book of 500–600 pages—a big pressure, to be sure, and not a few times I become faint-hearted over whether the worn-out steed that is my spirit can withstand this... Under these circumstances I can count myself truly fortunate to have Recha beside me with her tried and tested, clever and intuitive kindness and basically cheerful spirit.

On February 8th, he and Norman Shaw had set about translating the completed sections from the Hungarian in which they had been drafted into English, and even though it proved a harder, more tiring task than Jászi had expected, they progressed at a tidy pace, having done some 225 pages by the end of March. A flavor of the rate

at which he was working can be gained from a diary entry for February 16th:

Tiring day. Lecture on [political] régimes. Preliminaries for the book. Three hours of [translation] work with Norman. Two-hour seminar with a lot of engaging young people. We debated the situation in China with our guest, Heng Shu Jao, a highly intelligent young man from Shansi province. Very tired, but in a much better state than in Vienna.

By now he was feeling that the book might come to “something really good,” but it had not succeeded well enough at “forcing such a huge accumulation of data into uniformity” because he had been having to write it at such break-neck speed, and so “not every part of the work stands up to my critical examination.” After a further half year of strenuous labor, though, he was more satisfied with the outcome, as he reported in the next letter to Károlyi. By then he had completed 800 pages and already translated them (it is quite incomprehensible why he did not write directly in English) and was already drafting the closing chapters. The other sections of the manuscript had been dispatched to the University of Chicago, where “they were received highly complimentary,” but he was well aware that it could have been even better if he had been given two years instead of one. “What I am satisfied with, though,” he wrote to Károlyi, “is the book’s architectonics and the unrelenting and consistent rendition of its underlying idea (the Monarchy failed because it was incapable of federalizing).”

In addition to this superhuman effort, he delivered the commemorative address to a large and attentive audience in the Chapel on February 22nd, Washington’s Birthday, taking as his subject ‘The Crisis of Democracy between Fascism and Bolshevism.’ (He reassured Károlyi that he had used it to launch a fierce attack on American imperialism, while by way of a trial he sent a copy to László Dienes, editor of the periodical *Korunk* (Our Era) in Cluj-Kolozsvár, who quickly put it into print despite its fundamentally anti-Communist thrust.) After the reception that evening, having been obliged to smile and shake hands with at least a hundred people, he noted that this was a variety of *felo de se*. In the middle of March, along with the furniture, arrived Jászi’s

old library, which József Madzsar had sent from Budapest to Vienna. It had been practically a decade since he last saw it—a reunion that greatly moved him and spurred him immediately into a six-hour spell of arranging his bookshelves.

With the parallel work of writing and translating the book in progress, Norman Shaw was invited to take up an editing post in Cleveland, and his place was taken by a young man named Campbell, whose output was lower, at least initially. Jászi did not provide an exact picture in his diary of how the translation work was done, but it may be presumed that it consisted of him dictating from the Hungarian text as accurate an English rendition as he could, which was then further ‘naturalized’ by the editor as he typed the text. On May 14th, at any rate, 400 pages were ready, and in June Prof. Merriam acknowledged the initial chapters in an enthusiastic letter. That summer, the Jászis did not travel to Europe and even within America they only made a one-week swing, during September, in the area around Lake Erie, visiting Toledo, Detroit and Ann Arbor, then by boat to Cleveland. Prior to that Jászi had been teaching summer-school courses at Oberlin College, and after the day’s work taking long walks with Recha in the neighborhood virtually every evening. This was a habit that he stuck to throughout his life as his way of keeping body and soul in harmony. That balance, however, was to be upset by two events during the course of the summer: one was the bloody suppression of socialist riots in Vienna in July, the other the execution in late August, after the failure of a final appeal, of Sacco and Vanzetti after their sentencing in 1921 for a murder they most probably did not commit—a likely miscarriage of justice that had by then attracted worldwide attention. Though he keenly followed both stories, the diary entries regularly carry on with the remark “Work as usual.”

In August he was invited by the Institute of Politics, based at Williamstown, just outside Washington, DC, to give a talk on Hungary as part of a discussion series they were running on Central European dictatorships. He thought long and hard about whether he should go, because he could see he would be exposing himself to considerable stress: “This institution carries a lot of weight with American public opinion,” he wrote to Károlyi, “so I accepted the invitation and told them everything about conditions at home”:

My lecture was a notable success and received a lot of publicity. János Pelényi, counselor to the Hungarian embassy, a very intelligent and talented man, attempted to neutralize my arguments.

Jászi was well aware that his talk would not make a jot of difference to Bethlen and his régime, whereas for him it provoked several terrible days by reopening old sores:

Besides which, it was painful to be telling the truth when delegates of the Little Entente lied through their teeth at the self-same session as to what models of democracy they had created in the new states.

The most intriguing episode of the day, however, was that at the end of the debate Pelényi, an official representative of the Horthy régime, went over with his wife to Jászi and very courteously invited him for a conversation. Jászi declined, though obviously not for any personal reasons but simply because he did not wish to set foot on official Hungarian territory, but he did agree to take a walk with them. "During this walk, which I repeated at his request," he wrote to Károlyi,

he tried to convince me that this and similar speeches of mine could only harm my friends back home and the cause [his diary suggests: obstruct the country's healing process]. He spoke respectfully about our aspirations even in the public discussion, even going so far as to profess my ideals as being his as well, indeed on one occasion before the audience to the round-table discussion he 'felt the necessity to express his respect for me as someone who stuck steadfastly to the principles for which he had always fought so selflessly.' Of course, I declared straight out that although I was well aware that all political propaganda was futile, I felt it necessary, from time to time, to expose conditions in Hungary, partly so that our objectives should not be forgotten, partly so that our imprisoned and persecuted friends and comrades should appreciate that we have not laid down our arms and the banner is still flying high.

As it happened, Jászi met a number of interesting and important invitees at the conference. He thought more highly of the talk given

by Count Carlo Sforza, a former Italian foreign minister, who by then was also an émigré liberal (he kept in touch with Jászi throughout his exile and even after returning to Italy as one of the country's first post-war foreign ministers), than he did of the intellectual clowning by Robert Michels, whom he had never taken to. From there he went on to a conference run by the Social Science Research Council at Hanover, Pennsylvania, where, in contrast to Williamstown, there were no diplomats, no women, just researchers and academics, including the likes of Merriam, Shotwell and Alvin Johnson, whom Jászi already knew and who were highly complimentary about a paper he gave on the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Johnson told Jászi that he was looking to set up a new institute for the study of international relations, the inspiration for which he had got from Jászi, who approached the subject quite differently from the way Americans did. Jászi promised to produce a memorandum for the plan.

In his diary, Jászi concluded that, in the end, the trip and this interlude had been useful as it had freed him from the slave-work of the past year and also from his inferiority complex, providing convincing proof that he could compete with most of America's scholars, so he was in a good mood on his return to Recha and their shared home. He continued to be puzzled by the unusual conduct that Pelényi had displayed, which had left him thinking that maybe the diplomat wanted to store up favors for the future. What he was completely unaware of, though, was how deeply implicated Pelényi had been in blackening his name with the Americans, still less that in 1944 he would be one of the first Hungarian diplomats posted to the West who turned against their country's lurch into Nazism. In the meantime, Jászi had good reason for not believing anything much had actually changed in Hungarian policy:

Of course, the American *Népszava* launched another attack in the vilest manner, and besides everything kept to its usual course. I can well imagine that back home as well a huge outcry will be made of it...

True to form, the *Pester Lloyd* published a detailed report on the Williamstown lecture in its August 31st edition, which was picked up

by the Public Prosecutor's office in Budapest. A transcript of the article, dated September 22nd, 1927, was sent to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with the advice that

It can be determined from the news article that Oszkár Jászi (Jakubovics), a fugitive wanted to answer for crimes against the honor of the Hungarian nation (Bill of Indictment No. 62,027/1927), recently delivered a lecture in Williamstown under the title 'Dictatorship and Democracy in Europe' in the course of which he directed a fierce attack against Hungary. In view of defamatory statements qualifying as systematic subversion by émigrés that can be determined from the appended newspaper report, I am setting in motion a criminal investigation against Oszkár Jászi on the charge of vilification of state, and in the interests of successful prosecution of this case I request Your Excellency to be so good as to establish through our diplomatic mission the exact content of the passage in the lecture in question that was directed against Hungary... In this matter, Mr János Pelényi, ambassadorial counselor, who was present at the lecture is in the best place to give evidence or make a statement.

There is a hand-written note on the document to indicate that Pelényi's report was on file in the Press Department, and on the reverse, also hand-written but obviously from a higher-level official, is a stiff reply note:

This is *not* a press matter but a question of whether a criminal investigation is to be instituted against Oszkár Jászi on the charge of vilification of state on account of the contents of a lecture he delivered in Williamstown (and therefore *not* a newspaper report), and of the royal embassy to Washington supplying information for those proceedings.

The indications are, then, that Pelényi's gesture did not meet with his superiors' approval even in retrospect, with the high-ups in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs looking to turn the whole affair into a criminal case. Although the formal demand was dispatched to Washington, we find that on March 28th, 1928, Dr Sándor Frank, president of the Pub-

lic Prosecutor's office, was again obliged to request the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to provide a more detailed report in regard to the Oszkár Jászi case, but subsequent documents are missing. In any event, it did not come to any sentence being passed, but it did mean that a charge had been lodged against the exile for purposes of deterring him from returning home.

The *Budapesti Hírlap* took up the Williamstown lecture from a different angle, and in a rather surprising context. Emil Nagy, a former Minister of Justice, who had been staying in London for weeks in order to pass on developments in the high-profile campaign that Lord Rothermere had launched that June in his flagship newspaper, the London *Daily Mail*, to demand revision of the Trianon Treaty, reported about a telegram that the *Daily Mail* had received from America, according to which Jászi had delivered a talk "on the question of adjustment of the Trianon frontiers" and had said that "frontier adjustment can take place; indeed, in 1921 President Masaryk himself had held out that prospect to him," insofar as the reactionary régime in Hungary were to disappear, a democratic republic were to be established, and a government of reliable politicians were to put an end to the irredentist propaganda. In Emil Nagy's opinion, it was worth taking note of this, despite the fact that it came from the mouth of an irresponsible exile, but he could personally attest that in English circles, despite all of Bethlen's efforts and success, Hungary still had a reputation for not being sufficiently democratic in its institutions. A few days later, a leading article in the paper harshly rejected that suggestion:

We can well believe they would be glad to see a decline being initiated in the name of democratic transformation, but only with an eye to the damage it would do us. We stand with head held high before the court of world opinion.

As far as Jászi was concerned, Nagy's article was of concern only in that Prague might be annoyed that he had blurted out a communication Masaryk had imparted in private.

The Hungarian-language press in America, including the local *Lorain és vidéke*, *Chicago Magyar Tribune* and *Az Ember* (Man), with Ferenc Göndör as its editor, stood by Jászi after the Williamstown fuss.

In response to Göndör's article, Jászi wrote an open letter, under the title 'The Story of My Latest Treason,' in which he quoted from the introductory part of the talk—now made the subject of a criminal charge—in which he had made it perfectly clear that he had no wish to make political propaganda: for the past two years he had occupied himself solely with academic work, declining dozens of invitations that had a political aim. His political opinions had not changed, but after many years of futile efforts he now felt it was harmful to carry on campaigning:

It is a sad and unpleasant duty for anyone who loves his homeland to condemn its attitude and institutions in front of a foreign audience. . . I am perfectly well aware of the fact that under present circumstances my case is lost, and as long as there is a Tory government in Britain and a fascist dictatorship in Italy, and as long as the Bolsheviks' savage terror breaks out afresh over and over again, there will be no place for the democratic, liberal and confederationist politics for which I have fought for three decades.

That, then, had been the opening of his talk to the audience of Americans and foreigners at Williamstown. To his Hungarian American readership, however, he confessed that there had been a further consideration, which was to keep the ideals of October 1918 alive while keeping within the bounds of academic work:

There is no longer a political émigré community, but there are still a few people who keep the conscience of the Hungarian people alive in today's dark era of reaction. Just as there remained some of the men of 1848, Kossuth and a few companions, who did not allow the revolution's grand objective to be shrouded by the shoddy Compromise of '67.

Dissolution

On September 29th, 1927, Jászi made the following entry in his diary: “With God’s help I finished my book today on 893 pages, I was deeply touched. Without Recha I would have certainly collapsed.” He wrote the Preface the day after that, but for a fair length of time the fate of the manuscript remained uncertain. In Chicago financial difficulties had been raised over the whole series of publications, and Jászi’s work was regarded as being too long, so he was obliged to buckle to a thorough ‘revision’ of the text, but at the end of the year he was forced to concede that he was unable, try as he might, to accomplish the abridgement that was being asked for. By then he was so haggard and exhausted that he asked Róbert Braun to undertake the major task of revising and cutting the text. In May 1928, he sent him the sole copy of the manuscript via Anna Lesznai, along with Prof. Merriam’s letter and the instruction that he was to chop out a further 60–70 pages, in addition to the 110 pages Jászi himself had already dropped, because he could not do this himself: “Only effect deletions that do not weaken the value of the book,” Jászi asked. “What would be most important from my point of view, besides the shortening, would be your own criticisms or correction of any mistakes that might have crept in.” He was thinking not just of corrections of matters of fact but of viewpoint, in order to remove unnecessary points of attack, as he considered it likely the book would become a focus of fierce debate, while due to his absence over the past decade he no longer necessarily had a sense of what would be of particular importance back in Hungary:

Although biased presentation of any kind was alien to me, whereas I do not wish to subordinate the truth to tactical considerations of *any* kind, if you should see, here or there, that I have become malicious or sharp (I think that will only occur very rarely), I would be grateful if you would make suggestions as to how it might be toned down.

As the Jászis were proposing to spend the summer of 1928 in Europe again, he wanted to talk over any changes with Braun in person, if at all possible at Hrušov.

He continued to set himself a punishing schedule in the autumn of 1927 as well. Apart from the continuous preparation for lectures and seminars at the college and his regular reading, he also wrote articles for local and New York newspapers, as well as taking on lectures both in the immediate neighborhood and in nearby Cleveland (for instance, at the Young Men's Christian Association). He even warned himself that writing the English text for talks like this would take 5–6 hours, so he needed to be more careful about how he managed his time. There were times when he even resorted to the weightier device of autosuggestion, and by constant repetition of three sentences which he even noted by way of an exception, in Hungarian, in his diary: "I fear no one! I am accomplishing my life's work! English will become my second mother tongue!" He latter added: "Today was a much better day than usual."

In his correspondence with Máli he again raised the subject of moving somewhere where they could live near one another, for the sake of being able to bring up the children together, with Berlin being suggested as a possible place. At that point in time, in the heyday of the Weimar Republic, the German capital was one of the European centers of left-wing political aspirations and modern art—possibly even more so than Paris. Ignotus, who had spent a long time there and was well acquainted with conditions, vigorously talked Jászi out of the idea of returning to Europe and Máli out of settling in Berlin. For all that he would occasionally wake up to how little America was his world, Jászi no longer sought to deviate from the path he had chosen. He tried to accept Recha's view that one had to live for the present and, in the end, unburden oneself of the weight of the past.

He was to find confirmation of this, time after time, through the growing frequency of invitations he received and successful appearances that he made. As 1927 tipped into 1928, he spent several days in Washington at the annual meeting of the Association of Political Science and as an invited speaker at the Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government. His paper at the first, on the crisis of Marxist socialism, received unexpected publicity in the *Washington Post*, which “gave big and stupid headlines to it,” claiming that Jászi had asserted the danger of a new war and similar “stupidities.” The paper may have been exaggerating, but the possibility of a new war had become so deeply entrenched in Jászi’s thinking since 1919–20 that it cropped up in virtually every writing and statement he made—up to the point, during the 1930s, when this prophesy or presentiment really did become true. According to the diary, he was not best pleased to have the attention: “Publicity makes me nervous.”

On New Year’s Eve 1927, which was spent on his own in a dreary room at the Brookings School, Jászi wrote Károlyi a long letter in which he dealt principally with the international situation and crisis of the socialist movements, recommended that he read a new book by Hendrik de Man: *Zur Psychologie des Sozialismus*, and also said a bit about his own position and relations between the two of them. “As to whether I am acclimatizing,” he noted in response to a question Károlyi had asked,

On the contrary, this world is increasingly alien to me. Maybe just as much as the European world. Sadly, your information that the children will be coming out to see me is without foundation. And that is one sore that bleeds and weakens me, from one day to the next. I don’t know if we shall be able to go via Paris in the summer as we don’t have much money and my wife has to see her parents in Germany. Still, we certainly must meet! Maybe somewhere on the border. I find it hard to believe that we shall ever be able to work together. My feeling is that the two of us are going to die *extra Hungariam* [outside Hungary]. All the same, every meeting with you strengthens me and guides me toward my own constellation... I am very alone, and some times even Recha is unable to warm up this chilly solitude.

At the Brookings School, he gave three talks, to very good audiences, about the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the causes of its collapse. On this occasion he spoke without notes on what was, by now, a very familiar subject, and he felt that this gave him a better link with those listening to him. Although he had visited Washington before, this was the first time he had spent any length of time in the city, the spectacular beauty of which entranced him even as its gossip- and intrigue-laden atmosphere repelled him. He spent most evenings in the Library of Congress, dipping into works of Mazzini and Étienne de la Boétie, deciding that he wanted to investigate them further, but also meeting with a few acquaintances from Budapest and Vienna. In late January and early February he reprised the three talks on the dissolution of the Monarchy to even bigger audiences at the university of Ohio, Columbus, while also giving the Department of Sociology some insight into 'My Adventures in Sociology.' He explained to the American students that there were two types of sociologists: one of them says in response to the phenomena that are being investigated, 'How interesting! How curious!,' whereas the other—and he included himself in this category—says, 'How terrible! How to help?' The next talk was in Cleveland, where he lectured on international relations in Central Europe. It turns out from the diary that he visited the big city, which is not many miles from Oberlin, on a fairly frequent basis, almost once a week, mainly to be with Dr Földes, his family physician and also a good friend, but also for dental treatment or to purchase items. Despite his dislike of cinemas, his wife managed on one occasion to persuade him to take her to see the latest Chaplin film.

In 1928, the March 15th anniversary celebration of the 1848 Hungarian revolution was particularly notable for America's Hungarian community, because it was marked by the unveiling of a statue of Kossuth, the revolution's leader, in New York. Official Hungary turned the event into a veritable pilgrimage that the régime tried to exploit to boost its popularity at home, but for precisely that reason left-wingers in the exile community demonstratively stayed away from the ceremony on the banks of the River Hudson and did what they could to expose its true purpose. Jászi likewise did not go to New York in mid-March but instead, at the invitation of Mihály Somogyi,

to St Louis and to the community of former farm-hands from the Károlyi estates in Granite City. Following the event, he published the text of “a speech that was not delivered,” in English under the headline ‘The Dishonoring of Kossuth,’ in *The Nation*, and in Hungarian in *Az Ember*. Starting off as a proclamation, the article was an appreciation of Kossuth’s greatness, both as man and politician, drawing out the moral courage with which, during his long exile after the failed war of independence, he re-examined his nationality policy and advocated a confederation of Danubian peoples. What was implemented, instead of this splendid project, through which world war could have been avoided, was the Austro-Hungarian dual monarchy, which Jászi caustically referred to as “an artificial and immoral piece of botchwork.” Just as he paid his respects to the generosity of the Hungarian Americans whose donations had paid for the statue, so he threw scorn on the official delegation that represented a Hungarian administration which was persecuting Kossuth’s ideals and his true followers.

Jászi swore repeatedly that he was not going to write any more for Göndör’s paper, which was slipping away from its original Social Democrat roots toward a kind of petty bourgeois, semi-patriotic kitsch, but time after time he was reduced to having to turn to it, if he wanted his writings to gain any attention, because *Az Ember* was the only organ with a broad readership in the democratic Hungarian emigration. So too in the case of a hard-hitting article in February 1928, entitled ‘Is There Still an Emigration, and What Good Might It Do?’, which was aimed precisely against the line being taken by the paper and its editor. Jászi had realized quite some time before that the political emigration’s conditions of existence had disappeared, and these could not be artificially kept alive. A subsequent article entitled ‘What Should Happen to the Emigration?’, which likewise appeared in *Az Ember*, likewise taking issue with Göndör, attempted to reconcile consistency of principle with tolerance: “I too believe that nowadays the greatest part of the emigration is living abroad to no purpose, because it is not possible to carry on waging a proper war without faith and combative élan.” Moderates would be better advised, therefore, to go home and support the reforms advocated by the likes of Ernő Garami. He was critical of the standpoint adopted by Göndör, Sándor

Garbai and their associates, because they sought to make it a universally applicable rule. Jászi suggested

Each of us should go his own way, respecting one another's convictions. Let an amnesty be offered to moderates who are willing to accept the official mute, and don't let an amnesty be offered to those 'bad boys' who will never be willing to accept an amnesty from Béla Somogyi's murderers.

April and May were again taken up with university and academic matters, with a few smaller trips, including to Cincinnati for a session of the Foreign Policy Association, at which Jászi and Joseph Redlich gave presentations on Eastern Europe's nationality problems, and later Chicago, where he and Prof. Merriam had discussions relating to the publication of the series on the history of civic education. Meanwhile Oberlin itself was host to several distinguished visitors, including Count Sforza, whose invitation had been Jászi's doing, and Max Adler, an Austrian Marxist philosopher who Jászi categorized in his diary as belonging to the antipathetic type of Jewish academic businessman. He himself took on a major new piece of academic work at the request of Prof. Alvin Johnson of New York, who wanted to involve him in producing entries for a forthcoming encyclopaedia of sociology.

After a four-day stay in New York, Jászi and his wife set sail for Europe in mid-June, with the *Stuttgart* taking them to Bremen. His sons were waiting for him in Vienna, and after a few days they went off together for the customary vacation in Dalmatia. The spot they chose this time was Kupari, just outside Dubrovnik, and although they made excursions from there to Dubrovnik itself, nearby Cavtat and, further away, Cetinje, the bulk of the three weeks was spent on the beach there, the boys bathing, Jászi reading (Recha notes in her memoirs that he would always set off on summer holidays with a huge pile of books). It was now possible for him to have 'serious' talks with his sons, though a shadow was cast on the pleasure he derived from that by a sense of something missing: "I feel I am a sort of Rip van Winkle who has lost all connection with the world that he left behind," he wrote in his diary, adding that the gulf between his old and his new life was condemning him to helpless passivity toward those he loved most dearly.

The greater part of August was spent at Hrušov, where he was able to meet up again with his mother, and Róbert Braun also made a trip in order to discuss the manuscript of *Dissolution*. According to the diary, Braun made a few useful suggestions but did not have much to say that was new; in any event, the abridgement was made. On the way back, Jászi met with a few more friends from Budapest, including Vámbéry and his unpredictable brother-in-law József Madzsar. They stayed three days in Paris, but because Károlyi himself was away in Mexico, they were only able to meet with his wife, which he must have particularly regretted as it was now approaching the tenth anniversary of the Chrysanthemum Revolution. On September 10th, they set sail again on the *Stuttgart*, this time from Boulogne to New York. During the voyage he worked on (and finished before docking on the 15th) an article in which, paying his respects to the memory of Ervin Szabó, who had been buried ten years ago, he looked back on the events of 1918–19: “On the sad tenth anniversary of the October revolution, the pale, melancholic profile of Ervin Szabó will be recalled to the mind of more than a few of us,” was the opening of this piece, entitled ‘If Ervin Szabó Had No Died...,’ which was a curious speculation on the question of whether the man who had been the most important spokesman for revolutionary socialism in pre-war Hungary, had he lived to see the revolution in a condition that left him still able to act, would have been able to successfully resist the Communist push and give events a different direction. Jászi’s answer, which took into account an analysis both of the circumstances and of Szabó’s ideological and political role, was negative; in his view, the only person who would have been able to accomplish this historical mission was a “Nagyatádi Szabó with a different mentality,” or in other words a clever, hard-headed peasant leader, but “this type, sadly, was unable to find its incarnation in the world of humble, illiterate peasant masses and the opium of pseudo-independence.” The note on which he closed the article, which was printed by *Századunk* in Budapest, was that believers in Hungarian democracy had an obligation, rather than chasing legends, to look historical reality in the face.

When the new academic year started, it turned out that the number of Jászi’s students had almost doubled. One of the students, Michael L. Hoffmann, who came from the American South, was later to de-

scribe Jászi's personality and influence as a teacher in the following terms:

Oszkár Jászi's lectures on the evolution of the state and the political systems of Europe were among the subjects which seemed to be worth investigating. Students who had no idea about what 'progress' or the 'state' were assembled en masse in Peter's Hall—one of the greatest architectural monstrosities of all time—in order to listen to the short professor who spoke English with a strange accent and wore suits of 'foreign' cut... It was no simple task to understand completely what he was saying. But there was something about him that stopped even the most uncouth students from giving visible form to registering the not entirely impeccable English.

Hoffmann, who was later to work as Jászi's secretary, noticed that he drew primarily on vocabulary of Latin origin, and that he put his sentences together in a Germanic fashion that is unusual to the English ear: "We were so impressed that typical words and phrases of his even entered into our student argot."

The vacation in Europe had not been restful; Jászi returned to Oberlin with his nerves in a bad state, again contending with feelings of inferiority. With Prof. Geiser taking the entire year off as sabbatical leave in Germany, the administrative functions of the Department of Political Science also devolved on him. Salaries for the teaching staff went up from September, with Geiser now receiving \$6,000 and Jászi \$5,500 annually, which Recha thought was insulting but Jászi himself, fair. On November 9th, Armistice Day, he again delivered the address, and successfully too, but in great inner turmoil, close to a breakdown, as he remarked in his diary. As usual, he kept a grip on himself. At the end of November he attended a conference arranged by the Department of International Relations where, in a discussion with a Harvard professor, he gave voice to a long-held conviction in dishing out harsh criticism of the League of Nations (his diary and correspondence are full of indignant comments about the activities of this ill-fated predecessor of the United Nations). Hardly two weeks later he was giving a talk in Cleveland's International Club on 'The Kellogg Pact and Central Europe,' but

his biggest success as a speaker was at the Women's Peace Association.

He reached the end of the year in a very fatigued condition. His Christmas gift from Recha was an extension shelf for his writing desk, which he was delighted with because it allowed him to reduce the clutter in his room; Máli, on the other hand, sent him Endre Ady's unpublished poems. The diary for 1928 was closed on New Year's Eve with the words "O God, I thank Thee that my children are developing well and we can live with Recha in moral freedom—though life is sometimes very hard."

The first weeks of the new year were taken up mainly with Ady, because he was invited by the Ady Circle of Chicago to an evening of remembrance they were putting on to mark the tenth anniversary of the poet's death. The notes and other preparations that he made for this brought it even more forcefully home to him just how much he had lost an entire world, the cohesion and continuity in his life, along with his earlier activity. True, he did also get news from Hungary that public opinion there was shifting, and at the originally right-wing Miklós Bartha Society, which was later to be a launch pad for the agrarian-populist movement, a lecture had been given that had analyzed, and been complimentary about, the ideas proposed by Kossuth, Coudenhove-Kallergi and Jászi on European integration. The commemorative evening in Chicago was a success, with Jászi being given an enthusiastic reception, and even the Communists who were present being surprisingly friendly in their attitude. Taking advantage of the visit to Chicago, he had one last discussion with Merriam and the authors of the other volumes in the series, but this was now down to matters of typesetting. The week after that he received the final set of page-proofs, which meant days like February 18th, when he worked non-stop for 15 hours; the following day, close to dropping and subject to fits of terror and despair, he still managed to complete the corrections on one of the harder chapters, after which he was overcome by such a sense of elation it was as if he had triumphed over the Devil himself.

Just before the Ady evening, and also making reference to the poet's spirit, he wrote to Iuliu Maniu on January 22nd to wish him luck in his new appointment as prime minister of Romania and remind

him of the promise he had made in Oradea that “you would regard the Magyar minority at all times and under all circumstances as a free people of equal rank in every domain of state and cultural life. Prime Minister, I have confidence in the seriousness and genuineness of your promise,” he added, though he was soon forced to realize that Maniu was no better in this respect than Octavian Goga or other Romanian politicians. There is no record in the extant correspondence that Maniu replied, though this was far from being the end of contact between them.

On February 28th, Jászi noted in his diary that his imminent birthday—his 54th—was, as usual, making him almost ill. All the same, March 1st was the date with which he signed the essentially long-completed Preface to *Dissolution*, which at long last was sent off to the printer’s. In this he admits that he had hesitated a long time before accepting the proposal to write the book, because he was aware that he would have to relive many painful past experiences, expressed by the words that Virgil puts in the mouth of Aeneas, speaking to Dido: “*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem*—Too deep for words, O queen, lies the sorrow that thou bidst me renew.” Beyond this, however, he also knew that it would take years of work on the part of someone who combined the qualities of historian, sociologist and economist. Against that, he had lived through and played an active part in the final, most dramatic years of the Monarchy’s disintegration, doing his best to offer another, more constructive approach through reform, most notably in his 1912 book *The Evolution of the Nation States and the Nationality Problem*, of which the new book was, he writes, in a sense the continuation.

Furthermore, he saw it as his duty to communicate the true nature of the processes through which he had lived and thus uncover the falsifications and whitewashing of responsibilities and “war guilt.” Anticipating from the outset the charge of partiality, he remarks:

Even before the war, but after it still more completely, I had grown away from the old local patriotism of Europe. At present there does not exist for me an isolated Hungarian problem; and, though with an unbroken loyalty to my own, I have the same sympathy for all the suffering peoples of the Danube Basin.

As a further proof of his impartiality, he cites precisely the fact that he had been living outside Hungary for the last ten years, playing little part in the political and national struggles of the Central European arena: "I have no longer any personal interest, except that of my ideals, in the Danube region," he writes:

This book is therefore neither an apology nor a program, but a sincere effort to elucidate a problem which still deeply influences the future of Europe and of mankind. It may also become useful in a coming age, when the present nationalistic dementia will ebb, as a kind of political testament.

At the end of the Preface, he acknowledges his debt of thanks to the various individuals who had helped him—all except some of his Budapest friends, including Róbert Braun, because he did not wish to get them into trouble (as he supposed) with the authorities there.

To what extent did he manage to fulfil these goals? Though Jászi himself was dissatisfied in various respects with the book and its reception, there is nowadays no dispute that he produced a significant work. In a preliminary study to a 1982 Hungarian edition of the work, Péter Hanák convincingly showed, in a wide-ranging review, that in several important respects it deserves a special place in the vast historical literature that deals with the organization and break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, not merely by passing the standard of historiographic comparison, so that "even with the passage of half a century, we do not consider it outdated under the weight of a specialist literature amounting to several hundred volumes." The book's most striking feature does not lie primarily in its unquestionable wealth of data and the clarity of its arrangement but in its ability to reconcile strict objectivity and impartiality with offering impassioned personal testimony.

If the book is set in the series of articles, studies and lectures over the years, both leading up to and following it, that Jászi devoted to the problems of nationality and state formation in Central Europe, to the mutual relations, conflicts and interdependence of the Danubian peoples—that is to say, the range of subjects that were his central concern for a good decade—there are grounds for wondering whether, despite his assurances, this is not really a political defense

document or program. In one sense, of course, it is, but in the higher sense in which a self-tormenting search for the truth is the politics and the analysis itself is the program, for the point of his emigration to America and the work he did there as a teacher and academic was that he sought to continue his earlier activity in a new arena, to serve unchanged goals with new means. What, above all else, made his objectivity possible was the basic stance that Jászi adopted: he did not mourn or long for the return of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, because he condemned the dualist system and was throughout an implacable opponent of Habsburg legitimism, along with its supporters both at home and in America, yet he did not rejoice at its passing, as did the majority of those who emerged victorious from the world war, most of the politicians and historians of the neighboring peoples that had been liberated from Austro-Hungarian rule. For Jászi the basic issue was the harmonious co-existence of the interdependent Danubian peoples, and he saw a big opportunity for doing this—one that was missed—within the framework of the former Monarchy. He therefore conceives of the Monarchy, and presents its history accordingly, as a grandiose historical experiment to solve the issues of competing nationalities in what was ethnically a highly mixed part of the world. In determining the reasons for its failure, he strove to remain objective in the extreme, and he was able to successfully avoid distorting extremes, if not every last contradiction.

He side-stepped the trap of determinism versus subjectivism. Before presenting his view of the process of dissolution, the centrifugal forces that pulled the Monarchy and their dynamics, he provided a detailed analysis of the centripetal forces, or “eight pillars of internationalism,” that held it together for so long: the dynasty, the army, the aristocracy, the Roman Catholic church, bureaucracy, capitalism and the Jewry, socialism, and free trade (i.e. the customs union). Even after the collapse or weakening of the first six of those pillars, then, the multinational empire would still have been left with a sound supporting-pillar. Jászi does not consider that disintegration was preordained, merely a strong tendency that was present from the very outset and had its own fateful logic, to be sure, but one that could have been averted by timely modernization, democratization and, above all, federalization—if these had been set about in time. The tendency in any case

represented an organic process, so that Jászi's concept is at odds with that of the likes of Ferenc Fejtő, who considers that this was a case of a viable formation being broken up from the outside, first and foremost in line with the political interests of France, aided and abetted by the diplomatic maneuvers and intriguing of Beneš and the like.

What led to the dissolution, then, was not fate, nor even war, but a series of human factors and errors. Man therefore carried the responsibility. But who? The emperor and his governments, or the separatist movement? The Austrians or the Hungarians? Here too Jászi avoided the traps of one-sidedness by criticizing all parties, with the exception of Masaryk and Beneš, who did everything they could to bring the Monarchy down in the latter half of the war. He defends the Habsburgs against the charge of displaying a German national prejudice, acknowledging the steps they took to reconcile national conflicts, but at the same time he shows their unbending centralism, their feudal petrification, their frequent resort to brute force that trampled on national sensitivities, and their inability to evolve a supranational conception of the state. Just as in his 1912 book, he regards the growing self-awareness and aspirations to gain independence on the part of the various nations as being natural processes, but the only efforts that he saw as genuinely irredentist were those of the Italians and Romanians and the Yugoslavs, who wished to unite to already existing nation states. The separatism of the various Slav peoples, in his overly optimistic opinion, was only brought to a head by the world war, the government's clumsiness and imperialist propaganda from outside. While he pays tribute to many centuries of tenacious struggle that the Hungarian nobility engaged in to regain their independence, he makes no secret of his view that the Hungarian ruling class was one of the main obstacles to federalization of the Monarchy.

His yardstick, then, was truly international but without being so in thrall to "grand historical processes" as to be insensitive or indifferent to national aspirations. Though distancing himself from any Hungarian chauvinism, it is with a deep feeling that attests to Ady's influence that he mentions the Kurucz insurrections against Austrian rule, while true national pride shines through the acknowledgements of Kossuth's plans for a confederation of states and the anti-chauvinist endeavors of Ferenc Deák, József Eötvös, Lajos Mocsáry and Ady. He

shows himself to be amicably sympathetic even to the neighboring states that carried out the death sentence on historical Hungary, but concludes bitterly:

The same nations, which carried on the most exacerbated fights through generations against foreign oppression and the system of a forcible assimilation... did not hesitate to apply this same system when the wheel of history turned and they gained the ruling position.

When the bulky book finally left the press in September 1929, Jászi sent off many dozens of signed copies to addresses in America and Europe, covering all the experts in the field whom he personally knew, as well as all his friends, new and old alike. When he was obliged to order a further ten copies from the publisher in November, though, even he confessed that the book “brings me near to bankruptcy.” By mid-October, letters of congratulation and thanks were arriving, one after another, from Joseph Redlich, Rudolf Charnatz, S. B. Fay, Carlo Sforza, Károly Méray-Horváth, and R. W. Seton-Watson. Karl Renner, the former Austrian chancellor, greeted the package with “a shout of joy,” while Mihály Károlyi dispatched a—for him—unusually long and enthusiastic letter to express the delight and pride he felt that his friend and colleague “should have shown the world what a brilliant scholar, deep thinker and ardent fighter he is for his ideals.” Jászi set particular store on three acknowledgements: those from Austrian Joseph Redlich, Englishman Harold J. Laski, and Frenchman Charles Seignobos, even asking them for statements that he could make use of in public. One that Laski provided was printed, along with around another dozen from the Anglo-Saxon world, by *Századunk* in Budapest:

Professor Jászi’s book will remain the classic treatment of the subject for many years to come. Few can call on such a thorough knowledge as the author, whose work impresses one with the force of direct experience. Not only does it provide a powerful dramatic narration of the facts but also insight into the endeavors of the individuals who embody the institutions, and it is thereby a first-class work of political science.

The very first reviews in America were from Hungarians, such as Emil Lengyel and József Hollós, but these were followed by a lengthy list in such periodicals as *The Nation*, *New Republic*, the *New York Tribune*, *Graphic Survey*, *Current History Magazine*, *American History Review*, *The World Tomorrow*, and *Contemporary Review*, while in Great Britain the *Manchester Guardian* published a highly laudatory piece. By way of balance, in Bridgeport it was covered for the local paper by a pharmacist under the head 'A Traitor's Book.' In Hungary, Ruzssem Vámbéry praised it in *Magyarság* [Magyar People], whereas *Pesti Napló* felt obliged to tear it to pieces. Róbert Braun produced a detailed survey of it for the benefit of *Századunk*'s readers as the periodical had already published the book's final chapter even before it appeared in print. Braun characterized the book as the summation of a life's—indeed, a generation's—experiences:

With the passing of the decades, the force of conviction has only grown in the author, and this makes the book fresh and convincing. By virtue of his moral strength and total academic grounding, his work's complete honesty and tolerance towards dissenting opinions, this is a first-class work as measured by the standards of the best literature on politics in the English language.

The book sparked a productive exchange of views in Czechoslovakia. Pál Szende appraised it in six lengthy articles for the Bratislava-based *Reggel* (Morning) (these also appeared in the Viennese *Arbeiter Zeitung*), stating that he thought it would be desirable to have the wide-ranging work translated into the languages of all the successor states. Prof. Emanuel Rádl of Prague, who had undertaken much the same role in his country's nationality politics as Jászi had done in Hungary before the war, not only thanked the latter for sending a copy but also set a debate rolling with an article he wrote about it for the *Prager Tagblatt*, comparing it with a book that S. B. Fay had recently brought out about responsibility for the war. In responding to this, Jászi remarked on a striking coincidence: he himself had just written an article for *Reggel* in Bratislava, under the head 'Fresh-faced Hungarians, America and Professor Rádl,' about Rádl's new book on Czech–German relations:

Are there truly any fresh-faced Hungarians who have been purified in suffering? This is the biggest Hungarian question for the Hungarians, one which has been constantly troubling me ever since I exchanged the battles of day-to-day politics for the turning inwards that comes with extraterritoriality.

He concluded that no such persons existed in either Hungary or America, so that if it were true that they had made an appearance in the Republic of Czechoslovakia, they should rally around Rádl, beaming as he was with the spirit of Jan Hus, because “they will not find a worthier leader than this brave and lonely Czech.” (The paper followed this up by serializing three excerpts from Rádl’s book *The Battle of the Czechs and Germans*.)

Jászi’s book was to go through four editions in English (1929, 1939, 1961 and 1971), and some universities are still using it as a textbook to this day. The main obstacle to its achieving greater success and wider use probably lies in its linguistic and stylistic weaknesses, because the University of Chicago Press spared itself the time and expense of having it properly subedited. The popular British historian A. J. P. Taylor, who himself wrote a well-known history on the final century of the Habsburg Monarchy, noted cuttingly in his bibliography on the subject that Jászi’s book “would be most valuable if it were not unreadable.” A demand for a German edition already came up within the publisher itself in early 1930, but they claimed to have been unable to find a suitable translator, after which it slowly slipped from people’s minds. The chance to translate it for publication in Hungary only came along half a century later, in 1982, but it was such an unexpected success that it went straight away into a second impression. An excited Hungarian reading public were probably hoping—in vain as it happens—to find revelations about the tragic outcome of the Treaty of Trianon, or other information that had been kept from them, so this was the first time that people literally queued up in the bookshops of Budapest, almost coming to blows, on account of a book by Jászi.

At the end of October, on learning that Károlyi had finally been granted a permit to enter the United States, Jászi penned a jubilant letter in which he summed up his outlook on the global situation and on the new opportunities that this offered Károlyi:

I have a feeling that fate has placed in your hands an almost unique opportunity, and it is up to you whether a mission or an adventure comes of it. The Hungarian régime in Budapest is now discredited, with even the capitalist press in America beginning to attack it. The successor states have also more or less run aground, for being next door to a raving Hungary they too have to lose their wits. The Soviets are hardly a bogeyman any longer, just an unsuccessful experiment in the domain of state capitalism. The constellation is ripe for a creative Hungarian policy.

This flawed assessment of the situation, of course, was intended to reassure Károlyi and hold him to the democratic line of October 1918; in his diary, however, he showed more misgivings: "He could do a great amount of good for our cause. But I fear he may do much harm." In any case, he promptly talked over with Ernest H. Wilkins, the College president, the matter of getting Károlyi an invitation to Oberlin, and he wrote to Károlyi that he would like to talk with him directly after his arrival in America, and offered to obtain an agency for his lecture tour. From the very start, then, he did all he could to be able to control Károlyi's itinerary in America—maybe because he was well aware, or at least suspected, that there was little chance of his actually being able to do so. For safety's sake, he dispatched letters to ask Seton-Watson, who still had a chance of speaking to him in England, and Ruzssem Vámbéry, who, because he was living in Budapest, might seem more credible, to bring their influence to bear on Károlyi and warn him off proclaiming his pro-Communist and pro-Soviet views.

In long, English-language letters that he wrote before setting off, Károlyi acquainted Jászi with his own views on the European situation, the balance of power between capitalism, as it headed to fascist dictatorship, and the socialist movement, and the likely prospects. He expressed the hope that, "between Putsch measures and playing the game of the Conservatives there is a *juste milieu*." Jászi, by contrast, emphasized, "there is no third way between Socialism and Bolshevism, but anybody who tries to realize the doctrine of Marx will be immediately driven into open Bolshevism." Still, in the given situation, and especially in regard to "poor Hungary," he thought this was

all academic, considering that Károlyi would not find it difficult to steer clear of “the Scylla of opportunism and the Charybdis of radicalism,” asking ‘only’ that he “not [to] mix your purely personal opinions with those of our issues in 1918.”

In November even Károlyi himself was evidently still uncertain about who was organizing the tour and what political content it would have. Jászi for his part, however, became increasingly uneasy because he could see a growing number of signs that his concerns were not without grounds (“the American Communist press is loudly trumpeting its links with you”), so at dawn on December 13th, timed to get to the *Bremen* before it sailed, he put together a final warning letter:

Based on sober consideration of the situation, I have to tell you in all honesty, if you are coming as the leader of the October revolution, on the basis of the October program, not only will all America applaud you but you will be able to level a severe blow against the already shaky military dictatorship back home. If, however, you come here as a quibbling Bolshie sympathizer, there is no group that will take you seriously, and the whole trip will founder as a stunt that will be the death of your political career. If you should choose the *salto mortale* of making yourself ridiculous all the same, it would still be your duty to be a man and announce candidly that you are no longer the leader of the October revolution but a fifty- or hundred-percent Bolshevik, in which case there would be no Hungarian liberal or socialist who follows you.

He felt that he owed this bluntness, on the one hand, as a duty both to Károlyi and to History, and on the other had a right to it. As he wrote:

I am perhaps the only one who does not wish to return home from exile, who has no interests of any kind, either back home or in Europe, and thus who genuinely speaks in your interest and the interest of the Cause.

The days that followed dramatically confirmed his worst fears. Two weeks later, on December 27th, just as Károlyi was about to set off, Jászi gave vent to his distress to Pál Szende:

The day before yesterday something outrageous happened. His first American lecture was organized by the Rand School (a highly reputed socialist workers' college) under the auspices of some of the most admirable and straightest Americans (professor John Dewey, the journalists Oswald G. Villard and Walter Lippmann, the socialist leader and writer Norman M. Thomas, etc.). Possibly no European has ever arrived under the sponsorship of such illustrious and pre-eminent left-wing names. The attention of the whole country was turned to him. At this, the Communists kicked up a huge fuss about it being wrong for K. to speak to a 'social fascist' company like that... The end-result was that he sent a telegram to retract the Rand School function.

Neither then nor later was Jászi privy to the full background to this episode, but he hit upon it by accident. From the memoirs of an American by the name of Sándor Vörös, a one-time Hungarian Communist and editor of *Új Előre*, who later became disillusioned, it emerges that Károlyi was blackmailed by young activist toughs. Vörös describes in detail an intercontinental telephone conversation—still a rarity at the time, and costing a fortune—in the course of which he and a graphic artist by the name of Hugó Gellért informed the Count that he would have to call off the Rand School invitation, and Károlyi, given that during this period he was maintaining close contacts with the world-wide Communist movement at a number of levels (barely a month before he had attended a meeting in Berlin with the leaders of Krestintern, the Peasant International), voluntarily subjected himself to 'party discipline' and bowed to a demand that had sprung from a thirst for power and petty rivalry.

Jászi, who had been expecting little short of miracles from the trip, wrote despairingly in his diary: "This unfortunate man could have regained his former position and broken Horthy. Instead of this, he will break his own head." He had now made up his mind that he was now going to attack Károlyi and deny him a place as the leader of Hungarian democrats. He did so just two days later, on December 29th, by writing an article under the title 'Mihály Károlyi at the Cross-roads' which appeared in the January 1930 issue of *Az Ember*, just after Károlyi had landed in America. He did not yet announce their

political parting of the ways, but he made it practically inevitable by demanding that Károlyi declare his true colors, frankly and unambiguously: "What he is looking for, and what does he think now about his original program, its continuation and its present chances." He also said up front that even if the answer were unacceptable, Károlyi would still remain their exemplar in the search for justice, but "with the frankness, determination and refusal to compromise that have been learnt from him, we shall call upon the Hungarian people to look for a new leader to fight for the old Károlyist ideals!"

Jászi did, however, make one last attempt, at least to clarify matters, on the last day of 1929 and the first day of 1930. He reproached the shortly to arrive Károlyi for sending reassuring letters and meanwhile entering into correspondence with "a gang, compared with which Béla Kun's lot were a bunch of intellectual giants and Catos." Nor did he see any excuse in the fact that Károlyi had no doubt been misled by dirty tricks the "young 'uns" had played on him, as he should have felt duty-bound to have any claims and proposals made by "financially interested agents of Moscow" checked by John Bíró or some other reliable supporter. What he asked for and wanted from Károlyi was that he explain first his behavior in relation to the slight done to the Rand School, Dewey, Villard and their associates, and also to make an appearance in their company, and second where he stood in relation to the October program. In taking this step, Jászi was recognizing that he too was to blame, as this was a clarification that had long been necessary but had been put off out of a sense of delicacy toward Károlyi. He did not say so explicitly, but what he was alluding to here, of course, was the difference between the 1918 and 1919 revolutions, the choice between democracy and Communist dictatorship that Károlyi had usually attempted to 'bridge' by stating that he was a believer in and representative of an October revolution imbued with a serious social content. Jászi recommended that he read the article by him that was due to appear in *Az Ember*, noting that "it is formulated in such a way as to leave your freedom of action intact in every direction." Finally, he dashed a few lines in yet another missive, this time a touching letter of welcome, "wishing great success and results on American soil," and quoting Spengler's comment about either becoming a fate yourself or else being subjected to fate. He

appended to this his two latest letters and signed it “yours faithfully to the grave” (which he would only feel justified in changing to “yours at odds to the grave” twenty years later). Károlyi telegraphed ahead even before docking: “Thank you for welcome but not for *Ember* article. Accept Oberlin.”

Jászi’s stance was open to two charges or reproaches. One is that he exaggerated or dramatized Károlyi’s situation and the resultant dangers, and the second is that in his struggles to ‘restrain’ Károlyi he was driven not solely by inner conviction but also by concerns for his own and other supporters’ very existences. The latter charge is frivolous and unfair, as Károlyi himself made it clear that Jászi did not write his open letters “out of cowardice.” Still, the truth is that the catastrophic effects Jászi predicted did not ensue in the short term. One of those was that never again was Károlyi permitted to enter the United States, even though during the Second World War that would have been important from the point of view of building a united Hungarian anti-fascist front. The other was that what, until then, had been a private dispute between friends became public and broadened, leaving the democratically minded Hungarian exile community—indeed, the Hungarian democratic camp in its entirety—without a universally recognized leader. From this point on, Károlyi counted as a Communist fellow traveler.

This did not precipitate a break in their friendship, however. Károlyi arrived in Oberlin on January 17th. Jászi went to the train station in nearby Elyria to await him, which is where the only known photograph of just the two of them was taken, with them standing beside the train at the moment of arrival (they can be seen side by side in a few group shots from 1918), as printed by the local newspapers. In it the gangling Károlyi can be seen in a light overcoat, leaning on a walking stick, and beside him the stocky Jászi in a dark winter overcoat and hat, with a rather surly expression on his face, looking distinctly the more elderly. According to Jászi’s diary, they were surrounded by a group of Hungarian workers and a lot of newspaper reporters. Both of them were rather overcome to be meeting after what had been a lengthy separation (they had last met in the autumn of 1925), and Jászi admits that despite their quarrel, and for all the troubles that Károlyi was trailing, he could not escape the latter’s per-

sonal charm and nobility. By way of an introduction, Jászi had previously given a talk on 'Count Károlyi, Hungary's Exiled Statesman' in Oberlin College's chapel, and Károlyi himself spoke at Oberlin, Lorain and Cleveland, with Jászi accompanying him and being happy with all the speeches. On one of the evenings, he put on a dinner in Károlyi's honor, attended by the College president, deans and heads of department, at which Károlyi gave a short but powerful speech in praise of Jászi and their friendship, expressing his pleasure that Jászi had found an intellectual home in Oberlin and his conviction that a time would come when Jászi's name was written into Hungarian history in letters of gold. "On the way home," Jászi wrote in his diary, "I cried my eyes out over our cause having lost such a fine fellow. His words of appreciation for my work moved me all the more, because my article in *Ember* had saddened him." Nevertheless, the dispute continued. In early February a new article by Jászi appeared under the headline 'The Károlyi Sphinx,' and in April an abbreviated version of this, 'A Communication Concerning Count Károlyi,' in the *New Republic* (*The Nation* having turned it down on account of its scathingly anti-Communist tone). For a while, Károlyi did not respond.

Both articles draw very sharp demarcating borders but without pronouncing a definite split—all the more because Jászi himself was unable to decide how to treat Károlyi, who had never repudiated the October platform, merely declared himself to be "a hundred per cent Marxist socialist." As he noted in the article, however, "everyone senses as I do, and even Károlyi himself makes no secret of it, that he is no longer the old Károlyi, that he has gone beyond the objectives of the October revolution." Having attempted in his own more theoretical manner to sum up Károlyi's "two-and-three-quarters" platform (i.e. close to the Third International, or Comintern), situated somewhere "between Lenin and Ramsay MacDonald," he even went so far as to explain to American readers that Károlyi may have found the old liberal-democratic platform excessively moderate in a changed world that had run wild:

I believe that he fatally misunderstands the driving forces of our period, the main tendencies of our economic evolution and the deepest foundations of our Western culture. But his great, al-

most tragic error does not affect his human qualities. Károlyi the statesman may fail, but Károlyi the legend will remain untouched in the minds of many suffering millions.

Yet he was not entirely easy, and the diary suggests that he was constantly searching for arguments to justify the hard line he was taking. Of course, those were to be found in fresh pro-Communist gestures on Károlyi's part, but meanwhile he had a sense of himself becoming increasingly isolated within his own camp back in Hungary. In March, he learned from Imre Csécsy, a devoted supporter, that "the M[ihály] K[árolyi] affair has had a decidedly mixed impact, especially on the younger strata of Hungarian progressives among whom I still count myself." To this Jászi could only give his customary response:

I knew that my words would be distorted back there. That is a matter of complete indifference to me, though, since I anyway cannot make practical policy from here. Nevertheless, it has remained my duty not to allow the purity of my principles to be dimmed in regard to the Future.

Yet there can be little doubt that Csécsy's declaration was painful for him, as was a press release concerning one of the statements Károlyi made in California. He read in the *Los Angeles Times* for May 8th that, answering an enquiry about a difference that arisen in the recent past between him and his supporters, Károlyi had answered that the difference went back not a few months but ten years. He had also referred to the pacts entered into by the Social Democrats in Hungary as being treachery, and apparently declared that he regarded the Party's allies in America—Jászi, Göndör and their associates—as traitors too. Jászi asked him, in a brief and palpably restrained letter, whether the news report was accurate, because he had his doubts about it, even though he did not think it was likely they were baseless fabrications. Károlyi sent him a long and friendly reply on March 20th from New York, just before leaving to return to England, assuring Jászi that he had never used that term to characterize Jászi, and he would make that clear in a fresh statement (the paper did in fact print on June 2nd that he did not regard Jászi as a traitor since Jászi had never been a Marxist in the first place). As far as Jászi's writings were concerned, over and above not

agreeing with them, the only thing he took exception to was the fact that what was now a decade-long difference of principle in their views about the Soviet régime was presented as being somehow new. The closing remarks are highly personal:

Personally, I regret that we have drifted so far apart from one another. I regret it because although I know that our mutual esteem will not suffer on that account, it's as if we were at war with one another and will nevertheless inflict painful wounds on one another. Boxing, even if it is done with white gloves and polite elegance, still leaves a residue of bitterness behind it. *So fare thee well* [original English], dear Oszkár. The very fact that I got this far, which makes me glad and proud, I largely have you to thank for, and I shall never forget that. Try not to be bitter that the pupil went on further—surpassed you.

Finally, he admitted to not having returned to Oberlin a second time because he had wanted to avoid a further confrontation in their present overwrought state: “I denied myself those quiet hours for the sake of our friendship... Are the splendid trees in Oberlin in leaf? *Es wär zu schön gewesen* [it would have been just too nice].”

Jászi thanked him the next day for this letter of clarification, hoping they would be able to remain good friends and fair opponents: “But *sub pondere crescit* [it grows under stress] applies not just to the palm-tree but to friendship as well,” he reassured himself as well as Károlyi:

This was the saddest and most uncomfortable polemic in my career as a writer, which has not exactly been lacking in controversies. But it is always of service to ideals if one does not blur them... I don't take exception to your ideals first and foremost so much as to your tactics, and your choice of people with whom to work... All you ought to have done was avoid the colors of the secretive Bolshie.

He advises Károlyi from now on to profess his convictions openly and go to the Soviet Union to ask to have a part in the world-redeeming activity that he so admired—possibly heading the Comintern's Central European desk:

From the at times agonizing quiet of my Oberlin solitude, I would watch with bated breath this battle, in which I cannot take part myself, since I see the intellectual as well as moral resources of the entire movement as being poisoned, out of which all that can come is an inversion, not an elimination, of the old injustices. Were I but wrong!

Disputes Between Generations

During the 1920s Jászi was able to maintain barely any ‘presence’ at all in the intellectual life of Hungary. His writings of the early half of the decade could not enter the country at all, except on the occasions when someone managed to smuggle a copy of his book, *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*, or his newspaper, the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*, across the frontier. There could be no question of legally publishing his articles; in the overwrought counter-revolutionary climate of the early Horthy era no editor would have dared take that on. The year 1925 brought a change only insofar as *Világ* was able to publish anonymous weekly articles by him on historical and cultural topics, so long as they were non-political, while in 1926 his friends, Ruzssem Vámbéry and István Varró, launched *Századunk* as a successor to *Huszádik Század*, and from 1927 onward his by-line was being printed with growing frequency, albeit mostly under obituaries, book reviews and commemorative pieces. On the publication of *The Dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy* in 1929 it seems numerous complimentary copies managed to find their way into the country but it was unable to make any real impact as in effect it was studiously ignored by the press. Thus, the régime and its leading intellectuals contrived that the Jászi name and his activity fell into oblivion, even as far as the liberal-democratic opposition were concerned.

The advent of the 1930s brought a further change, at least within clearly left-wing intellectual circles. Apart from news of the appearance of the *Dissolution* book and false rumors about an amnesty, this was mainly sparked by an article from Jászi that appeared in the Janu-

ary 1930 issue of *Századunk* under the title of 'Contribution to the Psychology of the Young Bolshevizing Mind.' According to the reports that got back to the author, this "had a sensational effect"—though naturally only within a relatively narrow stratum of the intelligentsia. No doubt as a result of his teaching experiences, a great many conversations and disputations, and not least the exchange of letters with Károlyi during the autumn of 1929, the realization had grown that it was not enough to do battle with Communist ideals and representatives, as true 'Bolshies' were quite unsusceptible to reason, whereas the problem that really exercised Jászi was that of the left-wing intellectuals who did not identify with Bolshevism but were attracted to it. As he characterized it:

The Bolshevizing mind does not accept the responsibilities and consequences of the Bolshevik régime, but it does make use of every possible opportunity to ridicule, impugn and discredit any political or social trend that is ranged against it (whether that is civil or socialist or philosophical).

Making it clear that he was not thinking of so-called 'crypto-Communists,' who did not openly avow their convictions merely in order to avoid police attention or for utilitarian reasons, but of those people, mostly young, who had become disillusioned with capitalism and reform programs and were seduced "by Bolshevism's apparent consistency and strident intransigence."

What emerges most of all in the further presentation of this type of thinking is that Jászi was not really familiar with the phenomenon from close enough—and some of the examples he picked were not particularly fortunate either—but the main thing is that he identified the phenomenon and undertook, on behalf of the pioneers of the Hungarian Left, the generation of the fathers, to confront the new generation of the radical Left. For him that, in essence, was to be the stamp of his work during the 1930s.

The statement elicited an immediate response, with two rejoinders appearing in the February issue of *Századunk*, one from a young Sándor Haraszti, who was later to make a name for himself as a Communist journalist and then as a supporter of Imre Nagy (indeed, he was one of the group who sought refuge with Nagy in the Yugo-

slav embassy in Budapest after the suppression of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution and were later put on trial by the Kádár régime), the other was penned by Dezső Hort, then living in Munich. Haraszti took exception most of all to the charge of dogmatism, whereas Hort's objections were concerned with the nature and up-to-dateness of Marxism, which Jászi summarily dismissed with the comment that it was not true to say that Marx had made a science out of socialism, and Sorel was right to say that he had made a myth of it. Just as he had done many times before, Jászi rejected the fatalism with which Marx and Engels saw every sign of crisis as a death-throe of the capitalist system. He did admit, however, that he had been more bothered by several private letters from Budapest and Vienna that he had received in the wake of the article, "in which friends and acquaintances complained that I had written a biased satire based on them." From Jászi's diary we know that these included his brother-in-law, József Madzsar, and also Máli's new husband, Tibor Gergely, who had felt so offended that he fulminated against Jászi in the presence of the latter's sons and also some guests. Indeed, 15-year-old György (George) Jászi himself had objections, which he wrote about to his father. Jászi received a long letter from Róbert Braun, who thought he had been too harsh in his judgments against Russia. To both him and George, though without of course naming them, he replied at the end of his April article, "he [i.e. Braun] says that I do not take into account the reports of the capitalist press and bourgeois writers that are favorable to the Soviets. That charge does not stand up because I study them carefully." He referred, among other things, to the regular reports that appeared in the *New York Times*, which may well have been the source for a diary entry during this period (February 4th) that refers to "Kulak-persecution in Russia with an appalling cruelty. One trembles seeing brutality in the name of a holy principle." He also took the opportunity to say what he thought about "political pilgrims":

Faced with the rosy pronouncements of poets and philosophers, I am extraordinarily skeptical because I cannot take seriously anyone who, without knowing a word of Russian, and naively admiring the Potemkin villages pointed out so eloquently

by official interpreters, comes up in under six weeks with a considered opinion about a country that extends over a whole continent and with a population of 150 million.

(The following year, by way of driving the point home, he reviewed for the Vienna-based, Hungarian-language socialist periodical *Világosság* (Clarity) the book, *Vers l'autre flamme*, in which the distinguished Romanian-born French writer Panait Istrati wrote about the disillusionment he experienced during his visit to Soviet Russia.)

Jászi emphatically rejected the argument that the Soviets were implementing, admittedly with rough methods, what was in essence his own program of radical socio-economic reform. He was quite clear that Soviet policy, as it was being manifested in land reform, the relation between the state and church, and education, was not the same as his policy, while as far as the nationality question was concerned it was simply "The policy for the nationalities adopted by Metternich, who is well-known to have had no wish to suppress national languages but merely did not want them to engage in politics or seek a new constitution." At that time, there were few people on the Left in Europe who saw this with such clarity.

It was his son, though, whom he considered his most serious debating partner:

Someone very close to me asks me whether it is right and proper for me to deal out scathing criticism of extreme left wingers when all of Europe is also in the grip of a formidably massive right-wing reaction, against which I am unable, for understandable reasons, to take up the challenge in the columns of *Századunk*.

He acknowledged that the argument had merits aesthetically, but not politically or morally: "A person should only take up the challenge against Evil in the place where, and insofar as, he lies within its power," was his message to his son, to which he added a much-debated proposition, that he was convinced that fascism was "to a very significant extent just a reflex phenomenon" provoked by Bolshevism, and in any case a Bolshevized generation would not be able to conduct a successful struggle against fascism.

Almost in parallel with this, Jászi was also engaged in another ‘dispute between generations,’ though this time one that had its starting-point not in reproofs but in enthusiastic encouragement, and very specifically out of an incident on March 15th, 1930, when the Sickles, a movement of democratic young ethnic Hungarians in Czechoslovakia, tried to lay a wreath—decorated with ribbons of red as well as the Czechoslovak, Serb and Croat national colors, in addition to the Hungarian red-white-and green, at the foot of the revolutionary poet Petőfi’s statue in Budapest. That was stopped by the police, but the wreath was in the end laid on the grave of Mihály Táncsics, one of the more radical of the 1848 revolutionaries. News of this action, which the Hungarian minister for the interior viewed as dishonoring the nation, along with the statement that the Sickles put out, brought a moment of euphoria to the sad exile as the statement that appeared in the *Pesti Napló* went so far as to refer to Jászi’s own idea of a Danubian confederation: “The first project for this was put forward by Lajos Kossuth, or at least it is from him and Oszkár Jászi that we got the idea.” Jászi had been waiting for nothing more keenly than that the younger generation of Hungarians should show signs of acting in the interests of collaboration and freedom of the Danubian peoples. “*Eppur si muove!*” he wrote in his diary for April 11th, when he learned about what had happened. By the next day he was already dispatching a jubilant article, under the title ‘Nevertheless the Earth Moves!’ to *Reggel* in Bratislava: “I see that the Sickles picked up the message of the Danubian region,” he exulted, and immediately acquainted them with a message from a like-thinking ‘Czech sickle’ who, along with an élite group of the Czech intelligentsia, “likewise knows what is at stake.”

Although Jászi generally managed, through sheer diligence and his network of contacts, to cut down the distance that separated him from Central Europe, given the transport and communications technology of his day, this was one occasion in which that gulf landed him into a tragicomic situation. He had no way of knowing it, but by the time he had dispatched this message to the Sickles one of the leading figures in the movement, a man by the name of Edgár Balogh, had already, in another Slovakian newspaper, brushed aside the hand that was reaching out for them. In an article entitled ‘Emigrants and

Fresh-faced Hungarians' (which was taking issue with something that Pál Szende had written), Balogh gave notice of the same change in outlook and generation as was ushered in by the emergence of the so-called 'agrarian populist' trend in Hungary at about this time. A few paragraphs into his article, which opens with the obligatory obeisances—the Sickles too had taken their first steps under the wings of Ady, had been fans of *Nyugat* and *Huszadik Század*, and had learned from Jászi's books—Balogh turned to his assertion that a generation gap existed and his analysis of the reasons for this. In his view,

The Sickles have already stuck their neck out for issues that, in their radicalism, transcend the intellectual legacy of what nowadays counts as the largely conservative October revolution. Students who are interested in the Russia that is building, to mention nothing else, no longer listen even to Oszkár Jászi when it comes to matters of the ultimate consequences of socialism.

It was more than likely that this is where the main reason for the sharp dissociation should be sought.

Having received this article from *Reggel's* editorial office in late April, Jászi asked to be allowed to reply and straightaway, under the title 'The Emigration and the Sickles,' set about putting this together, without any sense of being affronted or angry, given that even in his diary he noted, "Balogh's arguments are mostly correct." He made it clear, first of all, that "the Sickles are right about not wanting to tie their own fate and struggle to the future of the emigration, and all the more so when an emigration in the political sense no longer exists," while he personally had long ceased to be a politician in practice. It is not, therefore, for any tactical reasons that he is interested in this movement of the younger generation but purely in regard to the future, because he sensed in it "a movement of serious intellectual forces." He acknowledged:

It cannot be denied that the Hungarian emigration, like all emigrations, stands too much under the influence of its old fighting front and is inclined to overestimate the Hungarian aspects of today's situation while, on the other hand, taking less notice of the complications in the neighboring countries.

All the same, he pointed out to Balogh that, contrary to his assertion, there was a very big difference—one in quality—between the reaction in Hungary and that in the successor states, because in Hungary they had still not done away with the Habsburg feudal structure:

If, therefore, Balogh is charging the emigration of ‘senile exploitation’ in the interests of the reaction in the successor states, I for my part charge him and those who think like him of youthful rashness, if they do not wish to take note of the aforementioned fundamental difference... If the younger generations are deliberately keeping quiet about the Hungarian problem in the strict sense, they are reinforcing Slovakian Hungarian feudalism and secret irredentist machinations, for which the issue of ethnic minorities is merely a pretext for stirring up and invigorating the policy of ‘No! No! Never!’ and revanchist hostilities.

(One year later, in the summer of 1931, Jászi spent some time in Slovakia and passed through Bratislava, where he met a number of people and, at Sickel’s request, delivered a talk on the problems of a Danubian Confederation, however neither party felt that this encounter had been a success.)

In the spring of 1930, finally freed from the burdens of putting his book together, Jászi began to occupy himself with a great range of topics. He translated into English La Boétie’s marvellous *Discours de la servitude volontaire* of 1548, and for an introduction to this re-read Jean-Jacques Rousseau’s discourse on inequality, *L’origine et les fondements de l’inégalité parmi les hommes*, Machiavelli, and several other key essays. Besides that, he wrote major entries on Socialism and Communism for professor Alvin Johnson’s encyclopaedia, which likewise necessitated a huge amount of reading. In his preparations for an international round-table discussion in Chicago, he sought opinions on the situation in Central Europe from, among others, the former Austrian chancellor Karl Renner, the German Walter Schücking, the Czech Radl, the Hungarian Ignó and Béla Halasi, and several other friends. The twenty or so invited participants to this conference, which ran from June 22nd–27th, covered topics ranging from the League of Nations to the South American situation. Jászi’s own round-table discussion, on his own assessment, aroused interest but

he did not win many friends with his highly critical attitude toward, and his expressed lack of confidence in, the Kellogg Pact. As usual, he found he was running up against the wall of American isolationism, yet by now he was seeing the European situation as increasingly unstable, considering it conceivable that the Habsburgs might soon be masters again, first in Budapest and perhaps even in Vienna. From the growing stridency of Mussolini's voice and his threats of war for 1932 he concluded that Europe's reactionary bloc now had very serious plans with regard to the future.

It was around this time too that Jászi's health and spirits again took a turn for the worse. In late March and early April he spent three weeks in bed—ten days at the local hospital—with an inflammation of the leg. The symptoms of diabetes were also coming back, requiring him to go on a strict diet, which in turn weakened him and reduced his stamina. He was increasingly concerned about his mother as he got news of repeated heart attacks, dreading the idea that he might not see her again, because for financial reasons they would not be able to make the crossing to Europe that year. He was also bothered by the prolonged separation from his sons, given that they were now coming of age mentally speaking, young György in particular, whose intelligent letters, with their slight smack of Marxism, were a source of both pride and concern to him. Conflicts were also arising with Recha, mainly on account of their poverty, which she found hard to take and attempted to conceal from those around them. She had taken it into her head that they ought to be living in their own detached house, rather than a modest apartment, and persuaded her husband at least to check what options there might be. Jászi even went off to inspect a few houses that were for sale or under construction, knowing all along that in view of their financial prospects this was merely a question of a 'Platonic interest,' and in fact even later in their lives this was not something they could contemplate. The tension, in any event, led to the first serious rows in their married life, even though one other possibility that had cropped up, albeit in a rather vague form, was that he might move from Oberlin College to a university in Chicago or elsewhere. He knew that this would expand his sphere of activity, but it appears that his bond to quiet, tranquil Oberlin proved stronger.

That summer of 1930, first in Oberlin then, during July and August, in Chicago, where he ran summer courses on political systems and political theories, Jászi was plagued—apart from ‘homesickness’—by an unusual and unrelenting heat wave. Nevertheless, the weeks of that summer, going on into the autumn, became particularly bitter and memorable more particularly because they brought a continuation, broadening and aggravation of the Károlyi debate. The debate was carried on principally in the columns of *Reggel*, and it was precipitated by a big series of articles by Károlyi about his trip to America and his new program.

The first of these articles, under the title ‘The American Pseudo-Octobrists,’ which was aimed against the nationalists who were exalting Lord Rothermere, only touched on Jászi in passing and set him apart. However, Jászi was the central topic of the second article—‘The One Separated by an Entire World’—which appeared in early August: “I was smiling right up till Oszkár Jászi spoke out from Oberlin, and, to my not inconsiderable surprise, in the most typical pseudo-revolutionary Hungarian weekly magazine [i.e. *Az Ember*] at that.” Károlyi went on, on the one hand, to express a friendly appreciation for Jászi’s merits but, on the other hand, he rejected Jászi’s criticisms of what he was doing in America, and more generally his pro-Communist sympathies and his deviation from a democratic basis. What he designated as his program consisted of redistributing land to the peasantry and a strengthening of the ‘true socialism’ that was manifested in the Chrysanthemum Revolution. This was the only article that Jászi had read when, on August 23rd–24th, he wrote his first rejoinder: ‘Mihály Károlyi, America and the Soviets,’ which he expressly intended as a ‘short reply,’ reserving the right to come back later with a more thorough response.

The Jászis returned to Oberlin from Chicago in September 1st, with the first day being spent unpacking and tidying up. From the newspapers the next day, he learned about a huge demonstration in Budapest, with 100,000 workers protesting against Hungary’s economic slump and massive unemployment, “and the bloody disturbances provoked by the government,” as he recorded in his diary. Two weeks later, following elections for the Reichstag in Germany, he noted with anything but satisfaction “the victory of the German fas-

cists over the Bolsheviks; the Republic's future doubtful!" The new academic year started on September 17th. More than 50 students had enrolled for a lecture series he was to give on the problems of peace, which he was pleased about, but even that seems not to have raised his spirits overall: "I tremble for Mother, the Károlyi affair irritates me, the College seems me dull and uninteresting." By the time it came to examinations, and thus at the end of that semester too, these feelings intensified to outright disgust:

I feel as a misfortune that these last years of mine I cannot devote myself to the work in which I am really interested, but I am compelled to grade, to rank, to read blue books and organize peace society!

One thing tied to the latter obligation was that on September 26th, by way of an introduction to the planned society, at the president's request he gave a highly successful speech about peace to over seven hundred students in the chapel, despite the fact—announced right at the start of the speech—he was not a great fan of peace societies, and in his opinion what America needed most was not so much a greater spreading of goodwill as the regular and collective study of peace problems. He reminded his young audience that there were no panaceas and they should not allow themselves to become immersed in the troubled waters of pacifist sentimentality. What was required was unsentimental realism combined with exceptional idealism.

Having already made a start on it, the day after that he finished one of the most important and most spirited of all his essays, 'Pseudo-Octoberism and Bolshevism: Mihály Károlyi's New Programme,' the promised big article to close the debate with Károlyi, which was written for *Századunk* but also for simultaneous publication by *Reggel* in Bratislava. In the preamble he made it clear that any personal quarrel had been disposed of in the earlier articles, but this was now a matter of "historical assessment and sociological evaluation of the events of October 1918, and the drawing of the consequences that are to be expected from them." He made no secret of his wish to address primarily the younger generation and to clarify for them questions that had not been posed systematically enough in the interviews with Károlyi. He discerned that Károlyi had changed his standpoint over

the course of the debate, since at the start he had seemed to be defending the actual October program but by the end he was setting out a new, socialist program, falling back on the fact that various social forces had taken part in the revolution, so “it is absurd to impute to October a uniform established wish.” In responding to this, Jászi provided a new, even more searching analysis of the forces and character of the 1918 Hungarian revolution as compared with what he had written a decade earlier for *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*. While not denying that extremely diverse social groups and mutually contradictory, even in some cases extremist currents had played their part in it, he nevertheless asserted that “all revolutions had a wish that expressed their decisive and necessarily determined character.” In the case of Hungary’s October that could only be a compromise between the three main protagonists (the revolutionary workers’ movement, the conservative peasantry and the progressive intelligentsia), and under the given circumstances in Europe—notwithstanding the anti-capitalist stance of most leading politicians—that did not permit capitalism to be transcended.

Jászi also adopted a new approach to analyzing the causes for the revolution’s failure, not speaking about any lack of the required depth of leadership but of the fateful role of the two complementary ideologies, nationalism and Bolshevism. An aspect that he had previously just touched on was now expressed forthrightly:

The October revolution was snatched away by the country’s nationalism, and we took the struggle to maintain territorial integrity with deadly seriousness... In other words, the October democracy proved even more intransigent in the national sphere than the subsequent oligarchs, and it was the Károlyi government that elaborated the ideology of ‘No! No! Never!’ that was later to lead to so much trouble and abuse.

He did not seek to evade his own share of responsibility for this, and he also reminded Károlyi, the one-time ‘Kurucz’ leader, that the idea of the nation—contrary to the assertions of the “Muscovite shorter catechism”—was not simply “the ideology of profiteers or the wretched plebeians whom they duped.” Meanwhile the other ideology, he wrote, had managed to persuade a war-weary population that

the October program was already outdated and that, “what Hungarians need is not democracy but dictatorship; not an honorable compromise with historical forces but their total eradication.” He chided Károlyi for now wishing to renew the world-revolutionary vision that had unseated him and presenting it to today’s youth as a program to solve the whole global crisis.

In his critique of Russian methods he laid great stress on their total inapplicability, indeed their counter-productiveness, to Western cultures:

The peasantry and intellectual middle class here are far too strong and self-aware to bow their heads to the yoke of Red pashas without a life-and-death struggle. *That struggle, in the end result, is more likely to lead to fascism than to a dictatorship of the proletariat.*

The last sentences was picked out by italicizing it, and there is no denying that, appearing as it did at the end of 1930, this proved to be a terrible prophecy (admittedly, barely two months later, in early February 1931, he gave rather short shrift to a letter from Béla Halasi in Berlin, according to which it was highly likely that a dictatorship under Hitler was coming). The closing part of the *Századunk* article was addressed directly to the younger generation, which as a result of life’s difficulties and poverty

has become politically color-blind. For them the ideal of freedom that fired the great generation of the nineteenth century has become almost incomprehensible... It may be that this generation will simply laugh at this. All the same, the day will come when you will bewail those ‘outdated’ basic freedoms as the cudgel blows of fascist dictators and Bolshevik pashas rain down on you from either side, if you keep on rushing down this path.

The warning was directed at the generation of Hungarians like Arthur Koestler, the poet Attila József, and the post-war Communist leader László Rajk, or the Czech Otto Katz, untold numbers of whom suffered and were destroyed in the Nazi concentration camps and the Soviet Gulag, under the hands of Gestapo or GPU, and there were even some, like Alex Weissberg, who, after the Nazi–Soviet Pact of August 1939, were handed over by the Soviet authorities straight to the Gestapo. The article really did put an end to the debate, as Károlyi did not reply to it, nor was there any follow-on worth mentioning in *Századunk*.

American Citizen with a European Heart

In early November 1930, at the time the *Századunk* article was published, Jászi was invited to undergo the examination that was needed to gain American citizenship. He had expected the notification to come later, but the authorities had been punctilious: by that autumn five years had gone by since he started his American life in Oberlin. He appeared before the examining committee, in Cleveland, on November 20th, and it was his impression that he had been received with marked respect: in practice, they had not actually asked him anything, indeed they made it known that they would not dare to do so with a professor of political science and instead merely informed him that he would be able to take the oath of allegiance in ninety days. That ceremony took place three months later, on February 20th 1931, again in Cleveland, with the couple arriving there the previous evening. Recha baked a *kugelhopf* (or *gugelhopf*), as she did for virtually every festive occasion, in this case placing some little American flags on it, so that this tall, fluted ring of cake, perhaps the most typically Central European bakery product that there is, was a true symbol of what Jászi was then feeling, to which he gave verbal expression two weeks later, on March 4th, in a talk that he gave, at the request of Oberlin College's president, to an enthusiastic student audience in chapel.

This talk, to which he gave the title 'On Becoming an American Citizen,' is one of the rare examples in Jászi's output of a pleasantly self-ironic and yet weighty confession, despite pointing out right at the start that he had a strong aversion to confessions, considering them to be the privilege of great artists. In a few short sentences, he

summed up how he had ended up as a stateless exile, and the vicissitudes that he had experienced, before going on to refer to how hard it had been in the first years in America to adapt, because for an adult psychological processes that have become unconscious now again become painfully conscious, whether that is a matter of the colloquialism of the language, interpretation of menus, patterns of social life or other levels:

It is not only this continuous strain of new behavior patterns, to use this blessed American expression, that is a painful process, but also the constant effort to grasp the meaning and the spirit of the new American civilization. I have made a kind of balance sheet of my experiences: those favorable and those unfavorable in American life... You are (I should now say *we* are, but I still hesitate to do so) a cleanly people, well washed, radiant in your physical purity. You are a benevolent people, inclined to kindly emotions, at the same time a sincere people without the many ambiguities and mental reservations of most Europeans. Your optimism is thrilling and amazing after the general pessimism of Europe. I admire your system of democratic education, which tries to give equal opportunity to all; your universities are not only institutions for instruction, but also, in a sense, moral and social organisms. How fortunate you are that your class differences have remained, up to now, purely economic differences, unaccompanied by the poisoned class hatred of the oppressed—the real source of European Communism. I think, too, that you enjoy a greater amount of personal liberty than any country in the world, with the exception of England...

But there is the darker side of American life, too... Your life is terribly mechanistic, you are always in hurry; you have no real sense of leisure. Even recreation becomes a sort of mechanized mass enjoyment... I feel that there is more hysteria and more lack of appreciation of good, firm, traditional values than among the average Europeans... At the same time, you are amazingly and terribly 'scientific.' The average American firmly believes in the measurability of all things... I am also some-

times terrified by the brutality of popular passion.... And finally, I would mention the lack of great political ideals...

This desultory outline of my impressions will show you that I shall be unable to submit passively to the melting pot. Though I believe in the validity of the melting pot hypothesis, I think that this melting pot should become something more dynamic; not only should the content be changed, but the pot as well, so as to give us a broader, finer, more variegated American culture. And I should be very happy if I could contribute even a particle to the elaboration of the new synthesis of the future.

He rounded the talk off by declaring:

I shall always regard as one of the real privileges of my life the opportunity of beginning my American pilgrimage in this institution in which, remote from the millionaires and the racketeers of the great cities, I could study, if not American realities, at least American ideals, and where I learned to know, if not what America is, at least what America ought to be.

The year of 1931 for Jászi was nevertheless spent less under the pull of America than of Central Europe, and Hungary in particular. His mother's condition went rapidly downhill, her heart attacks coming with growing frequency, so that there was a feeling that summer might be the last chance for a meeting. The two Jászi boys were given Hungarian passports at the end of 1930 and so they spent that Christmas in Budapest, at the grandmother's home. Jászi himself was delighted about this, quite unaware of the fact that the movements of the two boys, minors though they were, on orders from the top were being kept under surveillance by Hungary's police organs from the moment they entered the country. A few weeks later, he himself had his American passport, and since it looked increasingly doubtful that his mother would be able to travel to either Hrušov or Bratislava, he was thinking of taking the risk of traveling to Budapest as an American citizen. However, friends talked him out of this, partly on account of his mother, for whom the flurry surrounding her might not be very good, but partly because they were concerned for him too, at least in terms of his being subject to

'demonstrations' or harassment. The idea of applying to the Hungarian government for a safe conduct for a few days was also raised, and József Madzsar and Róbert Braun made enquiries about this but met with categorical rejections. In early April, therefore, he sought advice from friends in Budapest as to the degree of risk, making it clear that

In the event of any serious incident I would not be able to count on energetic support from the American embassy. Roosevelt [the American minister to Budapest] is not the sort of man who would endanger his position in Buda for the sake of an unpopular cause, and by the time it were possible to mobilize liberal American public opinion it might be too late. I am well aware that there is a risky element to all such things; the only question is whether it is possible nowadays to take that on rationally.

It was not possible, it turned out. A letter from Braun arrived at the same time as a message from the lawyer Sándor Erdélyi, who moved in official circles, informing him that the government would never grant him any exceptional guarantees (the official response was that if he so wished, he should ask for an entry permit), along with Madzsar's communication that Jászi's mother was in no fit state to travel.

On May 2nd, Jászi and Recha made a calculation of what their travel costs would be and discovered they would need a bank loan of \$1,500. "A heavy burden," Jászi noted in his diary, but it was one he was going to have to accept, and three days later he had in fact already been granted the loan. The matter was therefore decided, though he was still worrying even during the period that followed, confessing to himself: "I am scared of Europe, because I think of Mother and of poor Málí's difficult position." He gave his last lecture of that year on May 29th then took his leave of the president and dean, who had made arrangements for someone else to cover for him during the examination period and also informed him that his annual salary was to be increased to \$6,000. The final days before departure were so stressful, with his being obliged to accept so many farewell visits, that he left his briefcase at home and had the train detained—inconceivable these days!—while a colleague slipped back in a car to

fetch it. In New York, as was his custom, he met with friends and looked round the New School for Social Research and its “hyper-modern building, with revolutionary frescoes inside.” He was annoyed to notice that the *New York Evening Post* was carrying a report about his trip to Europe to see his “dying mother,” and meanwhile he received a letter from Arnold Dániel that advised him not to go to Budapest under any circumstances because “the whole town is now talking about this.”

On June 10th, they arrived in Bremen on the *SS Europa* then, after a three-day stay in Berlin, set off on the 14th for Vienna, where they were put up by one of Recha’s female friends, Lotte Franzos, in her pretty home with views of the hills. From there Jászi was able to telephone his mother, who was now in an even less fit condition to travel as she had fractured a leg a few days earlier. Thus, in Jászi’s place Recha traveled to Budapest and spent the next three weeks there as the old lady lay on her deathbed, for all practical purposes in a coma. On Recha’s own account, she was kept under police surveillance the whole time; they had wanted to oblige her to report to the police daily, and when she refused to do that, she was checked at the place she was staying. She managed to persuade Jászi himself to go to Badgastein during this period so as not to feel driven by Vienna’s proximity to be constantly worrying about his mother’s passing and at least unbend a little, among the hills, from the exertions of the academic year. The night that dawned on July 13th was spent in a mountain hut with Geyza Farkas, a friend who was paying a brief visit, and on getting back to his hotel there was a message from his sister that their mother had died. The burial took place on July 15th at the Farkasrét Cemetery in Buda, with Róbert Braun giving an address by the grave on behalf of absent friends. As Jászi wrote to him:

You were about the only person from whom that act was not painful to me, indeed was gratifying, as your person alone is a guarantee that what you said was not demonstrative or political, just fraternal love... The only thing that worries me is that your taking on that role may bring further persecution down upon yourself and make it even more difficult to obtain employment.

(Braun had by then lost his job, and Jászi was later to try and get him a job at the Library of Congress in Washington, DC.)

Another person who visited Jászi in Gastein, in this case from nearby Mariazell, was Rudolf Goldscheid. This was in fact the last time they were to meet, as the doyen of Vienna's sociologists died later that year. Also holidaying not far away was Eugenie Schwarzwald, one of Recha's friends, but Jászi could not bring himself to pay a visit on "this exceedingly talented lady who, however, is a huge snob without a sincere word to say." He returned to Vienna on July 20th, then spent August in Hrušov and northern Transylvania, then during September made his way back to America via Bratislava, Vienna, Berlin and Bremen. Of all the trips he had made to Europe thus far, this had been the most varied and the most rewarding as far as meetings went.

He discerned a deeply pessimistic mood among the members of the Viennese middle classes, who, in striking contrast to perpetually optimistic socialist leaders like Karl Renner, Rudolf Goldscheid, Pál Szende and Zoltán Rónai, had a sense that a collapse of their world was unavoidable. Others, however, had fallen under the spell of Bolshevism, driven, as best he could see, in part by fear, in part by hope. In Slovakia he had a day in Bratislava (this was where he first met the Sickie leaders), then in Košice he spent a short time with Béla Simai and his family, while in Hrušov he was happy to note that circumstances were more comfortable than usual, because there were fewer guests, though his presence soon had them deluged with visitors from Hungary and elsewhere in Slovakia.

News still reached him here, of course, so he was relieved to hear that moderate parties had come out the winners in the Prussian elections, but he could not get himself worked up about even the fall from power of István Bethlen, Hungary's prime minister of ten years, as he concluded that no major change was to be expected to come of that, whether for better or worse. He was much more interested in prospects for change in Romania, because, through György Bölöni and other friends, he had received an invitation to visit Iuliu Maniu, who was at his family estate in Șimleu Silvaniei, in between two spells in office as prime minister. Jászi traveled by rail to Seini, Pál Szende's native village, and then continued the journey with Szende in the

Buick of one of the latter's relatives, first to Carei and Valea lui Mihai, then on the third day to Bădăcin, where Maniu received them on the small property that had been in his family's possession since the seventeenth century. There has been no independent mention or printed source of this encounter, which was not previously known about, but Jászi was subsequently to provide in his diary a detailed account of the five-hour conversation, from which it seems that it substantially consisted of him posing questions and Maniu answering them.

Thus, to a question as to whether he would still choose today to implement the same agricultural policy and land reform as he had done immediately after 1918, Maniu said he would, adding proudly that this had been a great success, because it had made the peasantry more self-aware and self-reliant. Jászi followed up by wondering whether the present economic crisis was not negating the main fruits of the reform, to which he was given the answer that the crisis was only temporary, whereas there had been a genuine improvement in diet and living conditions for peasants. How serious a threat did Bolshevism represent? was another of Jászi's questions. The answer: not at all serious. Romania would be the last country to accept Bolshevism. The peasants of Bessarabia were well aware of what was happening in Russia; they would fight against Bolshevism. The Jewish intellectuals of Bessarabia might conspire with the Soviet Union, but the Roman middle classes were unaffected.

Was it true that Romania was the most corrupt nation in Europe? was the next question, which greatly riled Maniu. He stressed that his government too had fought against corruption; the situation was improving, and anyway Romania was no more corrupt than any other country. Jászi found it very hard to give that statement much credence. He went on to ask Maniu what he thought about the economic depression, which was undermining the European system and leading to Bolshevism. Maniu agreed with that, and he said that he supported federalization of the Danubian and Balkan peoples, inclusive of Poland. He acknowledged that Jászi had been right about predicting that economic catastrophe would result from dividing up Hungary, but he averred that it had been impossible to hold back the forces of disintegration at that time, and now the process of integration had started. A new federation, in his opinion, would become the kernel for a more

general European confederation, which was why he was opposed to *Anschluss*. He had presented this plan to French premier Briand (who had been enthusiastic about it) and to the British Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain (who had not).

Touching on Romanian domestic politics, there was discussion about the role of King Carol, whom Maniu characterized as being well-meaning but easily swayed. Under the influence of his relatives—Hohenzollerns, Romanovs, and the British royal family—he had no liking for the system of parliamentary government, whereas Turkish–Fanariot influences had put him in bad odor. Maniu did not consider the government of the moment, headed by the “impotent Iorga,” was likely to be stable, but he did not rule out a coalition with Goga or Titulescu. He felt that sustaining the Little Entente was an important security against a Habsburg restoration. Jászi does not mention whether Maniu made a special point of asking him to remain discreet in regard to their conversation and its contents, or whether there was any such agreement between them, but in any event he seems to have written nothing about it, even in private correspondence. News of the meeting must have got around in Transylvania, however, because three years later a journalist in Cluj-Kolozsvár made reference to it in demanding to know why Jászi had not made use of his contacts to clarify and improve the position of the Magyar minority in Romania. It is, indeed, striking that, on the evidence of his own diary, Jászi did not even raise the issue, despite the fact that barely two years earlier he had sent a very pointed letter on this very matter to Maniu when he was prime minister.

On the final day of the car trip, they paid visits to Baia Sprie and Baia Mare. In the countryside of the latter town, the base of the well-known Nagybánya colony of Hungarian painters, Jászi spotted a one-time love of his childhood. She had now become a gray-haired lady, but her eyes were still beautiful, he wrote, though he had thought it best not to speak to her, as he had no idea who, among his old acquaintances, might consider him to be a ‘traitor.’

The melancholy final days spent at Hrušov foreshadowed the coming months of worry about the uncertain futures of Alice, Máli and son András (Andrew) and the hard circumstances that many other friends were to find themselves in. Jászi made no secret of the

fact that, despite the house's 'feudal' atmosphere and Károly Garay's surliness, its garden and Máli's warmth were a great comfort, though the sumptuous banquet that was served up on the last evening badly upset his stomach. On the way back, he spent a day in Bratislava, which is when he attended the Sickle meeting, but by September 3rd he was in Vienna, staying this time in the charming home of Dr Bermann on Türkenschanzstrasse. The following day, he paid a call on Karl Polányi and was delighted to verify that his friend had finally shaken off all his 'illnesses.' The remaining days, however, were soured by other visits, especially those of Recha's guests. It was all the easier to move on, because this time he was able to take his elder son, György, with him to America, while Andrew—through the intervention of Count György Apponyi (Albert's son and himself a liberal parliamentary representative)—was granted a Hungarian entry permit, which allowed him to cross the border at Hegyeshalom (from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs archives it turns out that he too was placed under tight covert surveillance).

In Berlin, among other old friends, it was the younger of the Polányi brothers, Michael, who was waiting to see him, but the surprise was a meeting with Mihály Károlyi, for which Jászi could thank his cousin, Béla Menczer. Károlyi had just arrived from Moscow and was so low on money that Jászi arranged for him to be given 100 Deutschmarks. His impression—substantiated by the letters Károlyi wrote from Russia and his second volume of memoirs—was that Károlyi's enthusiasm for things Soviet had died down somewhat, as it had been impossible not to notice the oppression, the climate of terror in which all intellectuals were living, and the cowed atmosphere among the exile Hungarian Communists in Moscow in particular. Károlyi had also observed that Russian nationalism was intensifying greatly, and how much Communists of Jewish extraction lost their previous leading role. Jászi's diary contains some extremely touching entries about the now thin and starving Count, this pleasant, noble Don Quixote, who from time to time would live on bread and coffee, was unable to maintain his family, and yet confidently awaited the collapse of capitalism within the next year or two.

On September 15th, the Jászis set sail from Bremen to arrive in New York on the 21st and Oberlin on the 23rd. György enjoyed the

crossing hugely, whereas his father spent most of the time half asleep, recovering from the huge tensions and extraordinary range of impressions accumulated over the three months in Europe. Two days later, Jászi was already starting teaching, again with large classes of altogether 140 students. He complained about the load of his three courses and the material that has to be covered, for which he always prepared meticulously, as well as the language difficulties that this threw up, as he was again obliged to diagnose. Nevertheless, he acceded to the college president's request to give a talk in chapel on the problems of Central Europe, which duly passed off on October 7th, whereas on his own suggestion he also delivered a commemorative address to mark the centenary of the death of the German philosopher Hegel (this was subsequently published in *The Nation*). His interest by now was firmly turned primarily to questions of war and peace. He derived much pleasure from reading Max Scheler's book, *Die Idee des Friedens und des Pacifismus*, an essay on permanent peace by the Hungarian Gyula Moór, and Del Vecchio's *War Philosophy*.

The following year was taken up, first and foremost, by György's problems with studying and making friends. George Jászi, as he was now called, was immediately accepted as a freshman at Oberlin College. He seems to have encountered no difficulties with English, and with his outstanding brain—Lajos Hatvany thought he resembled the young Goethe in this—he was soon achieving excellent results, coming out top of his year of 140, even coming top in English composition at the end of the first semester. That did not stop George complaining a lot about how lonely and companionless he was, leading his father to worry increasingly about his son's superciliousness and to question whether George really would be able to get used to America and adapt to its culture. Although Jászi was convinced that studying there was fully justified by the ever more baneful situation in Europe, George's rebellious behavior was soon threatening the tranquility of home life. He was getting into irritable arguments with Recha, who was already suffering on account of the frequent silences, and indeed hostile indifference, of her own son, Steffl, who had now risen to the position of deputy manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

What emerges both from Jászi's diary and his wife's memoirs is that clashes in outlook played a part in George's case. He had been

drawn to Marxism and revolutionary thinking partly under the influence of his mother's Viennese friends, most notably Georg Lukács and his adopted son, Lajos Jánosy, and as a result he found himself increasingly dissatisfied with his father's 'moderate' views. It was not long before he was writing an English-language letter, beginning "My dear Károlyi bácsi" to ask the former Hungarian president directly for intellectual and political guidance. Jászi himself was rather patient with, and unruffled by, this critical stance, seeing it as typical adolescent rebelliousness, but it emerged that his son took great exception to their place in Oberlin's society, to their keeping quiet about or "covering up" their Jewish roots, and their periodic appearances at Sunday services of the Protestant denominations, feeling that they were forcing this alien role on him as well.

This charge hit Jászi on an extremely sensitive spot, all the more so as his diary provides evidence that he had already said a lot in Vienna to his sons about the misguided upbringing that he had received, and his relationship to his Jewishness and Christianity. He explained to George that he would be incapable of changing his son's attitudes, but he would be very unhappy if his son were to suffer from the same pressure of having to suppress his Jewishness (*Verdrängungsideologie*) as had poisoned his own life. George, for his part, was able to realize that the issue arose in a very different form in the American small town than it had done in Vienna, where rapidly mounting anti-Semitism had made it a matter of honor not to hide one's Jewish origins. Jászi's attitude was well illustrated by a somewhat earlier incident, back in 1928, when the *Meumali Journal*, an American Jewish magazine, approached him with a request to state what his views were on the situation of Jews in Hungary—a request that he turned down: "It irritated me that they treat me as a Jew, after a life work entirely emancipated from racial narrowness." For Christmas he gave George a copy of Kipling's 'If'—Károlyi's favorite poem, while he himself was given a splendid cartoon by Tibor Gergely which portrayed the opening banquet of a Danubian Confederation—naturally with Jászi himself at the head of table.

George also had the main role in the 1932 diary. Practically every afternoon, father and son—sometimes accompanied by Recha—took a long walk, and they would use these occasions to systematically talk

over a topic. In the evenings, they would read Ady's poetry, which led Jászai to note with satisfaction that although his son had grown up outside Hungary, his accent and sensitivity to the language had improved considerably. He took great interest in an essay on the subject of 'The World in Which I Would Like to Live' that George entered for a competition, in which he discerned traces of his own influence alongside the Marxist thinking. In the end, the essay did not win any prize—according to Jászai because the adjudication committee favored a typically naïve and sentimental American species of pacifism, so that George's opposing notions were perceived as near-sacrilegious. He had experienced reactions of that kind more than a few times during his own talks, whether at Oberlin or elsewhere. In a speech given to the local Peace Society, which he also had printed in *Századunk*, he had noted that:

What is needed most of all in America is not so much a greater spreading of goodwill as the regular and collective study of peace problems. The best goodwill in the world is going to be of no use to us if the causes of ill-will are constantly growing.

There was more talking about peace, and more peace societies, than ever before, yet the quantities of deadly weapons and explosives, in both the physical and intellectual sense, were meanwhile growing apace: "And what is the reason for this continual preparation for war? It is because the balance of the world nowadays is such that it can only be maintained with the aid of bayonets," for

The world's present balance is not a voluntary co-operation, based on mutual interest, but the armed rule of the strong over the weak. That is why we need armies and naval fleets, because sudden disarmament would signify a social, racial, national and religious revolution of gigantic proportions.

He thus comes to the conclusion that "true peace cannot be brought, unless the starving half of mankind is fed, provided with housing, clothed, given moral and emotional education, political and economic organization."

At this point in his life, alongside his regular teaching duties at Oberlin College, Jászai also fairly frequently accepted invitations to give talks to various young people's, women's and other societies, as

well as Hungarian clubs, usually in towns or cities that were fairly close to hand in Ohio (Akron, Columbus, Lorain, Painesville) or not far away (Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse). These were most often about the situation in Central Europe, European politics, the League of Nations (of which he had a very poor opinion) and, over and over again, on the problems of peace. The latter was also the subject of one of the courses he ran at Oberlin College, for which one of his students, John C. Ranney, produced a mimeographed set of notes in the year 1936–37. This aspect of teaching was one that he loved and derived much pleasure from, whereas the business of examining or marking papers became increasingly tedious and hateful: “What a torture! Almost a suicide!” he wrote in early February 1932, at the end of the semester, but he was somewhat consoled barely two weeks later, when they had to deal with Max Weber in a seminar.

It was around this period that Recha, more open to the everyday world as she was, insisted on their purchasing a wireless set. Jászi, of course, resented any time or composure that had to be sacrificed to this, but after listening in once or twice he was enchanted by the novelty. He soon had the opportunity to hear a speech that Franklin D. Roosevelt made as a presidential candidate, and although he then still looked on him as the lesser evil, as compared with Herbert Hoover, the Republican incumbent, Jászi felt that Roosevelt had a warm, agreeable voice and decided that he would get his vote on that basis. He noted that he had also heard a talk by Trotsky from Copenhagen. Since there was no question of traveling again to Europe that summer (George alone went back to spend the long vacation with his mother), Jászi engaged to teach a summer course from the end of June, which earned him enough to pay back \$400 of the bank loan he had taken out the previous year, as well as a sum of \$150 that he had borrowed from a well-off friend back in 1924 in order to be able to visit Károlyi, when the latter was ill. His rest that year was a stay, toward the end of summer, at the Italianate small island of Put-in Bay on Lake Erie. From here he wrote to Károlyi on August 17th about the gathering storm clouds of global crisis:

I have always striven to engage in politics in a principled manner and not concerned myself with tactical successes. That, of

course, shows what a bad politician I was; however, what I longed for, and aspired to, was not gaining power but preparing the way for a better, more humane future. That it is possible to engage actively in politics nowadays only in accordance with the utter extremes of the dialectic—you are quite right there, and even if I were living in the thick of the European crisis, rather than in America, I would still abandon practical politics. I brood a lot, and torture myself more than a few times, over whether that abandonment might not be a moral defect... In a nutshell, this is the source of the difference of opinion between us. The times are against me, I am well aware of that, and occasionally I painfully sense my loneliness in this Bolshevized and fascized world—all the more painfully because my intransigence will, in the end, drive me apart even from my son.

To summarize his opinion, he wrote:

What the world needs is a new, true socialist synthesis, and every day I scan the horizon of the intellectual sea, like some Robinson Crusoe of Oberlin, to check whether the harbinger of a new redeeming world-view might be trying its wings. And I fancy I can see more than an element or two of this belief in a new life, but I am now too old, tired and preoccupied by day-to-day work to cast those news elements into a system and forge them into symbols.

If he felt unable to take on the role of a new prophet of socialism, Jászi did take on another major task, that of providing an academic synopsis of socialism's ideological and party history for an *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* that was being edited by Prof. Alvin Johnson, with whom Jászi had been in contact for a decade and for whom he had already produced entries on various individuals, including Emperor Francis Joseph, Lajos Kossuth, historian and Roman Catholic bishop Mihály Horváth, and Zsigmond Kunfi, followed later by István Széchenyi, Kálmán and István Tisza, and Ervin Szabó, as well as on anarchism and atheism. This latest topic was a huge undertaking as he was supposed to give an outline in 15,000 words of how the concept of socialism had evolved and its different variants, how socialist

theories and movements had developed, and who their main exponents had been from the eighteenth century through Marxism to the Leninist and Stalinist versions. The article and the massive list of appended references that Jászi submitted was well over the length that had been allowed, and even though, after much argument, a further 5,000 words were allowed, the editorial team was left having to chip away at the text and still ended up with an entry that filled 25 double-column pages in the printed *Encyclopaedia*. It is clear from Jászi's diary that it took him months of work to write the article, not counting the subsequent work on checking copy and making further cuts. This involved him going through, or re-reading, all the major reference works, often re-evaluating many aspects while he was working on the entry, until he finally managed to hammer out a comprehensive yet compact and objective review on this complex subject such as few, before or after him, have been able to match.

He had no luck at all, however, with finding a publisher for another big project, La Boétie's *Discours de la servitude volontaire*, which had won him over years ago. In addition to translating the whole work, he had written an entry about it for the *Encyclopaedia* and even prepared an introductory essay on it, entitled 'Against the One: Etienne de la Boétie and his Discourse on Voluntary Servitude.' He corresponded and negotiated for years on end with the aim of acquiring a publisher or financial backer for the work, until it eventually turned out that somebody else's English translation had been put out in the meantime. Even so, he grasped any opportunity that he could to evoke the freedom-loving young man's figure and ideas, referring to him repeatedly in the course of lectures, and it was with a quotation from La Boétie that he chose to end his own final work, the posthumous book on tyrannicide.

The autumn of 1932 in the United States was taken up with the presidential election, which had assumed particular significance in the light of the protracted world economic recession and F. D. Roosevelt's bold plans to take 'vigorous action' against it. On October 25th, Jászi gave a talk in chapel under the title 'To Vote Intelligently,' and, without actually mentioning Roosevelt's name, spoke about him and encouraged the students to vote for him. As the College's president and the two other professors of political sciences had already spoken

about the importance of the election and its mechanism, as well as analyzing the platforms of the parties and the three candidates (Hoover, Roosevelt and Norman Thomas), he had been left with presenting the human side, the suitable personality. Since he was not in a position to dissect the virtues of the specific candidates, he chose to take the abstract approach of underlining the importance of personality in politics, especially in the case of the president of the United States, who exercised great power, with a wider sphere of authority, than any other head of state or government. "Who is a great president?" he asked, and over and above the elementary requirement that, of course, he should be an irreproachable man of spotless reputation, he listed eight qualities and criteria: genuine sympathy for the sufferers and the underdogs of society; constructive imagination; the power of synthesis; realism in his vision; a feeling for balance; courage; knowledge of men; and finally, a great president should be a true internationalist, who feels that he is living in a world that is tending toward unity. He finished by suggesting to his audience that they study the candidates' biographies, their speeches and their more personal aspects and make a decision on that basis as to which of them best met the aforesaid requirements.

November 8th represented the first occasion that the Jászis had been able to vote, with Jászi's vote going to Roosevelt, Recha's to Thomas. By the next day it was known that Roosevelt had won a landslide victory. "It is the equivalent of a bloodless revolution," Jászi remarked in his diary. Although he was to have momentary concerns about the anti-liberal aspects of the New Deal, with its whiff of planned economy, Jászi's faith in Roosevelt's person and policies ultimately remained intact, indeed, if anything, grew with the passage of time.

By the time Roosevelt actually took office, at the beginning of 1933, an epochal change of power had also taken place in Germany. A diary entry for January 31st reads: "Hittler [*sic*] chancellor in Germany! An important event which will hasten European dissolution." The German situation now directly affected his own family, for in the meantime George had decided that he did not wish to stay in America, preferring to continue his studies at a German university, either in Berlin or Frankfurt. Anna Lesznai had asked the Hungarian-born

Karl Mannheim, then a professor at the University of Frankfurt, for advice, and he had sent information on both institutions in a long letter that had arrived in Oberlin just two weeks before Hitler's appointment as chancellor. Jászi was very set against Berlin (if only because of the dangerous presence there of Georg Lukács), and even in February he was striving to urge Frankfurt on his son in the hope that "the gravity of German conditions is less perceptible" there, and asking Mannheim to be George's intellectual tutor, even though he already knew within days, and on February 6th he noted: "Dark news from Germany. Military dictatorship in full work... a new war is imminent." Then barely two months later, Mannheim let him know—and in coded language at that!—that he had lost his job, had been forced to flee and asking Jászi to help him by recommending him in Prague (to Masaryk, Beneš and Rádl) and making enquiries at some American universities. As things turned out, Mannheim soon emigrated to Britain, and George Jászi picked up his studies at the London School of Economics.

George traveled back to Europe in mid-June, at the end of the academic year at Oberlin College. "It is not easy for me to be left by my son," Jászi wrote to Louis Bíró, who was by then living in London,

but he was unable to take to America, being too much of a Hungarian and too Russian in his sympathies. That is a very difficult synthesis, but too sophisticated for me either to be able or wish to force my own world-view and values on him... You will see, he is worth heeding.

Meanwhile professor Rádl was letting Jászi know that there was nothing he could do for Mannheim in Prague owing to the nationalist and anti-Semitic spirit that had become dominant at the German university there. In the end, Mannheim was able to solve his search for employment without Jászi's assistance, but they remained in touch, even if it was merely in the form of trading views by letter, because much of what Mannheim wrote irritated Jászi: "A terrible pseudo-scientific language," he noted in his diary after having read Mannheim's 1929 work, *Ideologie und Utopie*, while three years later he reviewed *Mensch und Gesellschaft im Zeitalter des Umbaus* (later translated as *Man and*

Society) for the *American Political Science Review*. In the latter he summed up the differences in outlook between them in a most intriguing manner: he did not believe in Mannheim's pragmatist program for overhauling the state organization, whereas Mannheim rejected natural law and his determinist approach "nullifies the individual" and saw only change and adaptation in human nature, not recognizing that it had a permanent stratum. "That is obviously connected with your immanent and my transcendent divinity," he wrote to Mannheim, who thanked him for the critique as that of a person in whom one senses the paternal even in his fault-finding. "In my opinion, both of us are 'Leftist liberals' in our ultimate roots," he noted, "but you want to set your face against the age with noble defiance, whereas I, as a sociologist, would like to spy on the mystery of this new world (hellish as it may be)..."

Jászi had no illusions about the Hitler régime, but he soon noticed that there were many in the West who harbored and fanned such misapprehensions. In early May of 2003, accordingly, *The Nation* printed a vitriolic attack by him under the headline "The Hitler Myth: a Forecast." From the opening sentence, the bitter sarcasm of his decade of émigré experience comes across loud and clear:

No one with any historical knowledge of the rise of Horthy in Hungary, or of how Mussolini came into power in Italy, will have the smallest doubt that very soon Adolf Hitler will emerge as a bulwark of European equilibrium, a bellicose leader for peace, a pet child of international capitalism, and a staunch defender of Western civilization against the Soviets.

He carries on by presenting a month-by-month 'forecast' of the manner in which various Western newspapers, American and Western European politicians, businessmen and academics would try to persuade themselves and the rest of the world that Hitler was not all that dangerous, indeed actually manageable, worth co-operating with and befriending, for even if he did have his "little indiscretions," he had restored "order." Jászi even went so far as to name a number of public figures—the philosopher professor Nicholas Murray Butler, who was the president of Columbia University, the journalist and popular biographer Emil Ludwig, and others—who were making Hitler "fit

for polite society” and meanwhile “tactfully” failing to take cognizance of the political prisoners and concentration camps. What was more, he envisaged

Some of the influential Powers in the League of Nations, becoming more and more friendly to Germany under the leadership of Ramsay MacDonald, advocate the necessity of giving a new colony to Germany for purposes of peace, in return for good-will in international co-operation. This suggestion is further supported by the need of Germany for a place to put her irreconcilable Communists, that she may refrain from spoiling the beauty of the German landscape with barbed wired internment camps.

Meanwhile, “all the peaceful states of Europe will continue their race for armaments.”

That article triggered a large number of congratulatory letters, including one from professor Salvemini, the distinguished historian and exile from fascist Italy, whom Jászi had only met that spring when he invited him to deliver a lecture at Oberlin. There was also a crude attack on him in the Hungarian American press, from the pen of a Lajos Tarczai, a journalist who had once been a socialist but become a nationalist ‘gun-for-hire’ and now called Jászi a defamer of Hungary and, at one and the same time, anti-Semite. What upset Jászi much more than that, though, was that Tarczai also made an unambiguous reference in the article to Jászi’s Jewish origins, which briefly reopened the old sore, even prompting him to imagine that this might compromise his position at Oberlin, with colleagues accusing him of worming his way among them. He had calmed down by the next day, allowing himself to be persuaded by Ferenc Göndör that Tarczai was so widely despised that it would be wrong to react to his drivel.

The issue of *Századunk* in which a somewhat distorted and badly translated version of the ‘Hitler Myth’ article appeared also contained some further amends for Jászi in an essay on Hungary’s nationality question by the educationalist and left-wing politician Gábor Kemény, in which a separate section was devoted to Jászi’s book on the Habsburg Monarchy and in the process gave a thorough survey of the picture that Hungary had formed of Jászi in the 1920s. The ha-

tred, Kemény pointed out, was chiefly provoked by the fact that Jászi had foreseen, and tried to ward off, the catastrophe that did indeed befall the country. That is why Ferenc Herczeg, the arch-conservative luminary of Hungary's writers at the time, had put the words "Oszkár Jászi will dispose of Transylvania" in the mouth of one of his protagonists, which had told a whole generation who was to blame for the loss of Transylvania, despite the fact that history—contrary to what régime-friendly historians liked to believe—was bearing Jászi out, as many were now starting to realize. In an October 1932 article in which he was assessing the growing vogue for the peasant populist movement and the books of reportage on their 'village research' work, Sándor Pethő, a noted political writer and newspaper editor, had already complained that the most energetic members of the younger generation were starting to return to Jászi's writings.

The incessant mud-slinging in the Hungarian press about the blame for 'Trianon' may well have brought to a head, that spring, an old plan that Jászi had been nurturing and had spoken about to Ignotus and Róbert Braun during the previous year's trip to Europe, which was to write a book about the ideas on foreign-policy and federalization that Kossuth had elaborated in exile after 1849. Friends had even sent letters of encouragement, and Braun had gone so far as to make a copy of Kossuth's unpublished correspondence from the 1850s, which was guarded in the Hungarian National Museum. All that came of this, in the end, was an essay on 'Kossuth and the Treaty of Trianon' that appeared in the October 1933 issue of *Foreign Affairs*. The editor, H. F. Armstrong, was glad to have it, even though the subject was clearly going to have more resonance in the Danube region than in America. In brief, the article outlines the dispute that arose over Hungary's future between Kossuth, by then exiled in Turkey, and László Teleki, the minister to Paris during Kossuth's revolutionary government, who was domiciled in France. The émigré politicians were unanimous in thinking that there was no way of sorting out Hungary's international status unless the position of the nationalities were sorted out, but they were sharply divided on the manner in which this should be resolved. Teleki was in favor of reaching an internal federal arrangement with the country's ethnic Romanians and Serbs, but Kossuth felt that was dangerous, because the provinces that would be cre-

ated as a result would be unable to withstand the attraction of union with their co-nationals across the border, which would pull Hungary apart. It would not be right to initiate a new revolution for such a questionable outcome, he considered, but only for the sort of grand goal that would be represented by a federation of Hungary, now separated from Austria, with the other Danubian states.

Jászi appended two maps as illustrations—one showing the Hungary that, in Kossuth's view, would remain after the provinces of the ethnic minorities had seceded, the other showing the country that had been left by the Treaty of Trianon. The two maps practically coincided, from which Jászi drew two important conclusions. The first was that the nationality problem that had threatened Hungary ever since 1849 could only have been overcome by a more tolerant policy; the second was that this answered the question of those who had asked whether the way the frontier lines were drawn at Trianon was due solely to an arbitrary whim of the victors, or had there been some natural logic to events that proved stronger than diplomatic calculations. For if the latter was indeed the case, that meant there was a chance of correcting any mistakes in the peace treaties and restoring economic co-operation between the new states without having recourse to a new war.

"This analysis is by no means to be taken as a complete justification of the Treaty of Trianon," he emphasized:

In the first place, the frontiers accepted as natural by Kossuth in 1850, were not still the real ethnographical frontiers of Hungary in 1919. The intervening seventy years had changed considerably the racial constitution of the various territories... The disregard of this gradual expansion of the Magyar element, and the adoption of the old ethnographic lines, were serious errors. Large Hungarian towns were detached from the mother country. In addition, without any ethnographic justification, territories were in several cases detached by purely strategic reasons.

He concluded:

I believe that the solution of the Danubian problem today can be found neither in the maintenance of the present situation

nor in the restoration of the old frontiers of Hungary. It must be found in two things—in a reasonable readjustment of boundaries, and in a tariff union between Hungary and adjacent countries...

Despite that caveat, the *Prager Presse*'s response to the article was to say, in effect, 'What did we tell you! Even Lajos Kossuth considered the Trianon frontiers were justified.' Based on that, Lóránt Hegedűs, a Hungarian banker and former finance minister as well as past vice-chairman of the Sociological Society, instantly managed to fashion a new charge against Jászi in the October 15th edition of the *Pesti Hírlap* newspaper, but four days later, having had the chance to find out what was actually in the original article, had to admit that Jászi had not cited Kossuth's vision as a wish but, on the contrary, as a danger that had already exercised Kossuth himself. Naturally, Hegedűs cast doubt on there being a deeper pattern lying behind dismemberment, and since the historical and political connections of the matter were not immediately apparent to the domestic readership, which had no chance of finding out what was in the original article, it was easy to paint Jászi yet again as a supporter of the Trianon frontiers.

The last ten days of June were spent by Jászi in Chicago, this time at a truly interesting conference on the formation public opinion, organized by the Harris Foundation. On his own account, he took a very active part in the discussions, making a number of contributions and chairing a session on controlling propaganda, and found himself in the thick of debate by taking on the role of devil's advocate as a counter to the rose-tinted optimism of the pacifists. He was particularly nauseated by a German Jewish professor's fervid efforts to gain good points back home by being obsequious to Hitlerism. In Oberlin too he had noticed that he would need to gear up for disputes about Germany that could be anticipated, first and foremost, with Karl Geiser, his departmental head and closest colleague, the man to whom he had most to be thankful, from getting the invitation to teach there to overcoming the difficulties of settling in. Hitler's accession to power and his promise to resurrect German national greatness caught Geiser up, like so many other Germans the world over. To make things worse, though, Geiser was supposed to retire in the new

academic year, which had induced in him a form of persecution mania. Jászi tried all he could to see if Geiser's professorship might be extended and, indeed, to set his mind at ease. They would exchange lengthy missives, despite living only a few minutes away from one another, and they only met face to face when it came to Jászi's attention that Geiser was conducting a 'whispering campaign' to try and discredit his antifascist stance by spreading rumors about his Jewish descent. This time, however, he reacted differently from on earlier occasions: it would be better if the fact were to become public knowledge, he wrote in his diary.

That August they would have liked to escape the heat by going to nearby Put-in Bay, but it transpired that the pretty, tranquil island was completely booked out. After some perplexity and hunting around, they plumped for a vacation by Crystal Lake in Michigan, and again found they had made a happy choice, with the small lake offering a panorama that Jászi swore was one of the loveliest in the world. His four-week holiday on this occasion was refreshing and restful, with a lot of bathing and a certain amount of reading.

Most of Jászi's relatives and friends in Budapest were, for the time being, safer than those living elsewhere in Western Europe, because in Hungary the march toward the fascist state was, as yet, still in the hands of Gyula Gömbös's government and its corporatist project. The Madzsars' position, however, had become untenable. As one of the leading intellectuals of the underground Communist Party, and with his post as an editor of the still legal periodical *Társadalmi Szemle* (Social Review), József Madzsar was being subjected to repeated arrest as a sign that he was not welcome in the country. With the family's subsistence vanishing, Jászi asked Károlyi to put in a word with his comrades to assist Alice, while in his brother-in-law's case he suggested that emigration to the Soviet Union would be best. Károlyi did what was asked, but Alice's general health and nerves continued to worsen, and since she was unwilling to go to Moscow, her husband was also not inclined to go and preferred to continue in their makeshift existence.

With many of his friends in Budapest also getting on in years, and increasingly tiring in life's struggle, Jászi realized that about the only person left on whom he could seriously rely, looking ahead to the

future, was his former secretary, Imre Csécsy, who was still in his forties. Csécsy had been most courageous in sticking by him, writing a splendid article in Jászi's defense during the most difficult period, and maintaining contact with him by letter, as well as meeting him several times at Hrušov. Although he had a very good managerial post with a life insurance company, in 1933 Csécsy decided to give that up and devote his time and energies to the service and intellectual renewal of Hungarian radical democracy, possibly founding a party or joining an existing party. He explained all this to Jászi in the autumn and received a very positive, detailed and encouraging answer:

Your plans are much on my mind—not just as a friend, but also from a selfish standpoint. It has been very painful to feel that there is no one who would carry on my ideas, or more properly speaking, my policy line. My son, 18 years old as he is, is of course totally under the spell of Moscow. My friends in *Századunk*, decent and outstanding though they are, are standing without a new synthesis, or in other words they are defenseless against Bolshevism as against socialist revisionism. It is a great delight, indeed consolation, to see that you, in the prime of your manhood, should be willing to carry on the work where I left off. I am deeply convinced of the correctness of a few of my basic principles, but I thought that they would only spring to life again after the Flood.

He strongly advised Csécsy against getting mixed up in party politics, urging him instead to aim at working out a new ideological synthesis. He personally, coming up to 60 years in age and in a poor state of health as he was, considered that he was no longer capable of doing that. He added in a postscript to this long letter: "Today I heard Hitler on the telephone [Jászi presumably meant radio]. It was weird; I felt it was like a declaration of the imminent world war."

At the start of the new academic year, in line with the world situation, Jászi instigated two new courses, one on Socialism and Peace, another on Dictatorships. In a chapel talk given on November 9th, furthermore, he explained to the students how Hitler had come to power, acquainting them with the antecedents that they would be unaware of—the economic, political and psychological factors that

had been working for the Nazis—and without mincing matters demonstrated the sort of slogans that excited the Germans:

‘Wake up, Germany! Jews get lost!... Down with democracy! We spit on freedom!’—primitive battle-cries of desperation and ignorance like this exerted a greater effect than a whole book of the most profound statecraft... We are dealing with the tragedy of a great people that is simultaneously also a deadly danger to our entire Western civilization.

For a man who, at the beginning of the century, had an unconditional belief in the might of thought and enlightenment and the idea of sovereignty of the people it cannot have been easy to come to this realization. Yet even here, a note of ultimate optimism was not missing from the closing words:

Don’t lose your faith in the German people, my friends. It is utterly impossible that this great nation, from which the spirit of a Kant, a Goethe, and a Beethoven was conceived, should once and for all abandon these lofty ideals for the sake of the crude and bloody mysticism of a Hitler, a Goering or a Goebbels.

According to the diary, he had a quite exceptional success, with the students applauding not just at the end but also, from time to time, during the talk.

Jászi had taken on the talk at the college president’s request, after two colleagues of German descent, Geiser and Artz, had both declined. This was despite the fact that his health was by now in a precarious state, with multiple operations in prospect. One knee was painful, and although an attempt was made to treat it, he was not to know that this would now dog him for the rest of his life. Even so, he tenaciously carried on with his walks, but in late October there was a time when he was so badly afflicted with abdominal pains that he had to take to bed. Dr Földes diagnosed a bilateral ventral hernia. Despite the risk that he was incurring, he had the operation postponed to the Christmas break so as to lose less useful time. He even prepared for death, spending the last days of November writing farewell letters, even if these were only to be sent out to family members and his closest Hungarian and American friends if it should come to the

worst. So much did he wish to keep his condition secret that he did not write about the operation beforehand to Alice, Máli or his sons, and he threw a fit of rage when it became clear that Recha had let it out to the neighbors. He considered this tantamount to betrayal, and on the evidence of his diary this was their first real row, even if he was already regretting his severity by the next day.

From December 9th to 25th he was in St Luke's Hospital, Cleveland, where he underwent operations on the knee and hernia, which were technically successful but led to a bout of pleurisy and, given his run-down state in the pre-antibiotics era, a threat of pneumonia. Dr Földes paid calls on him as many as three times a day, while Recha moved into an adjoining room, but the worst fears proved baseless and the patient slowly regained his strength enough to be taken back in the college president's car—though initially not to home but an empty ground-floor apartment, so that he could take walks without having to negotiate a flight of stairs.

Thus, his own farewell letters were not sent out, but he, on the other hand, received a farewell letter from István Maléter which proved not to be premature for two weeks later news that he had died also arrived. Jászi mournfully noted that Maléter and his nineteenth-century French elegance had been an anachronistic phenomenon in Slovakia, where there had been a time when he fought for the rights of the Slovak minority, then for those of the Magyar minority. Jászi was to keep an eye on the further fate of the only son, Pál, then 16 years old, in the years to come.

In early 1934, given that Jászi was entitled to a sabbatical year, he and Recha were able to plan a longer trip to Europe than those of previous years. They had originally wanted to start with a break in Spain, but they had to abandon that on account of the unexpected hospital costs—at least \$300—that had been incurred. In mid-January, when he was pronounced fit by Dr Földes, the couple made an estimate of their budget, from which it became clear that they would need a loan of \$600, even allowing for the fact that Jászi had asked the Social Science Research Council for a grant to study the countries of Central Europe in regard to their political situation, economy and ethnic groups. Under the heading of 'My Project,' Jászi's application for funding explains that the undertaking would be

an organic continuation of his life's work both in politics and academia. As a witness and student of conditions in the former Habsburg Monarchy before and after its collapse, what he wanted to investigate was the way in which the new state formations of the region had evolved, and what impact they had made on the international balance. He added that gaining a thorough acquaintance of present circumstances in the region would also be very important and useful with regard to the peace studies that he had been engaged on for years. He considered that he would need roughly a year, after making the study trip, to write up what he had found and draw any conclusions, but at that stage he was uncertain about what form it might take, whether a book, an essay, a series of articles or a confidential report. From a diary entry at the time, it would appear that basically he would have liked set it down in a book with the running title of "The Collective Psychology of the Danube Basin."

War Germs

For all that, in both his spoken and written work, he sensed and laid great stress upon the imminence of war, Jászi could not have suspected that his six-month trip to Europe in 1934 was also to be his last for a very long time, while his wife was never again to see Vienna and her friends there or in Germany. The primary source for what happened during the trip is, on this occasion, provided by Jászi's memoirs as his diary—obviously because of being continually on the move and the pressure to write down notes for other purposes—is a good deal sketchier than in other years.

They set sail from New York in mid-February. Rather than a planned break in Spain, for which they had been preparing by taking Spanish lessons, Jászi opted to spend some time in Cannes and the French Riviera, so this time they did not take one of the usual German liners but an Italian vessel, the *Giulio Cesare*, which was sailing straight to Cannes, where they were ceremonially met by no less a person than the head of customs, who happened to be the father of the manager of the Maison Française at Oberlin. The provisions thereafter, however, were not at all favorable, with the Jászis having to contend with, and fret about, badly run and dirty guest-houses instead of getting the proper rest they had hoped for. Maybe they were unaware that the Côte d'Azur only reveals its charms to the rich. According to Recha's recollections, "Oszkár's bad mood was helped neither by the splendid natural setting, the sky and sea, nor by the intoxicating force of the spring colors and aromas."

They reached Vienna in April, despite being warned by friends in the city not to travel there as Austria, under Chancellor Dollfuss, had

by then fallen completely under the fascist spell, with its diplomacy and military aims hitched by treaty to Hitler's Germany, Mussolini's Italy and Horthy's Hungary. They had tangible experience of this all too soon, because already on the first morning a detective turned up at their hotel, in the Josephstadt district, to order Jászi to present himself to police headquarters. There, a high-ranking officer enquired what the purpose of the visit was and how long they intended to stay, in response to which Jászi told them about the nature of his assignment from the Social Science Research Council and informed them that he wished to conduct most of the study from Vienna. When it was communicated to him that, out of deference to the friendly relations that Austria enjoyed with Regent Horthy, he would be allowed no more than one week to complete his work, he announced that he was not prepared to recognize the unjustifiable restriction and went off to ask the American consulate for its protection. The consul was reluctant to become involved in what he regarded as another state's internal political business, whereupon Jászi notified him that in that case he would send a telegram to President Roosevelt, with whom he had the good fortune to be personally acquainted. The consul promised that he would get in touch with the police, yet Jászi apparently did not leave it at that but insisted that the telephone call be made in his presence, and that the consul make it clear to the Viennese authorities that Jászi would stay as long as his work required.

There was no further pestering by the police, but the Hungarian authorities kept an eye on Jászi (and his family) throughout the trip. The Hungarian consul at Bratislava reported on April 7th that he had learned from a confidential source that

[Jászi] has arrived in Slovakia, where he is staying on his divorced wife's property at Körtvélyes... According to my informant, he is working on a major propaganda work that will deal with the Central European question and will be published in English. Next week he is apparently also going to visit Bratislava in order to conduct negotiations here with several government officials and politicians.

The Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs relayed this report to the Ministry of the Interior and the Prime Minister's office, while the

Ministry of the Interior had already notified his Excellency Tibor Csurgay, in late 1933, that a György Jászi, London resident, had applied for an entry permit. The embassy in London was instructed to issue a single-entry visa and report back by telegram. This was duly done by the embassy's counselor and temporary chargé d'affaires, László Bárdossy (who not much later became foreign minister, then prime minister, and was eventually executed as a war criminal after the end of the Second World War). George's American passport was stamped with a reminder that he was obliged to report to the police at the Hungarian frontier, for which he was pulled off the train on his arrival. The same happened the following year. What is not clear from the official documents on the "Jászi minors" is what the authorities were actually worried about, unless they were merely making themselves disagreeable.

On May 22nd, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs passed on to the Interior and the Prime Minister's office a report from Belgrade, based on "confidential information," which indicated that Jászi had arrived there two days previously "allegedly for purposes of studying the economic situation in Central Europe." Two weeks later, Ambassador Alth was in possession of more detailed information, correctly identifying the subject of Jászi's work and the American body that was sponsoring him. As far as he knew, Jászi had only paid a 25-minute call on Foreign Minister Bogoljub Jevtic. The purpose of his visit was "purely to collect scientific data"; he had stated in private that his information "with regard to Yugoslavia was rather unfavorable." To the best of the ambassador's knowledge, Jászi had traveled from Belgrade to Zagreb then on to "Laibach" (i.e. Ljubljana) to meet with Croatian and Slovene politicians, then apparently to Subotica and Sombor to meet leaders of the Magyar minority community. The names of whom he visited in the Vojvodina were listed in the next report, dated July 14th. Jászi had made no announcement about what he had found, "but from what he had seen so far, he did not see much good coming. He does not see a way out of the situation; the Danubian peoples will be unable to conduct an independent policy until they can free themselves from the imperialist endeavors of the Great Powers."

Jászi's scrappy diary entries largely corroborate the interpretation that was assembled from informants' reports. Although he found a

good few congenial individuals among the many Yugoslav politicians, academics and other intellectuals whom he met and, notebook to hand as was his habit, quizzed about the current situation, the only conclusion he could draw from the opinions he heard was that no serious change for the good was to be expected either from the government or from opposition forces. The Magyar ethnic minority, in his experience, was looking only to be re-annexed to Hungary and believed everything they heard on the radio from Budapest, whereas Yugoslav young people were bitterly divided between Communists, fascists and *narodniki*, or agrarian populists. Besides the several dozen political encounters, he also partook of two pleasant experiences: he was able to rest for two days by Lake Bled, enchanted by its beauty as seen during a stroll along the shore and a visit to the castle, and in Zagreb he met the outstanding sculptor Ivan Meštrovic.

The next stop was Romania, where he met up with Maniu and Titulescu, along with many other old acquaintances. On Maniu's insistence, he even had the opportunity of a royal audience, even though Jászi had no more intended to seek that than on his earlier visit, a decade before. As he did not have a suitable outfit at his disposal, Maniu helped him find a tailor, who quickly ran up a white tie and tails. He was later to describe the king to his wife as a Borgia-style gigolo. He wanted to meet up with Recha in Cluj-Kolozsvár and show her the favorite haunts of his younger days and Ady's native village.

From there he went on via Satu Mare and Seini to Hrušov in order to rest and see his family: "Only now do I feel the strains of the three months of traveling, and my health isn't as good as it could be," he wrote to Róbert Braun from there:

I would have a job to sum up my conclusions in a few lines. What I can say, at best, is that I set off a pessimist and I have returned even more of a pessimist. As far as the main outlines are concerned, I see Czechoslovakia is at least 100 years ahead of the other two states in the Little Entente... It has not managed to solve the nationality question, but it is making a serious attempt... Romania is being undermined by the old Fanariot mentality. French glitter, Balkan muck... The nationality ques-

tion has become horrifically acrimonious. Yugoslavia has the most solid footing, both institutionally and in terms of population, but it is highly precarious from a constitutional point of view. The dictatorship is bankrupt but may last a long time. They handle the nationality question even more vilely than in Romania... I see no solution, as a Danubian and Balkan collaboration is unworkable. So a new war that 'no one wants' is on its way.

He had already decided by then to write a five-part series of articles about his trip for *The Nation*, but he admitted to Braun:

In writing up these things the difficulties I have are not just in terms of the content and structure but also the tactics. I want to set down the truth, but to do so without shaking the confidence that many old, valued friendships and broad circles have in me. Yet I wonder if they will be able to understand that my critique is not a product of hatred or change of tactics but is conceived in the common interest of the Danubian peoples.

That last sentence, and particularly the phrase "change of tactics," demonstrates just what a dismayingly impact this tour of the Danubian region had on him. His earlier hopes, that the Little Entente states would democratize and find ways of resolving their ethnic minority problems, had—with the partial exception of Czechoslovakia—faded. He had to formulate that diagnosis in such a way that it should not sound as if he were resigning, giving up the struggle or accepting the official Hungarian line but have a sobering and, maybe, galvanizing impact. In October *The Nation* accepted his planned series of articles, except that they cut him down from five to three parts. The resulting 'War Germs in the Danube Basin' appeared in four installments during November 1934. In the third of these, a section headed 'The Nationality Problem,' he writes:

Last summer, when I visited the successor states after several years of absence, I found a situation which convinced me that the nationality problem is not solved and that the methods now followed are inadequate to bring about peaceful co-operation. Even in Czechoslovakia, where general conditions are far better

than elsewhere and where the leading statesmen are decidedly hostile to a policy of artificial assimilation, one can observe a growing spirit of nationalism.

Czech politicians denied it, but the ethnic minorities there complained that the boundaries of homogeneous districts were tinkered with in such a way that the minority population did not reach the 20 per cent level that was needed to acquire certain rights in the area of public administration, while assimilated Jews were not counted with the ethnic Magyar or German population to which they had assimilated, and that children from minority groups were discriminated against in state schools.

In Rumania, the situation is more alarming. The Magyars complain that the administration and judiciary are carried on exclusively in Rumanian; that the Hungarian language is prohibited both in parliament and in the local assemblies... that the brutality of the gendarmerie makes public protests impossible.

He called attention in similar tenor to the discriminative regulations and practices that were being encountered in the field of state education, public administration and land reform, similarly adding that Romanian leaders either categorically denied most of the charges or placed them in a substantially different light, laying emphasis, for instance, on the huge growth in the Hungarian-language press (with 330 newspapers in Transylvania instead of the pre-war 50), the rebirth of Hungarian literature in Transylvania, etc. "It would be unfair to pronounce a final judgment in this dispute," he remarked. "But even if one dismisses the greater part of the complaints as exaggerated or untrue, there yet remains a residue which fully explains the general despair and indignation."

The situation in Yugoslavia, as he saw it, was even gloomier. Never before had he written so sternly about the abuses of nationality policies in the successor states. All that was preserved of the judicious language of earlier years was that he did not present the charges as deriving from himself but in the form of complaints made to him by others (after all, he could not have compiled sufficient evidence on his own devices), and in every case he did also allow space for the

denials of official government circles. All the same, there was no real doubt about his own scathing verdict: "the tension, which no honest man can deny, is increasing." "The appalling truth is that all these new nations are living in a state of mental and moral mobilization, and the Hungarian minority is more and more regarded as a hostage in this preparatory war," he pointed out. He noted in particular the great service that had been rendered by professor R. W. Seton-Watson in disclosing the circumstances of the national minorities in the final years of the Habsburg Monarchy:

It would be extremely helpful if he would continue his great work and with his careful methods show how much is true and how much untrue in the complaints of the minorities in Rumania and Yugoslavia. He is perhaps the only man whose judgments would be accepted not only by foreign students but also by the Rumanians and Yugoslavs, who regard him almost as one of the founders of their state.

It was a task, however, that the Scot never accepted, either then or later.

The final part, under the heading 'Can We Avert War?', clearly demonstrated that three factors were the most active forces pushing Europe toward a new war: German and Italian imperialism and Hungarian revisionism. Official Hungary, with an eye on the League of Nations in Geneva, was then making a big noise about peaceful revision, Jászi noted, before going on to show that this was not achievable, because revision in Hungary would inevitably unleash other waves of revision. Furthermore:

In reality revision of the frontiers is not the fundamental issue since it cannot satisfy the three basic needs of the Danubian Basin, which are the dissemination of education, the alleviation of the agrarian crisis, and the efficient defense of national minorities... I say that either the Danubian nations will in a very short time carry out fundamental reforms or the new war will come. And after the war will come the revolution, which will solve the agricultural problem not with cooperatives but with *kolhozes*, the nationality problem not with free local autonomies

but with soviets of nationalities, and the constitutional problem not with a free system of federalism but with a dictatorship of the proletariat. Not Europe but Asia will then rule in this part of the world, and the Hungarian and Rumanian islands will disappear in the Slav ocean.

While Jászi was at Hrušov, news reached him of the sudden death of Pál Szende, which was all the more unexpected because just two weeks previously he had found his friend in fairly good heart, despite illness, when he stopped off at Seini on his way out of Romania (Szende was in the middle of moving to Prague, as he could not stay any longer in increasingly fascist Austria). He thereby lost the closest companion of his years in exile in Vienna, one whose faithfulness to the cause he had greatly esteemed, even though they drew ever further apart from one another in their ideas, with Szende's orthodox Marxism, positivist rationalism and uncritical acceptance of social democracy becoming increasingly alien to Jászi. In a fine obituary that he wrote for *Századunk* Jászi also could not pass over the fact that even into the Thirties Szende "did not wish to take cognizance of this death portent of German socialism; in this case, his faith and eagerness were stronger than his critical faculty."

On August 26th, the Jászis set off westward again. At essentially the last minute the possibility came up of meeting Károlyi, who at that point was living in Lausanne, in Switzerland. It appears they did manage a brief get-together in Basle, after which the correspondence also broke off as Károlyi did not reply to the few letters that Jászi sent. Setting sail from Le Havre, he arrived back at his "cabin" in Oberlin on September 14th, and already the next day Jászi was remarking that it was hard to readjust, because he was still full of Europe. Ironically, this happened to be the first year in which his name appeared in the American edition of *Who's Who*, which he felt was symbolical in relation to his 'Americanization,' yet it is news from Europe, and Hungary in particular, that predominates in his diary—a good example being the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia at Marseilles that autumn, which he saw as corroborating a long-held view that old-fashioned tyrannicide was making a comeback (a subject that gave him no respite until he had written a book about it). In mid-October,

he was asked to add his name to an international protest against the second trial that was being set up in Hungary against Mátyás Rákosi, who was to become the country's post-war Stalinist dictator but was then in his tenth year of imprisonment under the Horthy régime. In a telegram Jászi denounced the fact that the Hungarian ruling class was not allowing its thirst for revenge to relent even after 15 years. Even those who did not share Rákosi's political convictions should protest against the setting up of scapegoats. In his diary, he added, rather presciently, that it was no pleasant matter defending someone whom one knew would himself act in the same way if he were in power.

At the end of October, another opportunity arose to speak to the students in Oberlin's chapel. This one was also received more enthusiastically than usual, with the address being interrupted by applause on more than one occasion. Jászi sent copies of the talk, entitled 'The Value of Freedom,' to various friends and also had a Hungarian version published by *Századunk*. This too used his recent experiences in Europe as a point of departure:

I have returned from Europe in a very depressed state of mind. In the whole of Central Europe and in the Balkans one is breathing in a suffocating atmosphere. Even in the worst centuries of absolutism by God's grace personal liberty never stood at such a low ebb as now. During my travels in five countries, I was continually haunted by the image of a boy—a boy exactly of your age, but one of the most remarkable in the history of mankind.

He went on to mention Étienne de la Boétie and his work, which he considered had fallen into oblivion because it looked anachronistic in eras when freedom was spreading. Now, though, he suggested:

I had a ghastly feeling that the long forgotten ages of servitude, tyranny, and massacres have returned. Political rights confiscated, liberty of press and speech ignored, the co-operative life of countries crushed, even religious liberty invaded again... But what grieves me the most is not the spectacle of oppression and violence. The appalling and distressing thing is that the new generation has lost its feeling for liberty, that most of the young people have become color blind for freedom.

He had come across this color-blindness even in Oberlin, old bastion of freedom though it might be, where they had been the first to tear down the walls that divided the races and sexes: "Young people begin to stretch their necks for the noose of dictators, the only difference being that some are desirous of a Fascist, others for a Bolshevist dictatorship." He put this phenomenon down to a growing indifference to moral values.

In early November, with the sort of publicity that is reserved for real 'events,' *The Nation* started to print the series of articles about the Danube basin. The cuts that had been made to the text pained Jászi, but then they were fitting the niche of popular journalism. Meanwhile he also needed to set about producing a more academic account of his journey in return for the support he had received from the Social Science Research Council. After two weeks' hard work, he completed a substantial article under the title 'Neglected Aspects of the Danubian Drama.' He had originally wanted to include the wording 'social undercurrents' in the title, to rebut the idea that the world's political tensions were brought about solely by politicians and diplomats, greedy capitalists and arms traders. Being by someone who was thoroughly familiar with conditions in the former Habsburg Monarchy, the article made some brilliant observations and offered a fine analysis of the social changes that had taken place in the successor states, the parallel processes of Balkanization and democratization, the brutal ethnic, regional and economic conflicts, and the encroachments being made by fascism. Though he was personally happy with the article, Jászi had trouble placing it, finding it was turned down first by *Current History Magazine*, then *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's Magazine* before it was accepted for publication in the first half of 1935 by Seton-Watson's *Slavonic and East European Review* of London.

Due to a strange misunderstanding, it was the latter article that elicited a delayed reaction to Jászi's study trip in the Transylvanian press. In the latter half of 1935, Nándor Hegedűs, an editor based in Cluj-Kolozsvár, whom Jászi had met in person when he passed through, making no bones about the scathing impressions he had formed of conditions there, chose to call him to task on behalf of Transylvania's Magyar community, without having actually read the series of articles that Jászi had published almost a year previously, in

the United States, in *The Nation* and *Az Ember*. He had heard about them, to be sure, but he had only read the 'Neglected Aspects' paper, on the basis of which he commented:

In our view, this is not a task that an Oszkár Jászi should be attending to. Oszkár Jászi was a very strict critic of the status of nationalities in Hungary before the war, forming a particularly hard front against the historical Hungarian intelligentsia, which in his opinion was keeping up the suppression of the nationalities out of selfish interests of power.

A lengthy historical survey is provided before the accusation is spelled out:

Oszkár Jászi will not reach a solution of the Danubian Drama until he tells the truth, bluntly, straight out, without mincing matters, about the policies of the successor states with the same uncompromisingness with which he used to write and speak back then about [Hungary's] 'Asian nationality policies.'

Apart from a swift and ironic response from Róbert Braun, a Romanian journalist, Ion Chlopotel, also took up cudgels "in Oszkár Jászi's defense" in the newspaper *Adeverul*. He admitted that even the Romanians had not spared Jászi

in the revolutionary period, when, in the spirit of his illusions regarding Hungarian democracy, he stoutly defended thankless precepts. But nothing can stand in the way of our acknowledging his undoubted merits. Mr Hegedűs blames Mr Jászi for *failings* when those 'failings' are rather virtues.

He also reminded Hegedűs, with his defense of the Hungarian ruling classes, that Jászi had not always been a "voice crying in the wilderness," since there had been a time when "even the puffed-up aristocracy would have gone along with a Károlyi-Jászi government, but by then it was too late."

In Jászi's life the mid-1930s was a period of intellectual contention in defense of freedom, peace and democracy. He delivered dozens of lectures, in diverse academic and social forums, about the threats posed by dictatorships in Central and Eastern Europe. This was also

the case during the last days of December 1934, when he chaired a big round-table discussion on the topic of 'Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism' at the political scientists' annual meeting in Chicago. It is clear from his diary that in his university lectures and seminars he would regularly bring up, and talk over with his students, the current problems of European states and politics (the Saarland, French politics, German politics, Italy's Abyssinian War, attacks on democracy, the operations of the League of Nations, etc.). In the spring term of 1935, with Geiser retiring, he was also asked to take over as head of the Department of Political Sciences. He succeeded in getting the backing to appoint, alongside himself and professor P. T. Fenn, a third teacher, as an assistant professor, in the shape of John D. Lewis, who was to become a friend and, indeed, eventually co-author of the book on tyrannicide. This is perhaps also the proper point to mention that Jászi, from the very start, had used a student as a secretary, to whom articles and letters could be dictated and who, during the early years, also provided a language resource by correcting mistakes in his English. One of those students, Jim Davies, was later to pay visits to Hungary in order to become acquainted with the native land and scene of the early years of the man whom he looked on as an adoptive father.

March 1935 was Jászi's sixtieth birthday. This was not marked by any special celebration: he got a present from Recha, while Máli and his sons sent a congratulatory letter. He himself observed it with the gloomy and self-reproachful reflections that were customary with him on these occasions, though this time he did not merely blame himself for the 'truncated' character of his life's work but also the hostile moral and intellectual climate, prone as he was to thinking of his life in big sweeps. In the middle of the month—on the very day that Hitler, by announcing the conscription of 400,000 army recruits and thus restoring Germany's peace-time armed strength to over half a million, publicly repudiated the disarmament clauses in the Treaty of Versailles—Jászi sent a substantial article, 'Old Argument in a New Light,' to *Századunk*. The immediate stimulus for this had been provided by a lecture that Prof. Emil Lederer, dean of the 'University of Exile' in New York, had delivered in January on 'The Background of European Dictatorships,' a talk in which he had analyzed in consider-

able detail how the Communists and fascists were abusing the democratic rights to freedom of thought and speech. In his view, the young democracies were unable to differentiate between abstract and real freedom, being too generous in measuring out the former and looking on impotently while those who were seeking to eradicate basic freedoms set about their subversive activities. For understandable reasons, Jászi was reminded of a debate that he had engaged in over thirty years previously, in the spring of 1903, when Gyula Pikler had posed the question of whether, in the extreme situation that he held absolute political power, he would stand by complete freedom of thought or accept the need to limit it, if by doing so he could suppress the enemies of freedom and guarantee progress? A situation that had seemed inconceivable back then was now coming about—though naturally not with democracy holding absolute power. Just as back then, Jászi remained faithful to the idea of preserving freedom of thought, but he made it clear that this meant only freedom of expression, and thus freedom of the press, of art and advertising, but it could not mean unlimited academic freedom, freedom to practice what one preached or to incite to violence.

Taking issue with the latest article that Imre Csécsy had written for the journal, under the headline ‘Has Democracy Failed?’, Jászi denied that the majority of people had left democracy high and dry. In his opinion, that had happened nowhere: neither Lenin nor Hitler had been given, or would be given, the votes for an absolute majority. What democracy was missing was tough self-defense. In the following issue, however, Paul Kecskeméti, who was still living in Berlin, disputed that German democracy had failed due to failure to observe the rules of the democratic game:

The masses have indeed left democracy high and dry... Democracy can fail ‘in a democratic manner’ not only when some antidemocratic party constitutionally acquires an absolute majority, but also when a constitutionally conducted election does not give the followers of democracy a majority.

Kecskeméti, too, could just as easily have written what Mannheim was to write a year later: “But you want to set your face against the age with noble defiance, whereas I, as a sociologist, would like to spy

on the mystery of this new world (hellish as it may be)...” Jászi’s thinking simply would not admit the idea that a people *en masse* might side with a dictator in opposing democracy.

For all his disappointments, he continued stubbornly to have faith in the possibility and strength of democracy—even in Central Europe. Thus, when the *Yale Review* asked him, in early March 1935, to produce an article about Czechoslovakia, he accepted and even set aside a number of planned book reviews in order to produce the paper ‘Czechoslovakia’s First Years’ in April. Quite apart from the vigorous role that the new state had played in the region’s politics, Jászi saw a justification for examining the subject principally in the fact that Czechoslovakia was alone among the successor states in managing to institute democracy, while all the other states were under dictatorial régimes. He acknowledged that the Czechoslovak Republic could not be said to have ideal democratic credentials, since it had discernible features of a police state, both Nazi and Communist, and the rights of the German and Magyar minorities were not fully recognized. He emphasized, nevertheless, that this was a case of a genuine and not a phony democracy, to be contrasted with all other countries of the region, from Germany to Romania, that, were they to boast a franchise and possibilities of propaganda similar to those offered by Czechoslovakia, nothing would remain of their existing order. (This is again an instance where his inability to understand certain modern phenomena, and to accept that Hitler’s or Horthy’s régimes were by that time no longer—or not yet—maintained purely by force or the absence of rights, but because the bulk of society—whether because they were genuinely drawn or merely wished to conform—approved of them, to the point that a risk could be taken with general suffrage. Thus, in the last Hungarian general election to be held before the war, in May 1939, which was run on an expanded franchise, the only threat to the government and the government party came from invigorated home-grown fascist parties—the Arrow-Cross and Hungarists.)

In any event, Dr Vaverka, the Czechoslovak ambassador to Washington, DC, expressed his thanks for the article when it came out in June, but by then Jászi was already working on a larger piece of writing. Princeton University Press was planning to put out a volume under the title *Propaganda and Dictatorship*, to which his own contribu-

tion was to be a 20-page essay on 'The Ideological Foundations of the Danubian Dictatorships.' Dealing with Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Romania, this attempted to analyze developments in those countries since his study trip of the previous year. In the case of Austria this sketches the process by which socialism was smashed and the advance of a distinctively clerical version of fascism, but—oddly—he took the line that this was all leading up to a Habsburg restoration as an absolutely necessary stabilizing factor. There was therefore a sharp discrepancy between his view of the role that the Habsburgs had enjoyed in the past (of which he gave a realistic and fair-minded picture) and the diabolical present role that he envisaged for them.

The analysis of the Hungarian régime was a mix of old schemata and new insights. In discussing the pre-war situation, reference is made to a dictatorship of the feudal classes that the Habsburgs managed to mitigate somewhat. This was a set-up in which the Social Democrats and Radical Party intellectuals counted as artificial blooms. The beginnings of the fascist movement are traced to the turn of 1918 into 1919, which puts it before the evolution of the Nazis in Germany, and certainly independent of them. The right-wing Awakening Magyars' Association that emerged in late 1918 is characterized as being similar in its ideas, but Jászi failed to take into account the conspicuous differences, foremost among which were the 'socialist' and 'pagan' (i.e. anti-Christian) aspects of Nazism, as contrasted with the essentially gentrified and Christian roots of the Hungarian racists (for Jászi the main difference lay in the fact the Hungarian right extremists did not produce a 'scientific' racial theory like the German one). What was new with Jászi was that he was prepared by then—with Gyula Gömbös as prime minister—to acknowledge in retrospect the non-fascist character of the preceding administration under István Bethlen.

He had little new to say about the Yugoslav and Romanian administrations. The former, unlike the Austrian and Hungarian régimes, is not classed as being fascist but simply a military dictatorship, and the second was not essentially different as, with the exception of Maniu's brief experiment with democracy, Romania had always been a royal dictatorship that other countries had previously chosen to call a constitutional monarchy. In summary, the bases of the Austrian,

Yugoslav and Romanian dictatorships were weak, whereas the Hungarian régime seemed to be the most solid, because even in its new form it was founded on a thousand-year process and tradition in which a weak opposition could always be stilled by nationalist arguments. He did not consider it likely, therefore, that these dictatorships could be overthrown by internal forces, but were Mussolini to fall or to be weakened by the Abyssinian War, that might well have a serious impact on the Danubian régimes.

He made a contribution to a debate on the Abyssinian conflict that was presented by Cleveland's local radio station that spring. This was in all likelihood the first time he had been on radio, and he took the opportunity straight away of using the African adventure as a way of indicating the dangers of fascism. Unlike his debating partner, Prof. Holmes, who was far too lenient towards Mussolini's policies, Jászi spoke about the war's predatory, imperialist character and a dangerous overturning of the international balance of powers, prophesying that these aggressive actions were going to lead to an explosion within a few years.

That year the Jászis did not have money to afford on a holiday, in part because Steffel was sick and had to be treated, in part because the Madzsars hit financial rock-bottom. Their lifestyle, according to one of Jászi's diary entries, would have seemed a gross exaggeration even in one of Strindberg's novels. In June, Jászi sent \$200 to Alice Madzsar both by mail and through friends: his sister was suffering from heart attacks that increasingly worried him, and he would have been very glad if his brother-in-law had given up politics for good. He was now against József going to Moscow, because there seemed little doubt that he might well quickly run into real danger there. Madzsar, for his part, was in any case unwilling to make that move unless Alice went too, but Alice was tied to Budapest by her pupils and also by the young avant-garde poet Ödön Palasovszky. Thus Jászi, in poor health himself, spent that summer mostly reading. He was enraptured by Scheler's ethics, whereas he felt that Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*, for all its good qualities, was dull in a very petty-bourgeois fashion. His spirits were perked up most, however, by a few visits that were paid on him by Muriel Hansen, a young former student who had become Mrs Elliot: "A wonderful girl, with the deepest vitality." His

general state of health and his mood were nevertheless bad enough in late July for him to change his will, though it is not known in what sense, because he felt the end was approaching. The whole of August was taken up with illnesses, an inflammation of the leg forcing him to spend two weeks in bed at home before he was operated on by Dr Földes at St Luke's Hospital in Cleveland, with follow-up treatment at home. After getting back home, he received news of his sister's death, which, possibly to spare him, was notified by post rather than telegram.

In contrast to earlier occasions, when he had confessed to himself how alien Alice and her whole world were to him, he was surprised to discover in mourning how close he felt she had been: "With her has gone our former family home and the final part of our life. What will become now of Joe and that shlemiel Ödön?" A few weeks later, he wrote to Géza Supka, a liberal writer and editor in Hungary: "Alice's passing is somehow a break in my own life too. The most active and colorful part of my life has migrated together with her into the realm of shadows."

That sensation did not wear off, for over the next two years he was left virtually alone out of his old world in Hungary as one friend after another died, leaving him to bid them farewell as 'the funeral orator of a generation.'

Thus, 1935 also saw the death of Ernő Garami, not someone he had much love for, indeed in many respects had deemed harmful, due to the role he had performed in the Hungarian Social Democratic Party, but who, he was now prepared to admit, had conducted himself courageously and with steely resolve during his years in exile, when they had warmed more to one another. He was followed, in the autumn of 1936, by János Hock, who was only able to return to Hungary to die—without the arch of triumph that he had prophesied so many years before—after a decade and a half in exile, on top of two years in prison. He was a big, colorful personality, Jászi noted in his diary. Then early in 1937 came the truly personal blow of the unexpected death of Róbert Braun, one of his oldest and most faithful friends, with whom he had been in more or less continuous contact for three decades. As it says in an obituary that he wrote, Jászi did not know anyone "who submitted to moods and public opinion less than

he did, who did his duty more steadfastly, unchangingly and with a clearer will than he did.” In late August of that year, he learned of the death of the 80-year-old József Diner-Dénes, whom he referred to in his diary as “a figure of almost Balzacian dimensions” and whom he took leave of in an obituary for *Századunk* that, while it had an edge of affectionate irony, nevertheless acknowledged the incredible energy and versatility that he had brought to serving his ideals.

That left him only a few friends and followers still living in Budapest or Vienna, aside from Imre Csécsy, Jenő Gönczi and Géza Supka. Anna Lesznai and Rusztem Vámbéry were by now set on emigrating, while shortly after Alice’s death, in November 1935, József Madzsar slipped across the border into Slovakia, living for several months with his daughter in Košice before getting out to Moscow, his first letter from there being received by Jászi in April 1936. For a year and a half the two then kept up a regular, relatively frequent and surprisingly affectionate exchange of letters from opposite poles in the world, the near-constant political and family squabbles of the past almost twenty years giving way to amicable, cousinly concern, with Jászi eschewing his usual condescending and ironic tone, while his brother-in-law wrote enthusiastically about those fighting on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil war. This was around the time Jászi received a letter from Sándor Cseresznyés, a Transylvanian journalist who was setting off to Spain as a volunteer in the International Brigade—a gesture that touched Jászi, filling him “with pride and joy.” “Plainly, you must have felt,” he wrote in reply, “that there was no cause in the world to which I would ascribe greater significance than the Spanish fight for freedom.” He even added that if he had been ten years younger and in better health, he would have taken part in the struggle himself. Cseresznyés later wrote, now from the front line in Madrid, that the letter had been passed round from hand to hand by the Brigade’s Hungarian, Slovak and Romanian members. There is no doubt that these years pushed Jászi somewhat to the left, because, when it came down to it, he regarded the fascist peril as a greater threat than the Communist peril; concerns about the Spanish situation regularly surfaced among his diary entries at the time.

Madzsar was not granted much time to celebrate the new and better leaf to which his brother-in-law had turned, because in March

1937 he learned that Jászi had joined the roughly 100-strong international committee, under the chairmanship of Prof. John Dewey, which undertook to clarify, by staging a ‘counter-trial,’ the truth of Soviet allegations against Trotsky. Not wishing to get Madzsar in trouble, Jászi initially did not wish to give straight answers to the latter’s agitated questions about this, but he could not deny involvement, as he had brought it to light himself in an article that he wrote for the August–September issue of *Századunk*. On September 13th he received what Madzsar called his “last” letter, in which he announced a final rupture from a person who was supporting “the most heinous fascist criminal.” Jászi was left wondering whether, after close on half a century since they had first met, his brother-in-law and one-time colleague really had become a crazy fanatic or was maybe being driven to protect himself. He was never to find out, because he was soon in receipt of an alarmed messages that nothing had been heard from Madzsar; he had vanished or, according to some, died of some illness. To this day there is no hard information to confirm the obvious conclusion that he was one of the countless victims of the Great Purge of 1936–38. Jászi wrote about him publicly only twice after this. The first time was in 1954 to defend him against Károly Peyer, who called Madzsar, who had operated as a Communist in the Social Democratic Party, a police agent, which Jászi categorically denied. Not long after that, he did not fail to mention Madzsar when he listed his fellow combatants as a response to the felicitations he had received on his 80th birthday.

The case of Trotsky and, even more, the reality that lay behind the Moscow show trials of that era became a major concern during 1937. Jászi immediately read Trotsky’s *The Revolution Betrayed* when it appeared that year, seeing it as “partial, one-sided and malicious, but nonetheless the greatest document of the Stalinist era.” He discussed it in a seminar and wrote an article about it for *Századunk* in such a way that Hungarian readers were given a taste of the most recent American literature on the subject through keeping the focus on an analysis of how the Soviet experiment was being analyzed by the West. What Jászi was more exercised about, certainly in regard to the future, was not so much the Soviet reality *per se* as the opinions that Western intellectuals held about that reality. In the opening to the

article he gives a vivid description of the discomposure that the wave of terror in Moscow had provoked, as compared with the earlier enthusiastic welcome that 'socialist construction' had been given internationally. The psychological reason for that, of course, lay in the circumstance that this terror wave was not directed against capitalists, tsarist generals and kulaks but old Bolsheviks, Lenin's former comrades. (Even Károlyi's trust in Stalin wavered at this point, causing him to write a troubled letter to Romain Rolland, who could only give a woefully non-committal reply.) Jászi, of course, was not in any way on Trotsky's side, neither being convinced that he was completely free of guilt, nor accepting his thesis about the Russian Revolution having degenerated. "What is now to be wished," was his pragmatic closing thought,

is that Stalin should carry out a Thermidorian labor in the socialist sense. If Trotsky were to return, an even more frenzied chaos and more hopeless tyranny would ensue. His critique against the present régime seems to be fifty percent accurate, but the remedy he has recommended is worse than the disease. Practical compromises are not sufficient for what really needs to be carried through; what is needed is a revision of Marxism as a whole in the spirit of Truth and Freedom.

The diary shows that now, as ever, he was hungrily reading anything that he considered even just a little important, but in any case, alongside all his other work, he was a diligent book reviewer, and he took the trouble to see that certain pieces of American literature on politics should be published in Hungarian. Thus, he was instrumental in getting *Századunk* to publish a translation of Hamilton Fish Armstrong's book "*We or They?*": *Two Worlds in Conflict*, and likewise for a volume by one of the foremost newspaper columnists, Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society*. His review of the latter, in both English and Hungarian, was thorough, but he slanted the piece more toward clarifying the true nature of liberalism and collectivism and the possibility of operating a planned economy:

From our point of view it is not specific theories that are important but how the masses interpreted them ideologically: we

wish to scrutinize the idols that were raised by generations in the recent past. Undoubtedly, their slogans and mass symbols had already undermined the idea of liberal democracy before the world war. The spirit of true individualism, which denotes freedom, the possibility of choice and the moral imperative, took its own life.

He concurred with Lippmann's appraisals of Communism and fascism, and he saw as particularly important the analysis that Lippmann presented of a trend that he termed "graded collectivism," which promised to implement a planned economy and other objectives of Communism peacefully, with safeguards for individual freedoms. Marxists of the Second International who were proclaiming this, however, were forgetting that Stalin's endeavors could only be implemented with Stalin's methods. The conclusion that Jászi drew, with reference to Kant, was:

By pushing socialism or individualism to extremes we do violence to human nature and create such intolerable conditions as to degrade mankind's most outstanding capabilities.

At the end of 1937, making his usual year-end assessment, he concluded that he was unlikely to see Europe again: the ring was closing around him, and he had to take cognizance of the limits that were dictated by his age and circumstances. Yet only a few weeks earlier he had been sent, via Imre Csécsy, a work of poetry that, irrespective of its literary merits, documented the expectations of at least one segment of the young Hungarian intelligentsia. "The Ballad of Oszkár Jászi"—a work penned by a Catholic poet by the name of Béla Horváth that was never to reach print—has by way of a refrain the line "Stop by, freedom! Stop by, Oszkár Jászi!"

Where might he still be of use, without personal vanity and hopes? That was the question Jászi asked himself on New Year's Eve in 1937, and the answer he gave was to his sons: he had to live for his sons, he had to strive to understand the world better. He did not stick to this program, of course, but all the signs are that he had good luck with his sons' upbringing. George brought his studies at the London School of Economics—primarily under Harold Laski, the professor

of political science—to a successful conclusion and subsequently obtained a job with the Department of Commerce in Washington, DC, on a probationary basis at first but then as a permanent post, and over time he came to abandon the Communist sympathies of his younger days. Andrew, having taken his school-leaving examination in Budapest, had arrived in Oberlin in the autumn of 1935, and over the next two years continued unspecialized studies. With him his father had a good deal less trouble, and more uncomplicated pleasure, than he had had with his more impetuously exploratory, wayward elder son, who, having calmed down by then, was a frequent visitor to Oberlin. On those occasions, they would read Hungarian poetry, a new volume from Máli among them, and take walks together. With war approaching, he could therefore feel ever more sure that he had done the right thing in bringing them out and obtaining American citizenship for them. Now there was only Máli, their mother, and a number of other friends in Budapest and Vienna whom he was having to worry about—though increasingly so.

The real turning-point for the American immigrants, straining with every nerve as they were to watch what was going on in Europe, came in 1938. The idea of making a trip to Europe did occur to the Jászis during the final days of December 1937, but they at once appreciated that there was no real possibility of this, even though Jászi himself—much to his own surprise—was once again starting to take an intense interest in Hungarian affairs. Did that mean he was getting to the end of the road or, on the contrary, was he gearing up for some new task, he asked himself? Early in the new year he made a start on two articles that dealt with Hungarian topics, one in Hungarian, the other in English, both of which were related to the new sociographic literature—the work of the ‘village researchers’—that was appearing in his homeland. In a short article that he sent in to *Századunk*, he took issue with the writer and literary critic Lajos Hatvany for taking what he thought was a rather small-mindedly critical view of this new direction, which never made any reference to its precursors, the circle around *Huszadik Század*, who had been discovering the Hungary of their day. Jászi thought it was enough that they avowed Ady as being one of their own; there was no need to get too touchy about this and ask too much from young people in the opposition political camp,

who were already under attack from the authorities as things were. As he saw it, this was the movement from which Hungary could expect the most, and he cited an opinion that he had put forward during an earlier argument in Paris:

No count or urban intellectual or Jew can bring a true change; the one who can give a push toward the 'new' is a peasant or cottor's son who right now may be playing in the dust of a street in Makó or Békéscsaba.

In writing this article, Jászi was taking sides in the argument that was then raging in Hungary between so-called 'urbanist' and 'agrarian populist' writers and thinkers, and despite his experience with the Sickie movement in Slovakia a few years earlier, he came down firmly on the 'populist' side, unlike many fellow liberals and socialists. The discomfiture felt by the latter did not go unremarked by Hatvany, whereas it seems that poet Gyula Illyés was the only person on the populist side to appreciate Jászi's stand. In a conversation about Jászi, poet Béla Horváth commented:

The tragicomic turning-point has been ushered in when the truths he was proclaiming thirty years ago are being trumpeted today like newly discovered findings in places where even Jászi's name cannot be proclaimed.

Jászi never rescinded his opinion, however, and even though he soon recognized that some of the village researchers had "fallen for the Nazis," he attributed that to desperation and hopelessness.

The English-language article that he wrote on the subject, under the title 'Feudal Agrarianism in Hungary,' was destined to appear in the periodical *Foreign Affairs*. On the basis of material and data that he requested (and received) from Budapest, he put together a review of the main works of so-called 'village research' literature, their reception, and the various legal actions that had been brought against the authors. This evidenced a good feel for the intellectual and political significance and novelty of the new direction.

By now, though, a new position was emerging throughout Central and Eastern Europe. Germany was openly preparing to expand eastward and to go to war. The new prime minister in Czechoslovakia

was an old acquaintance, Milan Hodža, who even wrote a letter of thanks in Hungarian in response to the congratulatory letter that he received from Jászi. In Romania, Octavian Goga, another former friend but this time one whom Jászi had for some time regarded as a scoundrel, also became prime minister, but he was dismissed barely a month later to make way for a military dictatorship under King Carol II. The end of Austria was also being foreshadowed by now, with Hitler delivering his ultimatum at the end of February and then, on March 11th, sending his troops across the border to accomplish the long-sought *Anschluss*, the incorporation of Austria into the German Reich. Nazi terror came to Vienna, with Social Democrats and other leftists being arrested: “We tremble for our Viennese friends and for the future of Czechoslovakia,” noted Jászi, who perceived astutely that Neville Chamberlain, the British prime minister, was not going to protect the region’s threatened peoples. Just one year later he was able to meet with Eduard Beneš in Cleveland, when the latter was appearing at a function with Fiorello La Guardia, the mayor of New York.

In September, after a vacation spent on his own at Martha’s Vineyard, he was bitter to watch all the European Great Powers—Britain, France and Russia—leave Czechoslovakia totally to its own devices: the ‘peace in our times’ that had supposedly been negotiated at Munich represented a complete victory for the Nazis. But now Jászi derived new hope that British public opinion was starting to turn against the policy of appeasement. The succeeding months were taken up with a search for life-belts to throw to the drowning souls who were trying to flee the sinking ship. The affidavits that had to be collected to support the issue of an entry permit to the United States required several citizens to endorse and guarantee the claimant. The Jászis, of course, gave or arranged such affidavits for all of their family and close friends (their value, of course, was a direct function of the size of the sponsor’s bank balance). Even after they had arrived, though, many of them—under the strict immigration regulations that were then in force—were obliged to await a final decision on their cases in Cuba. That happened, for instance, with Rusztem Vámbéry and Tibor Gergely, the latter being accompanied by Anna Lesznai, who had already been admitted but feared her husband might be sent back. Jászi also did what he could to support the new arrivals, for instance

by arranging a job for Vámbéry. Both the latter, like Máli and Laura Polányi and their families, eventually settled in New York. Affidavits were also produced, just in case, for Lili Madzsar and her family, who had good reason to fear the consequences should Hungary re-annex Slovakia to its territory, but they chose to stay in Košice, where they managed to survive the war. The most trouble was encountered with Recha's relatives in Germany. Her mother only got out to America at the very last moment, whereas her sister was not so lucky: she vanished and perished in the chaos.

When Jászi drew up his balance at the end of 1938, he concluded that from a purely personal point of view it had been a good year, but in the broader sense it had been dreadful—and they had yet to reach the low-point. Whereas a Karl Polányi was able to shout for joy over “the dynamism of our age,” Jászi considered that anyone who was able to do that was a happy person indeed: he, however, was preoccupied by the cries for help that could be heard at every hand.

The Second World War

In Jászi's personal life 1939 was a year of fearing for friends, rescue actions, news of deaths, and renewed encounters. Cleveland, which he seems to have visited on an almost weekly basis during this period to give lectures, to sit in committees on foreign policy, to receive medical treatment or to see friends, was also the venue for a meeting that was addressed by the celebrated Mayor La Guardia and Eduard Beneš, the now exiled Czechoslovak president. He was able to speak for a few minutes to Beneš, who looked older but of undiminished vigor. According to Jászi's diary entry, the president greeted him warmly and expressed his conviction that they would continue to work to the same end in the future as well. War and the anti-fascist alliance soon offered an opportunity for that, but his earlier experiences, coupled with the frankly nationalistic policy line that Beneš took in exile and his pronouncement that the idea of a Danubian confederation was outdated, made Jászi cautious. At the request of a Czech go-between, he wrote a memorandum to remind Beneš that he could make a significant impact by speaking up for integration of the Danubian and Balkan peoples. (It is noteworthy, though, that just two weeks after this fleeting encounter in Cleveland the Hungarian prime minister had a detailed report "from a confidential source" that was headed "The American Agreement of the Hungarian and Czech Emigrés"—a totally baseless document that misled the government of Pál Teleki, barely two months into his job as the new Hungarian prime minister, not only by speaking of the signing a "Czech–Hungarian agreement" but also by attributing to Beneš principles of "Danubian confedera-

tion” and “national self-determination” that were directly opposed to his thinking at that time.)

Two months later, on June 15th, Jászi was again in Cleveland, this time waiting for Máli, whom he had not seen for five years: “Máli is teaching for six weeks in an art school near to us, so she spends the weekends with us,” he noted in his diary. Anna Lesznai did, indeed, for a short period run an art course and also gave talks on Hungarian art in Sandusky, Ohio, though she was later to settle in New York. She had found it hard to part from Hrušov, the scene of her happy younger days, but over and beyond the growing risk to life of staying, the other factor that had driven her to America was to be rejoined with her sons, who were studying there. Her relations with the Jászis remained close and friendly—possibly even more so than in Europe.

At the invitation of the Institute of Public Affairs, Jászi spent the first half of July in Charlottesville, in the south of Virginia, where he gave a lecture on the future of the Danube states (he had the feeling that the talk had not sounded impressive enough, measured against the aggressive talks delivered by a Nazi and a Communist in the same session). It also gave him a chance to become acquainted, for the first time, with the mellow beauty of America’s South, redolent as it was of Hungary’s old gentry world.

The summer vacation, the indispensable rest, was scheduled to be taken on his own as usual, over the period immediately before the start of the new academic year, but Jászi had hardly reached his chosen spot on Lake Michigan, close to the town of Frankfort, when news of the talks in Moscow between Molotov and Ribbentrop, and the resulting series of German–Soviet agreements, reached him. The treaty on trade alone was enough for him to note on August 21st: “probably the beginning of a political co-operation which I foresaw long ago and which can mean the total collapse of the West.” With Britain and France’s declaration of war on Germany coming on September 3rd, he commented: “The universal macabre has begun which makes me tremble,” and on his walks he mulled over what he ought to do in this situation, with a world war breaking out for the second time in his life, albeit, for the time being, a very long way from where he was. It is likely that the only tonic during the whole break was a

visit by pretty, happy and clever Muriel Hansen, even if it was along with her husband.

After he had returned to Oberlin, he learned of a terrible blow that had befallen the Károlyis, a week before the start of hostilities, with the death of their 22-year-old son, Adam, who was a flying instructor in England. His plane had crashed and he burnt to death. There had been no correspondence between the two men for five years by then, with Károlyi not answering repeated letters from Jászi, as he complained to many of their mutual friends, until in the end he stopped trying. Károlyi had then broken his silence in early 1939 with a brief letter, some light on the motives for which was shed by the last sentence: "I trust, dear Oszkár, that you and your family are well and, although for all of us these last years have been filled with disappointments, that you have been able to preserve the marvelous fortitude for which I hold you in such deep affection."

Károlyi responded to Jászi's profuse condolences with a long letter of October 9th from Oxford, in which he not only described his present shattered frame of mind but also, in much more detail, the other tribulations and disillusionments of recent years:

Ever since the notorious Moscow trials my belief in the leaders of the Com. Party has been deeply shaken. My exchange of letters with R. Rolland in the spring of 1937 is evidence of that... I am bringing all this up so that you may see that my dissatisfaction with Stalin is not of recent origin. I kept quiet about it for the sake of the united antifascist front... Already back in 1937 I considered that Stalin had completely diverged from the path set out by Lenin; even so, I would never have thought that he would pact with Hitler... At this rate, we are going to live to see Horthy attack me because my land reform was not radical enough. If all this were not bound up with so much blood, injustice and wickedness, I could laugh my head off; as things are, I merely want to weep. To mourn that true Communism in which I once believed and still do believe.

From Jászi's November 3rd answer it becomes clear that the two of them were of practically one mind in their view of the world situation, although with regard to Stalin's policies and cult of personality Jászi

did not see any deviation from Leninist principles but an inevitable development that sprang from the very nature of the régime. That was to remain throughout a difference in outlook between the two which often threw a shadow over their renewed collaboration.

Late November saw the arrival in Oberlin, after much worrying, of 'Tante' Lotte, Recha's almost eighty-year-old mother, who from then on lived in their home. Jászi was very fond of the refined elderly lady, and in the ensuing years he would often take her with him on his evening strolls. Recha's siblings, on the other hand, were stuck in Germany. The days immediately after Christmas were spent by Jászi at the annual meeting of American political scientists, this year in Washington, DC, much of the time with Prof. Merriam of Chicago and other young colleagues. The main subject for their discussions was federalism, which prompted, among other things, a proposal by Clarence Streit for immediate Anglo-American union with the rallying cry of 'Federation Now'. Jászi's talk, 'What Doesn't Appear in the Documents Relating to the European War?', as far as he was able to judge, was more successful than any previous papers, though he ended on the pessimistic note that this was a sort of swan song. A summary of the content of his talk, however, was carried by the *Christian Science Monitor* under the headline 'Federation for Peace.'

Over the 1939–40 turn of the year Jászi had his sons in Oberlin. By now both were grown up, a good deal taller than their father, but with his capacious, domed skull on the long trunks that they had inherited from their mother. Both of them were at this point pursuing postgraduate studies at Harvard University, with Andrew taking a Master's in Germanic studies and George going for his doctorate. Jászi had every reason to be pleased with them, with the elder son have largely grown out of his '*Sturm und Drang*' phase, while the dreamier younger son had started to become more focused, though without losing his pleasantness and charm, and relations with him being smoother for Recha as well as Jászi. For the time they spent together, strolling, chatting, and reading Hungarian poetry, Jászi translated a poem by János Arany entitled 'The Eternal Jew,' which is concerned primarily with the subject of homelessness.

His attention was nevertheless mostly absorbed by the conflicting reports about the 'phony war' that were coming from Europe.

Finland's successes in checking Russian advances in the Karelian isthmus were a cause for more satisfaction, because it seemed that the Soviet balloon had been pricked. On the other hand, the news that was coming back from Poland, overrun by Germans and Russians in yet another partitioning of the country, left him aghast, because he, unlike many who deluded themselves, was quite clear from the outset that it was going to be a matter of the total extermination of the Jews there. What most preoccupied him, of course, was the situation in the 'Danubian' region, the drift to war and jockeying for position of Hungary, Romania and the other Central and Eastern European states. He and two colleagues, professors Jan Blahoslav Kozák and Kaufmann (the first being a former lecturer from the Charles University of Prague), drew up a 'Danube Manifesto' in order to promote the formulation of shared goals and agreed policy. This was a subject that he was now asked to speak on by a growing number of organizations, most often in Cleveland, where he was a permanent member of a Committee of Foreign Relations, along with the Oberlin College president, professor Ernest Wilkins, who regularly gave him a lift there and back in his car, taking every possible opportunity to demonstrate the great respect in which he held Jászi.

Jászi for his part, however, was increasingly disturbed by the neutrality that American intellectuals were displaying toward the life-and-death struggle in Europe as Hitler's armies invaded Norway and Denmark in April, then the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg in May: "Horrible news of the German advance. It seems that we approach to a *Pax Hitleriana!*" he wailed in his diary. When Wilkins too, in a talk that he gave in chapel, strove to avoid taking sides on the war and America's stance, Jászi tried to convince him that being a non-belligerent did not have to imply American neutrality in dealing with Great Britain or France as opposed to Germany. He spoke out against 'pacifism' on every possible occasion but sensed that a spirit of isolationism and irritation with 'aliens' were on the increase in the American population. After one local talk, a woman came up to him in the street to ask him why he did not learn to speak English properly, while at a forum an isolationist politician or journalist called him an "English propagandist," which upset him so much that he did not attend a concert that

the great Hungarian violinist József Szigeti was giving in Oberlin (for which he subsequently excused himself by letter).

Such attacks did not put him off but rather spurred him on, so that even when Europe was in a truly parlous situation, with Paris having been entered by the Germans and London under the 'Blitz' of daily air raids, he drew hope from Winston Churchill being at the helm, from the firm resistance that British society was offering to Hitler, and from President Roosevelt's democratic resolve. On May 1st, he gave a talk in the college chapel on 'Facts and Values', then two days later he debated the subject of 'Mussolini and Catholicism' with the students in one of his classes. The customary conference of political scientists in Chicago at the end of June had as its theme the question 'Can Our Civilization Achieve a More Stable World Order?' His contribution to the round-table discussion provoked a lively debate about the causes of the war. He was now in correspondence to try and find a publisher for an anti-pacifist manuscript by Aurél Kolnai ("Pacifism—*voilà l'ennemi*," he adds to a diary entry). But he also has to fight to save Kolnai himself and other refugees who, like him, were stuck in the south of France. On July 25th he appealed directly to President Roosevelt in regard to the "desperate plight of German, Austrian, Czech, Italian, Spanish and Hungarian émigrés who are left on French soil," asking him to extend American consular protection to them and to facilitate their securing asylum in the United States. Through Prof. Alvin Johnson and other eminent individuals, he was to make particular efforts in the causes of his fellow countrymen Ignatius, László Fényes, Miklós Halász, Tibor Gergely (Máli's second husband), and Zoltán Rónai, as well as the elderly German sociologist Franz Oppenheimer and Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster. His main assistance here came from Béla Halasi in New York, while Jászi's wife was engaged in similar activities in other directions: "Recha's immigration office continues to flourish—alas!" he mentions to Michael Polányi in September 1940.

In most cases these efforts—often, of course, in parallel with actions taken by others—were crowned with success, but that only made the failures the more painful. Thus, Jászi only learnt from Halasi on August 14th about the tragic fate that had befallen the Rónais. Zoltán Rónai had worked for years in the Brussels headquar-

ters of the Second International, escaping on foot with his seriously ill wife, Flóra, when the Germans marched into Belgium. Flóra could not bear the ordeal and died while they were fleeing; Rónai thereupon made his way back to Brussels and pitched himself off the roof of the Palais de Justice. For Jászi those losses were a terrible blow, not just because he was fond of the couple, but because he considered Rónai to be “one of the best brains of the moderate socialist trend,” and as he revealed in his diary: “greatly superior to Kunfi.”

At the end of August, he spent two almost blissful weeks with his son Andrew on the New England island of Nantucket, one of the prettiest of all the old colonial settlements, the quiet and eighteenth-century atmosphere of which alone had a refreshing effect on him, despite the changeable weather. In his diary he devoted a long entry at the very end of the month to the Second Vienna Award, under which Germany and Italy decided that northern Transylvania should be re-annexed to Hungary, because he saw the Romanian peasantry as coming off the worst. He was not happy about the arbitration, any more than he had been about the First Award, in November 1938, when Hungary had regained large swathes of Slovakia. He could not help making a painful comparison with his own negotiations in Arad 22 years previously, for he found that Maniu had at the very last moment offered the Hungarian government much the same compromise that he, Jászi, had offered back then in order to preserve Transylvania's unity: “It was not my fault that my compromise was repudiated, whereas Maniu was several times in power and forgot to establish a real solution in the line which he now advocates.” He admits that the old failure, the memory of the victory of shameless power politics, still filled him with sadness and disgust even to that day. He derived some consolation from the fact that the American government was at last starting to offer Britain real help by sending Britain 50 destroyers in exchange for leased bases, and he hoped that this near-dictatorial act would not reduce but actually boost Roosevelt's chances of re-election that November. By then the Battle of Britain was raging, and Jászi watched developments with a mixture of apprehension and admiration, but meanwhile he listened to Churchill's speeches with satisfaction and enthusiasm, sensing him to be “Europe's conscience”.

Before the new academic year started, the college president asked him to teach for another year, which Jászi was pleased to do, since this counted as a distinct honour once one had passed the retirement age of 65 years, and it therefore also allowed him to maintain his life-style as it had been before. At the same time, given his hypochondriac tendencies, he wondered whether his health would stand up to it, yet there were no signs of any reduction of his capacity to work. He wrote a chapter on 'The Problem of Sub-Carpathian Ruthenia' for an essay volume about Czechoslovakia; he delivered a major talk on Marxism as part of a lecture series at Oberlin that was intended to clarify the nature of Communism, Nazism and fascism from the viewpoint of democracy. He also had a hand in the drafting of a variety of manifestos around this time, one such—entitled 'The City of Man: a Declaration of World Democracy'—being a sketch of a desirable vision of the world's prospects, in which he took part together with 16 other American academics, among whom were several of the truly significant writers with whom he was in touch, both intellectually and, in part, on a friendly basis: Gaetano Salvemini, the outstanding Italian historian, who was then teaching at the University of Exile before moving to Harvard University; Prof. Antonio Borgese, the political philosopher and Thomas Mann's son-in-law; Walter Lippmann, probably the most important newspaper columnist in America at that time; Count Carlo Sforza, the refugee Italian liberal politician and one of his country's first post-war foreign ministers; and Michael Polányi, whose 1936 book, *USSR Economics*, about the Soviet experiment with a planned economy he compared in a review with the English translation of Karl Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia*, whose work he found so disagreeable.

In early November, having eagerly awaited the results of the presidential election, he and his liberal colleagues were able to celebrate a thumping victory, although he could not help noticing that this was not shared by those who wanted to keep the country out of a war: "Many sad faces after the R.-victory." At the end of the year, the college received several important guests. In November there was Prof. Antonio Borgese, who delivered an outstanding lecture, then on December 3rd Hungarian composer and pianist Béla Bartók, then at the start of his own exile, gave a concert:

Béla Bartók our guest for dinner. Tomorrow he gives a concert here. Impressed me as a genius and a perfectly sincere person. I did not approach him—in accordance to my principle concerning Hungarians—until he did not express a wish to see me. Our ideas are running very parallel.

The following day he went to the concert: “I was deeply impressed by his compositions, I felt Danubian and Transylvanian air and color.” It is more than likely that Jászi was only aware of Bartók’s work by reputation, and there seem to be no signs that he made any subsequent attempt to meet with Bartók or hear his music. Bartók for his part held aloof from all the emigrant movements, and if he were inclined to any at all, it was not the radical group around Jászi and Vámbéry but Tibor Eckhardt’s ‘nationalist’ tendency, though even that was not for political reasons so much as through the link to it of his lawyer, Viktor Bátor.

The war took a more serious turn for Jászi in the spring and summer of 1941, bringing in its wake a change in his activities. After a decade and a half during which he had, at best, accepted an occasional political role alongside his academic work and journalism, he now again—for the remaining duration of the war—became a politician in part. As an American citizen and an advocate of Western democracies, he felt he had a duty to fight steadfastly against isolationism in his own field and make a stand for the United States to accept an international democratic role. Furthermore, as a Hungarian émigré and “man of the Danube” he could not stand by and do nothing as Central and Eastern Europe was sucked into another process of realignment and drift into war, which, following the incorporation of Austria then Czechoslovakia, was now continuing with Yugoslavia and the rest of the Balkans being overrun by German, Italian and Hungarian forces and, before long, the offensive against Soviet Russia. He expressed his standpoint most pithily in a letter to his elder son, when George raised doubts over whether America was obliged to put its own security at risk for Britain’s sake:

For me the ethical decision is the key. Great Britain, for all its faults, is fighting for fundamental values against the ethics of brutality. To fail to do everything for her would be shameful, if being

able to rescue her without ruining ourselves is a rational option. This policy stems not just from moral solidarity but also from our own best interest, for if Hitler were to overcome Britain, America could only be free at the cost of a world-wide Munich.

The news that Germany had launched an invasion of the USSR at midnight on June 21st was caught by Recha on the radio (she was a regular listener), but only Jászi understood the true significance of the event: "I think it means the end of Hitler—ultimately. But terrible things will now happen," he noted, adding the following day, "I feel that Hitler committed an act of despair, and hope that though victor in Russia, he will be defeated ultimately." There were times later on when he felt that it was not enough to make his contribution to the war effort, as a politician, with words and writing. "This war makes me more and more upset," runs one diary entry. "It is my war and our war, yet I cannot do anything. Sometimes the idea haunts me to ask the War Secretary for my enrolment for any type of work." Although the family and college president dissuaded him from "enlisting," pointing out that he would have a hard job bearing life in a military camp or barracks, he did actually write the letter, though in the end nothing more became of the romantic gesture than of the idea he once had, back in Vienna, of voluntarily returning to Hungary to stand trial.

Revival and organization of the Hungarian democratic emigration, seemingly dead for so many years, began in the spring. In late March, with the crisis over the invasion of Yugoslavia breaking and Teleki's government about to end, when the prime minister committed suicide over the decision by Hungary's Supreme Defense Council to join the German invasion, several plans crop up in Jászi's diary: to bring out a statement about the Hungarian situation or, in the event that Hungary itself were to be occupied by German troops, to set up an émigré committee. On April 12th, even though there had been no occupation, a telegram came from Károlyi with a call for Jászi and Vámbéry to join the Antifascist Committee of Democratic Hungary. Jászi immediately sent a positive reply insofar as the committee was of international character, given that he was now an American citizen. Cosmopolitan Vámbéry, on the other hand, disclosed that he was

asking for an official Anglo-American opinion on Károlyi's proposal and how it should be judged, with particular regard to Károlyi's behavior in exile. Károlyi already informed them by the end of the month that he was on the threshold of gaining official British recognition and urged Jászi and his group to form an American subcommittee, but it became clear all too soon that the situation was a good deal more complex in every respect.

Up until the German occupation of Hungary in March 1944, neither the British nor the American government gave official, or even semi-official, recognition to any Hungarian antifascist exile body in the way they did to the Czech and Polish governments in exile. The main reason for that was so as not, by giving Károlyi recognition, to finally slam the door on Horthy or other Hungarian politicians who were oriented toward the West since, for the time being, they were the only persons who were in any position to hold back military or economic resources or assistance that were serving war goals or to pull out of the war. The scope for Anglo-American diplomacy was further cramped by obligations toward their Soviet allies and also by the divisions within the Hungarian exile community and its incapacity to fashion a genuinely broad united front that embraced all the anti-fascist, anti-Hitler forces. A final, and by no means negligible, factor that played a part in this standoffishness was the natural preference that a high proportion of Anglo-Saxon politicians and diplomats had for the Horthyists than for the radical elements of Eastern Europe, while Károlyi himself, due to his known Communist sympathies and the way in which he had conducted his appearance in America in 1930, did not look at all suitable in their eyes as the representative of a democratic Hungary of the future.

Károlyi, Jászi and their associates were also not in an easy situation from another angle, however. They were well aware that they were in no position to announce a program with their own followers alone under an 'Octobrist' banner or a 'popular front', as the Communist understood the term, but they had to find a way of collaborating with more conservative elements as well, because after Hungary had declared war on Britain and the United States in December 1941 many senior members of the country's diplomatic corps in the West broke with the increasingly right-wing government back at home and were

willing to engage in anti-Axis political activities. The old 1919 émigrés, however, felt an elemental distrust of those who had served a loathsome régime that had been persecuting them, and for that reason alone it was very hard for them to bring themselves to co-operate because they had not been fighting merely for a more liberal version of the Horthy régime but for a radical, democratic transformation. In Károlyi's case, for reasons of personality and temperament, that aversion to the right was particularly strong, and it included the Association of Hungarians in Great Britain, because it was led by Antal Zsilinszky, a former first secretary at the Hungarian embassy in London, even though the organization included members of democratic and even outright left-wing views. Károlyi was also no less biased toward another Hungarian émigré body, the Hungarian Club of London, which mainly pulled together Hungarian Jewish Communists from Czechoslovakia, because they were 'Muscovite' in their orientation and not fussy, having already joined forces with the former Horthyists in 1941. Károlyi tried to cut the Gordian knot of forming a united front by founding a Movement of Free Magyars, with Count Károlyi Lónyay, a former army major. Lónyay, however, was an agent for circles round Beneš, and it soon turned out that his loud-mouthed bragging about superb contacts was sheer bluster.

Jászi was not free of the paranoia to which émigrés are prey, but he was not as rigid as Károlyi. He was pleased to accept and support the plan for a leadership spearheaded by Károlyi and Lónyay, because he had heard good things about the former major, and letters he had received from him, even without their being personally acquainted, had given "the impression of serious and modest man." Lónyay hoped that he and Károlyi would soon be able to come over to the United States and make themselves a serious factor by putting themselves at the head of the big Hungarian American community, for their organizations and movements likewise lacked unity, with three or four groups tussling for official recognition and to take the leading role. Support from the American State Department and the 'old' (i.e. pre-1938) Hungarian Americans mostly swung behind a movement known as 'Independent Hungary', which was formed in September 1941, and this was indeed the only one with a genuinely political leader, in the form of Tibor Eckhardt, a member of Gyula Gömbös's

Racial Defense Party in the early 1920s who later went on to found the Independent Smallholders' Party and was now an anti-Hitlerite looking for American connections, though, for reasons that have never been fully clarified, he strove to fill some sort of intermediary role between a future Hungarian government, Otto Habsburg and the United States. For a while he had access to the State Department, eventually getting to see Under-Secretary Sumner Welles, but the best he could achieve was semi-official recognition, and over time he lost even that, not so much due to the hard attacks that he was subjected to from the Left Wing of the Hungarian emigration as because his domestic backing petered out during the period of Hungary's resolutely pro-German government under Prime Minister László Bárdossy, in addition to which the Czechoslovak government in exile, Jan Masaryk to the fore, was also vigorously opposed to him.

It is hardly surprising that Jászi should still see Eckhardt as the ill-famed press chief of Hungary's counter-revolutionary governments during the 1920s, for despite his subsequent change of heart, and quite irrespective of who his current paymaster might be, he was widely looked on as a person who was striving to preserve the old régime or restore Habsburg rule. Jászi would have nothing whatever to do with him, and when Rusztem Vámbéry, who became in practice the leading figure of the democratic Hungarian exile community in America, made an unambiguous conciliatory gesture toward Eckhardt, Jászi reminded him in a sharp-toned note—as he was also to do when Vámbéry later befriended the shady figure Ferenc Göndör—of the necessity to maintain principles. That did not stop him, however, from taking his summer holiday in early September of that year together with the Vámbérys in Rockport, Massachusetts. In fact, Jászi took such a liking to this old seaside town that the thought crossed his mind of buying a house there (it was possible to purchase one for just \$3,500) and moved there when he retired, but he was well aware that his wife would be not be willing to live secluded from other people 'in the country'.

It was precisely around then that a crisis which had long been brewing as a threat to the harmony of his marriage with Recha finally boiled over. The immediate cause seems likely to have been a week-long visit by Muriel Hansen, during which she took frequent walks

with one or both Jászis but with Jászi, on the evidence of his diary, reading the works of Hungarian poets to the young woman. It seems that this was the start of Recha's fits of probably unfounded jealousy, later to become hysterical in their intensity, that she herself would report on at length and in perplexing detail, with undiminished passion, in her memoirs. She writes there that around 1940–41 she was feeling extremely lonely and depressed, and her confidence in her husband had sunk to such a low point that she could not resist the temptation to dip into his diaries (she emphasizes that this only ever happened at two points in their life together). One presumes that things came to a head after Muriel's visit, and though she cannot have obtained any "proof" in that respect, she did find many critical or morose remarks about herself, her touchiness and her busy, gossipy nature, the fussiness of her letters to Jászi and the like, from which she decided that her husband had written "nothing good" about her (she was later to call them "nasty" remarks). Jászi, on the other hand, records on more than one occasion that just a single word or remark would frequently give rise to tensions or full-blown rows. In an attempt to make up, he wrote a loving, reassuring letter to her that Recha, for her part, reckoned to be "his first insincere letter." At this point, she moved out of their bedroom, noting:

To be scolded by daytime and rejected, and demanded by night was no life for me... I quit his bed. It was not revenge or punishment. It was resignation mixed with bitterness and wounded pride. When this happened I was not conscious of the offense done to a man of Oscar's type. I did not realize that he was now a free agent, I had deserted him. Only many years later I understood that our marriage had been dissolved and that I had no right to demand faithfulness. All the things which followed were the consequences of this action of mine. Oscar was free and I was lonely.

There is nothing about this in Jászi's diary, but it is known for sure that on arriving in Rockport, after a further argument, he repeated the crass error he had made 22 years previously and, very much like the "charge sheet" that he sent then to Máli, he drew up a lengthy itemized list of Recha's offences, which of course only exacerbated the

situation. Recha's response to this "*Sündenregister*," as she calls it, was nothing like as magnanimous and unstinting as Máli's had been to the charges in 1919, for now it was a matter of such insultingly petty assertions such as that she was too talkative and expressed opinions about subjects she did not understand or knew nothing about. She did, however, accept as justified the Number 1 and gravest of her crimes, which was the cold, unloving behavior that she displayed toward her own mother (her explanation was she could not forgive her for the death of the sister who had been unable to get out of Germany). There is no doubt that 'Tante' Lotte suffered a great deal, in silence, from her daughter's coldness and constant sulking, and from the rows between the married couple. Jászi for his part strove all the harder to be kind to her, going for walks with her, visiting her daily when she had to go into hospital, and never failing to note in his diary whether she had been feeling better or worse that day. Recha's assertion that their relationship seemed to have deteriorated from this point onward does not, however, stand up to closer examination, although she may well have sensed that her husband was bored with her, with his residual attentiveness being fed more by decency and good manners. The signs are that over the next few years the tension did abate somewhat, and they kept up a shared household, despite the changes in Jászi's situation and circumstances, as well as the occasional quarrels, that were occasioned by his retirement.

Jászi began his final year of teaching at Oberlin College on September 18th, 1941. On that day, he received a letter from President Wilkins in which he was promised an annual pension of \$2,250 from the following year onward. Since he had accumulated only 17 years of service in America, he had to consider that to be a fairly generous pledge, but equally a very slender financial income that was barely enough to keep them from starving. When it came to the next year, however, the college management saw fit to trim \$1,000 from even that sum.

That was also the date that Jászi put on a short covering letter that he sent to Thomas Mann, who was by then resident in the United States, with a copy of a 20-page essay in which Jászi had sketched the plan for a "federative union" to be formed by a Danubian, a Balkan and a German confederation and also set out an unpublished manifesto that had been formulated by a group comprising himself,

Salvemini, Borgese and several Serbian and Romanian political scientists. "I am almost more concerned about the coming peace than I am about the attainment of victory," he wrote to Thomas Mann:

It seems to me that American public opinion—even the so-called enlightened one—has not the least comprehension of the difficulties of the central European problems. That is the reason why the Hapsburgs have made such headway and why a former leader of the Hungarian terrorists, of the ill-famed 'Awakened Hungarians' is now trying to gain support in America for the saving of the feudal system in Hungary under the camouflage of the Roosevelt–Churchill eight points. It seems to me that old central European reactionaries are even now more welcome in foreign offices of England and America than old fighters of democracy and liberalism.

Thomas Mann recorded in his own diary, three days later, the fact that he had received this letter and read Jászi's "interesting article", and in an answering letter dated October 2nd he expressed the hope that "the statesmen who will have the terribly responsible task of erecting a better and more perfect world after this war and the disappearance of the Nazi-mischief, will occupy themselves attentively with your ideas and suggestions."

The goals that were set out in the articles, along with the concerns and attitudes expressed in the letter, now prompted Jászi, for all his reservations, to take a leading role in setting up an explicitly left-wing grouping as a counter to the movement that was being formed around Eckhardt. The American Federation of Democratic Hungarians (AFDH) was founded at a meeting held in Cleveland on September 20th–21st. Those attending the first day included the New York group of Ruzssem Vámbéry, a well-known professor of law, László Fényes, who had been a distinguished journalist in Hungary, Ignác Schultz, a Social Democrat printer, and János Terebessy, an emigrant of long standing, then a group from Chicago who were closer to the Communists in their beliefs, including the artist László Moholy Nagy, Sándor Vince, who was a Social Democrat from Transylvania, Dr Hugó Rony (Rohonyi), a physician and, back in his student days, a former member of the Galileo Circle. Unusually for him, Jászi was

happy with the meeting and with the public assembly the following day, for which, to his great pleasure, a lot of simple workers turned up. For almost ten hours on end, he personally, as the most eminent figure and the person in whom most confidence resided, chaired this assembly, from which telegrams were sent to President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill as well as to Mihály Károlyi, whom they invited to America as their leader.

Károlyi responded to that message with an open letter addressed to Jászi in which he set out a program that Hungary was to embark on. This included a break with the Axis, which was to be replaced by an agreement with the neighboring countries, an ending of the semifeudal, squirearchical hold on rural areas with a radical land reform to solve the problem of landlessness, along with a boosting of the status of the industrial working class and the middle classes. Thus, there was nothing about socialism, though it was emphasized all the more that it was not enough just to fight Hitler and Mussolini: it was also necessary to do away with Horthy and his régime:

The Hungarians of America should rally round Oszkár Jászi in order to demonstrate to the more progressive West that the moment they are liberated from the feudal terror of the old homeland Hungarians will return to their natural democratic outlook”

This ‘Open Letter to Oszkár Jászi’ originally appeared as a mimeographed leaflet, in both Hungarian and English, and in the spring of 1942 also in the pages of the democratic Hungarian newspapers in America.

The chief problem that the movement encountered, however, was the continued lack of a suitable leader—just as at the beginning of the century. Jászi enjoyed near-unanimous respect, but there were many factors—his age, his Jewish descent, his professorial temperament, and the remoteness of his place of residence from the big American conurbations—that disqualified him from that role: “Sadly, as I have already written a number of times, it is impossible for me to run a political movement out of Oberlin,” he had communicated to the Chicagoans a month before the inaugural meeting. He did not consider Vámbéry to have sufficient gravitas and substance, while as far as

Károlyi was concerned, he was well aware that the events of the American tour in 1930 lay behind the refusal to grant him an entry permit. He indeed reminded Károlyi now that back then he had rejected some unsurpassable support for the sake of a bunch of immature Communist young men:

If those American scholars, writers and public figures were on your side now, you would be master of the Hungarian situation. That was the biggest blunder of your career in exile; it made it easy for the State Department to assemble a dossier to block your visa.

Jászi tackled this by the roundabout route of approaching Prof. Harold Laski in Britain, in the hope that either he or, perhaps, Sir Stafford Cripps, then the British ambassador to Moscow, might be able to put pressure on the American government to let Károlyi enter the country. "As far as I am concerned, I am not in any way an uncritical admirer of my former president of the republic," he noted to Laski"

I don't believe he could ever be the leader of a future Hungarian transformation... I am nevertheless convinced that a campaign led by Károlyi would be of truly major significance today. His name is a living symbol of a democratic republic of Hungary.

A copy of the long and carefully phrased letter, in which he reviewed the current situation and what was to be done, was also sent to Károlyi himself with the remark: "I hope you won't be angry with me for ascribing to you the role of a Moses rather than a Joshua." Károlyi still was not granted a US entry visa, and in the end this led to a split within the AFDH, because the group of Chicago radicals insisted on Károlyi as leader and on winning recognition in a similar manner to the Czechs and Poles. They used the frustration of those ambitions as a pretext for breaking with the New Yorkers, leading them, despite all Jászi's conciliatory efforts, to separate from the Federation, thereby preventing, just at the threshold of possible success, the formation of a fully united left-wing front.

Notwithstanding that split, the general meeting that was held in New York, on September 19th–20th, took some important decisions,

in that the AFDH from now on operated purely as an organization for Hungarians with American citizenship, who elected Jászi as their chairman, while the organization for those who did not have citizenship started off under the name Free Hungary but later continued its operations, with Vámbéry at its head, under the same name as the London-based For a New Democratic Hungary. Vámbéry was also editor in chief of the movement's two printed organs, the weekly magazine *Harc* (Battle) and the periodical *Magyar Fórum*. Jászi regularly had articles published in both, this being the first time in a long while that he had the luxury of 'his own' outlets, but he was also regularly critical of them, especially *Harc*, for its frequent sectarianism and extremism. One article, in which bloody retribution was threatened to Hungary's old masters, nearly led to his resigning; indeed, it became almost typical of Jászi's years as AFDH chairman that a colleague's piece of thoughtlessness or undue concession would provoke him, time after time, to tender his resignation, which it would then take prolonged pleading to get him to withdraw: "I begin to realize that New York and any kind of regular bureau work would kill me. I need concentration. I cannot bear too many people and too much gossip," he noted in 1942.

At no point, even in his periods of intense professorial or political involvement, did Jászi abandon his academic work for any length of time. From 1940–41 through 1943, he worked continuously with his younger colleague, John Lewis, on the manuscript of the *Tyrannicide* book. The chapter titles that are referred to in the diary—a roll call of the various eras and types of despotism—are, in fact, largely identical with those that were to be used in the finished book, when it was published a decade and a half later. At the time, Columbia University Press in New York had expressed an interest in the work, and Jászi therefore put every last drop of energy he had into revising and finishing the work, though in the end the publisher declined to go ahead with the book, claiming they did not have the money.

Jászi's diligence in keeping up with and reviewing the literature flagged somewhat in this period, but he still would not let important works escape his notice. One such was a brief *History of Hungary* by a then-young Domokos Kosáry, now the doyen of Hungarian historians, that was published in Cleveland in 1941, though Jászi seems to have laid hands on it only in early 1942. He read it with huge interest, as

nothing was more exhilarating for him than this subject and a genre that required scholarship to engage with ideology and politics. Jászi was unaware that the young academic had been requested, back at the time when Pál Teleki was prime minister, to undertake a trip to America to act as a high-level source of information, but he quickly recognized that

This is a very cautious book, which, besides its historical purpose, has manifestly a diplomatic aim too: to put Hungary, the ally of the Axis, into a favorable light before democratic, English-speaking opinion.

In the review that he wrote for the July 1942 issue of *American Historical Review*, Jászi acknowledged that the author kept this dual goal in proportion when dealing with older periods of history, but he considered that the propagandistic aim began to dominate from roughly the 1867 Compromise onward. He nevertheless appreciated the fact that Kosáry did not lump the 1918 and 1919 Hungarian revolutions together, and he also did not follow the custom of historians of the Horthy era of labeling the leaders of the earlier, civil-democratic revolution to be traitors to their homeland.

In mid-May 1942, Jászi came to the end of his 17 years of conscientious and devoted service to Oberlin College, during which he had experienced both the joys and the agonies that a teaching career offers. In the May 14th edition of the local newspaper, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Frederic B. Artz, a professor of history at the college, gave an appreciation, under the headline 'Man of Ideals', not only of the educational work he had done but also of the intellectual and moral sturdiness with which Jászi had provided support for friends and students, especially during the difficult years after 1933. Even with all its exaggerations, it was apparent from the article that he had met failure as a minister and émigré politician, a stateless wanderer as he called himself, but despite his difficulties with the language he had been able to impress on his new milieu the moral and intellectual strength that had attracted friends and supporters since the beginning of the century. Artz noted that Jászi:

did not merely teach political science at Oberlin but for four generations of college students he offered a knowledge of

human character and a learning, a human charm, a conviction and an idealism that he had acquired in both Old and New Worlds.

After the official leaving ceremony, more than sixty friends and old students held a reception in Jászi's honour, which for his own taste had something of the whiff of a burial about it. He was also sent some glowing letters of thanks from far-off pupils:

You must know that your work lives in the careers of your students as well as in your published works; that the example of public service and scholarship set by your own career has stimulated many others privileged to know you,

wrote Carroll K. Shaw, now an administrative officer for Washington's War Production Board.

The great service that Dr Jaszi has rendered to both Oberlin College and to the hundreds of students who have had the privilege of studying under him, can never be fully repaid,

wrote Bob Fleischer from Detroit, who penned a long letter in which he cited a whole string of memorable personal experiences of Jászi's lessons.

The possibility of meaningful activity following retirement had preoccupied Jászi considerably for a long time, and although in his wife's slightly jaundiced opinion he was helpless, being unable to profit from the very considerable contacts and possibilities open to him ("O. was not a clever fellow. Lots of places were open to him, but there was always a reason to refuse"), his own diary and correspondence show that he proceeded in accordance with a clearly premeditated plan, making particular use of his trips to New York, to seek out his most important old and newer acquaintances, such as professor Alvin Johnson, Dr Stephen Duggan, Dr Buell and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, and explain that he would like to occupy himself working on plans for reconciliation and reconstruction in postwar Central Europe. This was indeed a subject that had been uppermost in his mind for quite a while, as might be expected, not purely in relation to Hungary but to the region as a whole. When Jászi learned

from a Czech colleague how Soviet diplomacy had managed to interfere in negotiations between the Czech and Polish governments in exile, he noted with consternation in his diary that this was signaling the start of an exceedingly dangerous new period. However, he was not happy with American plans either—the ideas for dividing up Germany that were being bandied about at the time. Even just a list of the articles he was writing then gives a good idea of the concerns that were preoccupying him: ‘New Habsburg Empire: a Reactionary Utopia,’ ‘Our Government’s Plan for Postwar Germany,’ ‘On the Coming Organization of Europe,’ ‘The Future of Transylvania,’ and ‘Oszkár Jászi Sees Hope of the Postwar World in the Younger Generation.’ It was also then that he made the acquaintance of Count Coudenhove-Callergi, the originator of the Pan-European movement, whom he found highly sympathetic but whose invitation to become a leader of the movement he declined in view of the Count’s pro-Habsburg sentiments.

In late April 1942, he received a letter from professor Langer, the head of Coordination of Information, in Washington offering him \$4,600 to take part in a Central European reconstruction program. As he noted to himself: “This offer causes me deep satisfaction, because it was bitter to feel that I have become useless. Also it would mean the solution of my financial problem.” Just a week later, to his stupefaction, the offer, which would apparently only have applied to the end of June, was retracted, and an application to the Guggenheim Foundation for a scholarship was also unsuccessful. As he had already concluded years before, when the book by La Boétie was published by someone else, he was hopeless when it came to selling himself or getting his own way when it came to personal matters. He realized that the only way he was going to make the money that was needed to make ends meet was through further teaching. Government bodies, in other words, did not wish to draw on his exceptional expertise in making arrangements for Europe, even though he could look back on close to two decades of scholarly work and activity as a public figure in America that had won him widespread recognition.

Jászi found that all the harder to resign himself to, given that he considered the united-front policy being promoted by Great Britain

and the United States, and especially the State Department in Washington, was a growing danger. The State Department was demanding that émigré politicians from European countries that were under Nazi occupation put aside their differences and not talk about war aims but concentrate all efforts on achieving joint victory over Hitler's Germany. In the summer of 1942, Jászi published in both of the AFDH's magazines an article entitled 'The Question of a Hungarian United Front,' which apart from acknowledging the necessity of a combined antifascist effort sharply questioned that premise, or rather the interpretation of it whereby "the enemies of progress wish to choke the words in our throats." They were being told not to concern themselves for the time being with the matters that divided them but to leave them until victory had been achieved. "That argument does not stand up to scrutiny," Jászi commented:

Waging the war cannot, after all, be separated from the aims of the war! Free people want to know for what aims they are fighting and putting their lives at risk.

He found it odd that while open discussion was allowed within the United States on matters of domestic and foreign policy,

the one problem that is taboo is Hungary's future. And since the Hungarian problem is inseparable from the Danubian and Central European problem, they impose on us the idiocy of having to go around with muzzles on simply so as not to upset envoys of the Horthy régime and its covert supporters, though keeping silent would mean tolerating that American public opinion is misled by the agents of local and personal interests.

He did not bother to hide his anger when it came to proposing a solution:

Total unity on the war front and polite discussion on the peace front—a co-operation of that sort could, perhaps, be achieved. But that is not in our hands: *Que Messieurs les assassins commencent!* [Let you sires, you killers, start!]

The Federation's leaders, like Károlyi, made it quite clear that the fight had to be against not just Hitler and Nazism but also Horthy

and the antidemocratic Hungarian régime. Toward the end of 1942, however, there were plenty of indications that the émigrés of other countries were wrestling with comparable problems. Propaganda backing a Habsburg restoration seemed to be intensifying, with steps being taken to raise a Habsburg legion—a move that Jászi made the subject of an open letter to the *New York Times*. A Romanian diplomat complained that due to the State Department's policy he was totally isolated, unable even to provide support to Maniu (who had apparently written to instruct them to work together with Jászi): "It seems that the State Department intends to make democratic criticism of its foreign policy impossible." Salvemini corresponded with him about a collective international appearance being necessary, with the Italian historian seeing the time had come for joint action. On January 2nd, 1943, Jászi started working on a draft declaration that the German, Italian, Hungarian, Czech, Yugoslav and other émigré groups would issue in defense of their native lands. The line of thought was similar to that of his article about a Hungarian united front, but the text was now in English and addressed to the American government and public opinion, to warn them of the dangers that would be run if, even with Hitler's defeat, lesser fascist and reactionary régimes were to survive. It lay in the fundamental interest of the United States that this should not be allowed to happen, and that genuine democratization of the whole of Europe be accomplished, for otherwise further hundreds of thousands of Americans would have to die as a consequence of the regenerating tensions:

American public opinion does not clearly see these dangers. Who are more entitled to draw attention to them than those, or the descendants of those, who became victims of that cursed system? Suppressing their voices the door will be wide open for the exponents and secret emissaries of that system.

The former régimes and former leaders, Hitler's accomplices, would be left in power, and resistance fighters like de Gaulle would again be forced aside: "Therefore the real meaning of the United Front theory should be unequivocally restated." He was counting on obtaining as signatories the likes of Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, along with the latter's son-in-law, G. A. Borgese, and Paul Tillich, for Germany,

Salvemini, La Piana and others for Italy. Most of them responded positively to his request, though the representatives of some nations—and one cannot identify exactly who—did not wish to associate themselves with it. They could obviously have been ignored except that, in the end, the German group decided that it would not be right to take a public stance on a Hungarian matter whose details they were unfamiliar with. A little late, maybe, but Einstein was still prepared to sign, but in a sour footnote to the business that he entitled ‘The Failure of a Declaration’ Jászi ascribed the cause of that failure to German thoroughness and fear of the State Department. He did not give up the fight, however, and in the end he published the declaration in the form of an article, ‘The Danger of the United Front,’ in the April-May issue of the *New Republic*. The reaction he had been hoping for, however, did not materialize.

Jászi’s ‘preparing for peace’ also had a more practical but more concealed side, which was to pick up contacts with the exiled leaders of the countries that had formed the Little Entente. In Oberlin and Cleveland he had frequent meetings and discussions about the future with Czech, Romanian and Yugoslav political scientists and politicians, including Vojta Beneš, brother of the President, Jan Kozák, Petrovics and Charles Davila. Later on that was to assume a more organized and public character, and the March 15th celebration put on by the two Hungarian left-wing organizations in New York was attended, in the name of Danubian solidarity, by the Czech consul-general, the Yugoslav ambassador, Sava Kusanovic, the Romanian ex-ambassador, Davila, and Austrian Ferdinand Czernin. This circle was constantly to be read about in the columns of *Harc*, where Jászi himself acknowledged in April that the idea of federation was at last gaining ground, while Davila, head of the Romanian Independence movement, stated outright that a federation of the Danube Basin ought to be created on American soil, while they were in exile.

The most important of these, naturally enough, was the Czech connection, in part because Beneš and the Czech government in exile enjoyed the unequivocal blessing of both the Anglo-Saxon and Soviet powers, but also because it could be anticipated that the government in Prague would have the strongest position and the most influence

of all the Central and Eastern European states in any postwar settlement. Indeed, both in Britain and America Beneš took good care that Hungarian antifascist movements were kept under surveillance, directly or indirectly, so that they should spring no surprises on him. Nor did 'nationalistic' Hungarians let slip any opportunity to compromise the Left by spreading rumors about their Czech links, for which the person of Ignác Schultz, who had earlier lived in Czechoslovakia but was then in an important post in the Federation's leadership, supplied a convenient pretext. When the Chicago group too started making references to this, Jászi warned them to pay no attention to the "Czech-bashing":

These slanders bounce off us as long as Károlyi's, Fényes', Vámbéry's, my and your—in a word, our—integrity is strong enough in American and progressive Hungarian public opinion.

He thus accepted the connection, and indeed considered it indispensable with a view to both the present and the future, even though he had reason to be increasingly disillusioned in both Beneš and other Czech leaders since the start of the war, not just on account of his growing nationalism and overt opposition to federation, but also because through him the idea of a forced exchange of populations had gained dangerous ground. Jan Masaryk, the foreign minister in the Czech exile government in London, who had even held a lecture in Oberlin, struck him as a weak and superficial man. He also met with his old acquaintance, Milan Hodža, one of Beneš's opponents, when he visited New York in the autumn of 1942, but he was well aware that though he might be the more flexible, he was morally not a whit better than Beneš. All the same, he did not abandon hope of being able to collaborate with the Czech leaders on a foundation of the democratic ideals that he espoused. What he was seeking to achieve was roughly what was adumbrated in the previously quoted informant's bogus report about a "Czech–Hungarian agreement" in 1939, according to which "in the New York devil's kitchen of Beneš, ex-president of the Czech Republic," they produced first the Czech–Slovak and Czech–Ruthene agreement, then with those as a model, the alleged Czech–Hungarian agreement as well.

The masterminds behind the agreement were Beneš from the Czech side and Oszkár Jászi from the Hungarian side... Most important is the basic principle of the agreement, which again accepts 'the right of peoples to self-determination.'... the signatories will decide the status of disputed territories by means of plebiscite (Beneš is thus magnanimously willing to hand back new territories from his non-existent empire). A separate point in the treaty deals with the obligation on the Czechs, after Germany's 'eventual defeat,' to ask for Hungary be exempted from any finding of responsibility or culpability on the grounds that it was acting under irresistible pressure from the adjacent German Reich... The other parts of the Beneš-Jászi agreement lay down forms of political and economic co-operation, including modified variants of the one-time Danubian confederation and the pan-European idea. The utopian character of the treaty in question does not alter the fact that American agreement of said illegal leaders, and the several unrealistic prospects 'guaranteed' to Hungary in the treaty (first and foremost, territorial enlargement linked to a plebiscite), is very likely to mislead local Hungarian political leaders...

Beneš's views on Hungarian and Eastern European matters were recorded by Jászi himself following a discussion that the two engaged in at Chicago, on May 24th, 1943, when Beneš was on a new tour of America. The Czech president in exile subsequently, in New York, received representatives of the Danubian states, including Charles Davila for Romania, Ferdinand Czernin for Austria, Oscar Lange for Poland, Sava Kusanovic for Serbia, Vámbéry for Hungary, and the Slovak-Magyar Ignác Schultz, who all provided brief statements to *Harv.* Jászi, as chairman of the AFDH, offered a few tactful words of appreciation for Beneš's "unchanged personality," but in the diary, he summarized in detail—set out in the usual series of points—his questions and the "sly, diplomatic" and no doubt disappointing answers Beneš had given.

In connection with the overthrowing of Hungary's "feudal" system, Beneš declared that he was counting on a revolution there and he did not think that occupying forces would prevent that. As to Mihály Károlyi, Beneš stated that he had a high regard for him, but he was now old

and sick; he might be a figurehead but he could only lead the country if he were surrounded by talented younger people. In response to a question as to whether he would take upon himself the promise made by President Masaryk to Jászi, which had envisaged frontier revisions in favor of a democratized Hungary, Beneš replied that, naturally, he was ready to do that personally, but he could not make any declaration to that effect as he had to take Czech public opinion into account. On the Habsburg threat, he declared that this was now completely gone. He avowed the idea of federation, of course, but it was impossible to take any steps to that end, because of the Soviet Union. Under no circumstances did Beneš wish to acquire new German territory from Poland. He had toned down his views on forced exchange of populations; he was thinking more of those guilty of war crimes. In his view, his mission to America had been a complete success: American leaders had even accepted his orientation toward the Soviet Union. (Jászi notes that Beneš was balancing between three Great Powers, and also that he had insisted on the Danube as a frontier between Czechoslovakia and Hungary, while he would prefer to hand Beregovo back to Hungary. Furthermore, the truth was that he had been coldly received in America, which had not allowed him to proceed with his planned large-scale propaganda tour.)

Meanwhile in London Antal Zsilinszky succeeded, after all, in getting an agreement about co-operation with Károlyi's movement in England, but then came a further tragic turn of events when he committed suicide for personal reasons. Károlyi then took it into his head to publish another pugnacious open letter to Jászi in the columns of *Harc*, stressing the necessity for a radical liquidation of Horthyism and the whole nationalist ideology, while in a private letter he urged his friend to move to England so that they might carry on the final struggle. Jászi wavered, however. For one thing, he was quite sure that the State Department would not let him leave America, just as they had not let Károlyi enter; for another, he had doubts about where Károlyi's loyalties ultimately lay. He therefore wrote to Karl Polányi, who was returning to settle in Britain:

Until I know for sure where he has got to, I would actually be scared to identify with him. The ultimate problem is not (as you

wrote) that Hungary will belong to the Soviet sphere (of which there can be little doubt), but whether there is any possibility of Hungary being able to keep its Western character and the humanist spirits of its best people even in that sphere of interest. And what I fear is that K. has no feeling for this problem.

In other words, the difference between them at that point was that whereas Károlyi was worried that too much of the old Hungary would remain after the war, Jászi, while sharing that worry, was already starting to be concerned about the inverse consequences of the anticipated Soviet occupation and Sovietization of the country.

A good part of June was spent in New York, where he and Salvemini spoke at a conference on the future organization of Europe. The Italian made a considerable impact by listing the individuals in his own country, and in Europe more widely, who would eventually be held to answer for war crimes. Even without that Jászi's lecture would have attracted attention, but he soon wrote it up for the *New Europe* magazine as a hard-hitting article—admittedly without any list—under the title 'Hungary and Her Quislings'. After meeting several important acquaintances (Count Sforza, professor Johnson, professor Eduard Heimann), he set off to Boston and Cambridge, Massachusetts, to see his younger son, Andrew, and then from there, at the end of the month, on to Washington, DC, to see his newly wed older son, George, and make the acquaintance of his wife, Helen Heinemann.

George's announcement of his marriage in late February, quite out of the blue, had come as a considerable shock to Jászi. He strove to convince himself that his consternation was not resentment but anxiety at this fresh piece of evidence of his son's unstable mental state and confirmation that he had not been the sort of father he would have liked to be (in his diary, all the same, he pins the main blame on Freud and his artificially constructed complexes, to which George had also fallen prey). He was later somewhat mollified by a long letter in which his son explained that the reason for the sudden decision had been finally finding a girl whom, with her family background (half Jewish), he did not feel was a stranger. In Washington, Jászi was happy to discover that George had made a very good choice, and

professionally too had found his feet in the Ministry of Commerce. The 'official' part of Jászi's trip did not work out so well. In the State Department he had a lengthy but unproductive interview with Cavendish Cannon, the man in charge of the Hungarian desk, whom he sized up as being a cunning and insincere career diplomat. Although Jászi raised the matter, he got no further with him either in getting him to understand the bad consequences of the united-front policy: the ears of the Great Power were deaf on this score.

He was back in Oberlin for July and August, but now totally uncertain where he would be working or living: "The Denver plan failed to come about," he wrote to Máli, "because at the last moment the army decreed teaching about the Far East instead of Central Europe. This prolonged shilly-shallying, the four invitations and finally cancellation have been very repellent." He had therefore decided that in the autumn he would move to New York, to start with on his own, and he asked Máli to locate for him a cheap hotel room that was close to the city's libraries: "I hope that this last attempt to create a new lifestyle will be luckier than those so far." However, it was no more successful than the last one. August was not even out before he was telling Máli that from mid-September he would be teaching for one month at a university in Kansas City for a fee that would allow him to spend the coming months in New York. According to Recha's memoirs, the tuition given to 80 day and 130 night-school students was all the more tiring because in the American mid-West they had a harder job understanding his English than people on the East Coast, who were more accustomed to foreigners. Despite that, he enjoyed himself; his lectures had an impact, and when he left the local paper, the *Kansas City Star*, even ran an appreciative article on the cultural significance of his course for the town.

It was while he was still there that he was notified that on October 6th, under the aegis of the Office of War Information (OWI), he would be able to make a radio broadcast to the Hungarian population. It is clear from his diary that this excited him hugely, given that he had not been in live contact with his native land for a quarter of a century. Jászi initially drafted the talk in English, and it was immediately approved in New York, before he finally spoke into a microphone in Hungarian, in an occasionally faltering voice, to warn his

listeners, "This is the final hour when it is possible and necessary to act!" His audience cannot have been very large, but his son, George, who heard several repeat broadcasts of the message, thought it was superb.

The New York stay, in the end, was truncated, because by Christmas he was longing to be at home, and with Recha being ill and himself tired and having a lot of joint pains, he stayed there for a good while. Although he, Recha and his sons had previously considered it would be a good idea for him to leave Oberlin definitively, they now decided, on the contrary, that they would keep the Oberlin apartment as a base from which he would embark on spells of moving around. He even turned down renewed invitations from Károlyi, Seton-Watson and Karl Polányi, although there had been a time when he would have gladly gone to London, as from there, at least temporarily, he would have had more say in events. Still, the plan was not feasible even from a financial point of view, on top of which, as he had written before, he did not feel that the outcome of the war depended on him:

My sole hope resides in the young people back home who follow our principles. Masaryk was never as forsaken as we are, and with his fighting legion he was a political factor. We, by contrast, are not such factors, but four respectable seventy-year-old gentlemen with no army, no connections, no financial backing. I may still be able to do something when it comes to ripening ideas; in the arena of political battling I can hardly be more than a Don Quixote.

Instead, he sought a place in America where, as he wrote to his boys, he could carry out tolerably interesting work and in so doing make a sure living for himself and Recha. That continued to elude him, however. OWI made only occasional requests to produce a memorandum about some aspect of the Hungarian or Central European situation.

In the spring of 1944, Jászi made a fairly extended tour of the American South, to universities in the states of Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia. This was the first time he had the chance to venture this far into a world that was stretched to breaking-point by its own contradictions. In Athens, Georgia, he noted that if they did not

abandon their brutal policy of segregation, there was going to be a revolution. He found the trip exhausting and so informed the organizers that he was not willing to undertake any more such tours, but he would accept a more prolonged teaching job at a good college. In the meantime, he was granted a \$1,000 fellowship by the Social Science Research Council to work out a paper on 'Remnants of Feudalism in Central Europe' (an old hobbyhorse), but he put off making a start on this until the autumn, because time after time the possibility of some sort of political assignment that—George's exhortations notwithstanding—he did not wish to let slip kept coming up (only to disappear again). He did not take part in the traditional March 15th celebration in New York that year, but John Bíró read out a message from him which this time, in a noteworthy change of accent, stressed the importance of national unity and mutual compromise. A new Hungarian revolution would only be a success, he pronounced, if it were able to preserve the unity of the Hungarian people. "There is a place for everyone under the sun of the revolution," he quoted Proudhon.

After so many sad, abortive revolutions, may there at last come a happy, humane, hopeful and creative revolution of the Hungarian people.

It is hardly surprising that he should have been enraged by a provocative article in *Harv* which promised to string up Hungary's entire ruling class. Jászi again wanted to resign from the Federation but was again persuaded not to. He had certainly had enough of the uncertainty over his livelihood, though, and from the autumn took up a one-year invitation (which eventually ran to two years) to move with Recha and her mother to Worcester, Massachusetts, and take up a post as guest professor at Clark University.

The war in Europe was meanwhile moving into its final phase. On March 19th, 1944, German troops moved in to occupy Hungary and over the next three months the entire Jewish population of the enlarged country outside the capital was deported to Nazi mass extermination camps. On June 6th came the long awaited D-Day operation, and by the end of August the Red Army had crossed the Hungarian border. As chairman of the AFDH, Jászi sent off identical let-

ters to remind the presumed future leaders of Hungary's neighboring countries, Eduard Beneš, Iuliu Maniu and Ivan Šubašić: "The victory of the Allies will spell disaster for Hungary. The Hungarian people must not be penalized for the crimes of their masters." He asked them to send a reassuring message to the peasants, workers and intellectuals of Hungary so as to facilitate democracy's path to victory and the organization of those forces within the population who favored it. It was a thought worthy of the apostle of a Danubian Confederation, but it had no effect either on the attitudes of Hungary's neighbors toward it or in heartening the Hungarian antifascist movement.

Danubia—Old and New

On December 28th, 1944, Jászi read a major paper on ‘Central Europe and Russia’ to the American Historical Association’s annual meeting in Chicago. The year-end was, of course, the time at which these events were traditionally held in each academic field, but in this case the timing was particularly apt. The siege of Warsaw was by then underway, while in Hungary the Red Army had just completed throwing a besieging ring round Budapest, and in the east of the country, at Debrecen, a Provisional National Assembly of ‘popular front’ representatives had been convoked just before Christmas, under Soviet supervision, to appoint a Provisional National Government under Béla Miklós, one of Horthy’s former generals, as prime minister, though real control and power were in the hands of the Communists. Thus, the war may not have reached its end militarily, but the real questions that were being raised related to how a durable peace and new world order were to be established which encompassed the future for Central Europe. After a long run of short articles and declarations, this paper, which appeared in print early in 1945, was Jászi’s first serious attempt to think through and assess the evolving new situation.

He did not have any reports from Hungary to go on, but the first alarming news of the new order that was being imposed in Central Europe had already started to reach the West from Poland, Romania, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria: “Some acute observers rightly speak of an ‘uncanny unanimity’ in the political life of those countries and of a ‘ventriloqual’ democracy,” as Jászi put it. Aside from the still fresh and contradictory information in news reports, he had essentially only

hypotheses—or “sheer suppositions” as he wrote to Máli—to rely on in divining Stalin’s true intentions and the future direction of Soviet policy. What was of greatest concern to him, of course, was the fate of the region’s little states: Was it going to be the same as that of other border territories that the “Russian colossus” had already assimilated, and how would these predominantly Western-oriented nations tolerate that? After briefly covering the genuine or feigned unconcernedness of Western “Soviet-sympathizers”, he set forth a pessimistic and an optimistic view, the first taking as its starting-point the unchanged nature of Soviet power from Lenin onward; the second, from the premise that Russian policy would strive for security above all else, and therefore

it seems not an overstrained optimism to assume that for the next twenty years or so Russia would loyally accept the new equilibrium, would not interfere with the cultural and national independence of central European countries, and would abstain from an action which might disturb her cooperation with the democracies.

Oddly enough, Jászi at that time was tending more to the latter view, which would these days be labeled delusory, though even in retrospect there were a number of signs which suggest that toward the end of the war Stalin really was thinking in terms of a transitional period of one or two decades.

Nevertheless, in regard to Western actions to promote continued stability he warned:

It would be a complete misunderstanding of the whole evolution of Soviet Russia to believe that her leaders who are fighting for an utterly new conception of the world, could be appeased simply by economic or strategic concessions.

The conciliatory intellectual rapprochement, or “new pacifism,” tied to Roosevelt’s plan to overcome Soviet isolationism that Jászi tried to outline at the end of his talk was what was later to be called peaceful co-existence, or a ‘thaw’ in relations. He ended on an exceptionally optimistic note:

I cannot see a higher and more congenial task for our universities and colleges than helping to bring West and East nearer to each other in a spirit of mutual trust and sympathy.

Just three months before, he had been writing to Károlyi:

Although I acknowledge the necessity for a Russian orientation, I can also see serious dangers in it, and I view the problems of the future with a certain skepticism and not brimful of enthusiasm like some of my younger friends.

A number of symptoms, like the difficult situation that Sforza was in back in Italy and the favorable reception that America was giving to certain right-wing politicians, had begun to awaken a suspicion that the distressing events of 1919 might be about to repeat themselves all over gain.

In the spring of 1945, though, that moderately hopeful mood was still holding up, and no doubt that was why he agreed to address the March 15th commemorative celebration in New York. This time the Hungarian democrats of America were able to celebrate their homeland's liberation and the fall of the counter-revolutionary régime that had been persecuting them. Jászi provided a sweeping overview of Hungary's struggles for freedom, listing the now dead greats of their own memory: Endre Ady, Ernő Garami, Zsigmond Kunfi, János Hock, and, only the previous year, László Fényes, to say nothing of Endre Bajcsy-Zsilinszky and Anna Kéthly, about whose fate they had no certain information, and finally the still living Mihály Károlyi. Anyone who wished to push Károlyi aside was no Hungarian democrat, he declared, and he threw out the suggestion that the new Hungary needed a gesture, over and beyond political and economic reforms, and that gesture should now be a review of the Károlyi trial, with exemplary punishment of Károlyi's slanderers. In the meat of his address, Jászi came to the same conclusion as he had done in Chicago: it was not economic differences that had to be got rid of but the great wall of mistrust that had arisen between East and West—and that did not seem too far-fetched at that moment.

At the beginning of March, both Jászi and Károlyi turned seventy years of age. Both received congratulatory messages from the Hungarian antifascist movements, while an English-language telegram

from Károlyi appeared in the American Federation of Democratic Hungarians' paper, *Harc*: "We were born on the same day, we fought for the same cause and my deep friendship to you will last I hope for many more years."

Not much later, after Germany had capitulated—an event that Jászi celebrated with a big article—the question of a possible return to Hungary came up. At the beginning of April, the country's Supreme National Council now relocated to the capital, selected Károlyi, together with Béla Bartók, György Bölöni and Ruzstem Vámbéry as the Provisional National Assembly representatives for Budapest. It appears that Jászi's name was not even mooted, an omission that is explicable by his American citizenship before all else, though that would not have disbarred his nomination, as people could not have known if he might have been disposed to return home for good had one of the domestic parties been willing to back him. For a variety of different reasons, however, Jászi would have been an embarrassment to virtually all of them, and he personally never complained on that score; quite the contrary, in fact, he made it very clear from the outset that he regarded the oath he had taken in becoming an American citizen as binding. He wrote to Károlyi at the end of March:

I shall die as an American citizen, so I cannot undertake any kind of official function for Hungary. However, I am always ready to offer advice; indeed, should you see the need for me to work on the spot (which I consider highly unlikely in view of the more pointed political standpoint that I have adumbrated), I would go over there as an *adviser of the Hungarian government in foreign affairs*.

Possibilities of that nature were something he considered on a number of occasions, partly as a way of restraining Károlyi from misguided actions, partly due to his mistrust of the standard and morale of public life and the political élite in Hungary. He did not tire of repeating that the cream of the émigré community ought to return home with Károlyi in order to be the resuscitators and guardians of true democracy and morality: "This is not a work that can be carried out with the half-educated and compromise-merchants, nor with dogmatic fanatics," he was to write in his next letter.

The new generation of home-grown politicians (and the group of 'Muscovite' exiles who returned to take up leadership positions in the Hungarian Communist party) were in no hurry to invite the émigrés from the West back home and reactivate them. Even Károlyi's official invitation was delayed, although his friends and supporters were constantly urging his return and he even enjoyed the support, in practice, of the Social Democratic Party, which indeed was the only party to propose him for the post of President of the Republic. Even the Communist Party program, with radical land reform and the nationalization of banks and the larger industrial enterprises as its main goals, was in fact close to that of the October 1918 revolution, as Jászi could see ("the only difference is that whereas for us this was a matter of faith and conviction, here it is a matter of tactics and second thoughts"), but since the party was going to considerable pains to obliterate bad memories of the 1919 Commune, they were none too keen to bring up the 1918 revolution either, given that the two were widely perceived as interconnected. Among the other parties, the Smallholder Party had its 'patriotic' reasons for disliking the Octobrist tradition, primarily for its overtones of the Treaty of Trianon, a stance also taken by the nationalists of the National Peasant Party. Jászi may have been exaggerating, but he certainly had grounds for considering, and writing to Karl Polányi in September 1945: "Back home I count as a *persona non grata* more than anyone else." It was because of this that he deflected the unrealistic messages that he had been receiving from February onward from Karl's elder sister, Laura Polányi (the 'Mauzi' whom he had once found so pretty and agreeable, now living with her family in New York), urging him, as a politician who had been proven right by history, to take control of events in his own hands.

He personally was not yet in the least hostile to the new régime in Hungary or the situation in the countries of the Danubian region. In an article entitled 'Reconstruction of Hungary,' written in response to a questionnaire from the Canadian magazine *Tárogató*, edited by Ambró Czákó, he acknowledged:

Without Russian support, all these states would be incapable of crushing their internal enemies: the united front of the dynasties, the soldiery, feudalism and venal money-grubbing.

It was in this article that he first used the expression “incubator revolution” that he became wont to use, by which he meant that the very necessary revolutionary transformations that were taking place were not proceeding with the spontaneity and romantic excesses known from history, but “these revolutions are hatching in the well-controlled atmosphere of the Russian incubator.” The main tasks of reconstruction he summarized as comprising:

1. Genuine co-operation with Soviet Russia, while at the same time fostering the thousand-year tradition of Western cultural links;
2. Democratic system of representation, with exclusion of a one-party system;
3. Voluntary setting-up of co-operative enterprises;
4. Eradication of all relics of the counter-revolution;
5. Confederative solution to the nationality question.

Yet again, what he regarded as most important of all was the formation of a new moral sensibility.

He still did not have a live contact with the “old country” on account of the chaotic conditions in the immediate wake of the war. The postal service was barely functioning, so that it was only after a delay of well over six months that Jászi got news of a number of deaths, including that of Károly Garay, Máli’s eldest son by her first marriage, who had been shot dead by the fascists when he attempted to join the Slovak National Uprising; then there was Alice, the daughter he had with Mrs Margit Rosenthal; Margit Papp, a lover in his youth; and Róbert Braun’s daughter, Éva, who was executed as a resistance fighter. An opportunity to establish contacts finally presented itself in the autumn of 1945, when Miklós Halász flew over to Europe in a military plane as the correspondent for several American newspapers. He took with him a long letter from Jászi to his “friends in Budapest,” not knowing who might still be alive. The letter reached its destination, indeed—somewhat to Jászi’s annoyance—through Halász and Imre Csécsy’s overzealousness, in early 1946 it actually appeared in print, as ‘Letter to the Hungarian Radical Party’, in the columns of a new radical weekly magazine, *Haladás* (Progress). Jászi had intended it as a ‘collective’ private letter, but as was his habit he

turned it into a 'document', in which he set out his own situation and, very much in the spirit of his Chicago paper, provided a succinct run-down of his views and advice in regard to the situation in Hungary:

Last of all, a request: I am thirsting for Hungarian poetry. At every turn, I catch myself warbling old lines and songs to myself... You would make me a very happy man if you could send me a good Hungarian anthology, from the beginnings to the present day.

He was now into his second year of teaching at Clark University because, given that several of the permanent staff in the Department of Political Science had been called up for military duty, he was asked already in early 1945 to carry on for a further year. In accordance with a new habit, he sent a questionnaire to various members of his family in which he set out the arguments for and against accepting the offer. Here he had only to teach six hours a week, with small classes, a number of clever students, a good library and friendly colleagues: "Regular work, so less brooding," he added:

If I were to leave Clark, there would not really be any option but to return to Oberlin, which I found hard to bear when I was last there. When one is not continuously employed, I find the atmosphere of small-town gossip oppressive; admittedly, I could take up that \$1,000 fellowship from the Social Science Research Council, but very little would be left from that sum for my own personal budget. The subject matter is also less appealing (Feudalism in Central Europe), when set beside the prospects for the Russian 'orbit'. On the other hand, there is hardly any place for me outside Oberlin, while I flinch at the thought of looking for a new job, and fear an office job.

Arguing against acceptance were the fact that he was more easily tired, and thus would be left with little time and energy from teaching for the concentrated work that he really longed for: "Though it is ever less likely, it could be that developments in Hungary make a prolonged stay there necessary," suggesting that he had no wish to sacrifice his freedom. Also arguing against Worcester was the question of housing, insofar as the comfortable house they had been renting thus far would no

longer be available, and there was little hope of finding anything comparable, which meant that Jászi would have to stay on his own in a small furnished apartment while Recha and her mother moved back to Oberlin. That is, in fact, what happened, even though Jászi often felt that he was no longer fit for teaching, being unhappy with his lectures, but having neither the will nor the energy to re-work them.

What he still regarded as being his real task was helping give life to, and standing guard over, a new democratic and federative order in the Danubian region, but he was obliged to live through all the agonies of renewed failure of that aspiration. The first major disappointment did not come from Hungary but from the people who had been his blue-eyed boys up till then, when the Czechs embarked upon their policy of collective expulsion of the ethnic German and Magyar communities from the country. His indignation was first in evidence in his correspondence with Máli (not surprisingly as the future of her property at Hrušov was at stake):

My dear one, how right you are that the nationality policy that Beneš & Co. are pursuing is immoral. It is one product of the general barbarization of souls. I would like to protest against it as one who has spent his life in the service of the opposite goals.

“*Mea maxima culpa*,” he wrote, “for having made more of our Czechs than they deserved.” Having not offered a critical word for many decades, he now felt it was his moral duty to make a public protest, alone if need be, seeing that links with Czechoslovakia were very important for Vámbéry and his movement. On September 11th, he and Vámbéry wrote a joint letter to President Beneš, warning him and his government, in a polite but firm tone, of the damage this policy might cause to relations between the two countries and by rekindling Hungarian chauvinism. In view of Vámbéry’s resolute Czechophilia, however, there could be no question of making that letter public knowledge, so Jászi prepared a new collective declaration from a representative group of Hungarian Americans that was to be printed in the *New York Times*. Apart from describing the tragic situation, this article—under the headline ‘Magyars Charge Injustice’—referred to Roosevelt and Churchill’s Atlantic Charter and held out the prospect that the

Hungarian government and the Magyar minority in Slovakia might turn to the Soviet government for protection. Apart from Jászi, the signatories to this, on September 29th, comprised Antal Balásy, John Bíró, Rev. Ambró Czakó, Ferenc Göndör, Miklós Halász, Rev. Géza Takaró and Lajos Tóth.

Jászi was right in thinking that the Czechs would be discomfited by a public protest. Three days later, the Czechoslovak ambassador to Washington used the columns of the highly respected newspaper in an attempt to refute the Hungarian charges—the same V. S. Hurban who, after his country's occupation and dismemberment in 1938, had given solemn thanks to Jászi for his emphatic solidarity. Two Slovak Americans also had their say, though one of those was to prove that during the war the other one, who was anti-Hungarian, had been a keen supporter of the fascist Slovakian régime under Monsignor Tiso. In November, Jászi asked Harold Laski and Wickham Steed to see if they and Britain's Labour government could not exert pressure on Beneš, but again all that Jászi could comment in regard to the very warm letter from Laski, in which the latter promised that everything possible would be done: "There you are: nothing! Belt up!" But as the tribulations of the ethnic Magyars in Slovakia did not end even in 1946, he too carried on campaigning, getting two more letters placed in the *New York Times*; in the first he protested, in agreement with the Hungarian ambassador to Washington, at the forcible re-Slovakization of the ethnic Magyar population of the territories that had passed back to Czechoslovakia at the end of the war, then a second time to record that no solution had been found for the plight of the ethnic Magyars of Slovakia.

In the meantime general elections were held in Hungary during November 1945, following which, in February 1946, the Hungarian royal crown was again abolished as an institution and the second republic was proclaimed, with Zoltán Tildy being elected as president. By the beginning of 1946, Jászi was able to gain access to data that characterized the country's economic and political status, and as the question was of burning interest to him, he produced for *Foreign Affairs* a cogent, concise analysis of the transformation process that was underway in Hungary. By way of an introduction, he reminded readers that this was the fourth article he had written for the periodical in

the 23 years since he first visited America, in 1923, and the first three had concerned key problems of Hungary's development in the modern age: one on the Treaty of Trianon, the second on Kossuth's vision of Central Europe, and the third on the social critique that was being expounded by the 'agrarian populist' writers. The most striking feature of the new essay was that it was still optimistic in regard to Hungary's opportunities; admittedly, in the paper that he had given to the Chicago conference a year before that same optimism had been applied, by and large, to the whole region, whereas now he only saw the three westernmost countries as exceptions to the process of sovietization: Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. He thought that Russia, in its own interest, would be content if friendly, democratic governments and systems of governance were to come into being in a "twilight zone" formed by these three countries. He derived that confidence in part from the fact that free elections had been held and democratic governments formed, in part from his observation that the Communists had learned from the past and were no longer the fanatics of old but coldly calculating, pragmatic politicians, ready to use anyone, even true reactionaries, in the interests of attaining their goals, not revolutionary mystics but sober engineers of "incubator revolution." On this Jászi allowed himself to be totally misled by his own experiences with the first generation of Communists, in 1919 and during his subsequent exile in Vienna, persuading himself that the new type was not only more civilized but less dangerous, with this in turn being based on the false assumption that there had been a change in style in Moscow too, so that if Stalin was permitting the Soviet people greater freedom after the war, why would he insist on using the old methods elsewhere. In other words, the Hungarian government, in his view, still had the opportunity to choose between true and 'ventriloqual' democracy, which is why the title of the essay was changed from 'What is Happening in Hungary' to 'Choices in Hungary.'

He considered that the outcome of the Hungarian elections had been proportional and reassuring, and he strongly underlined that the Smallholder Party was not a reactionary organization but the successor of a peasant democratic tradition going back several decades. He did nevertheless make a point of mentioning that a resolute silence surrounded the subject of 1918; the name of Endre Ady, modern

Hungary's greatest hero, was rarely mentioned, he pointed out, nor did he fail to remark, albeit tactfully, on the disappointment many had felt that the second republic did not start under the presidency of Mihály Károlyi, who had suffered the most sacrifices on its behalf. That same question was posed more pointedly at the time in what he wrote for *Az Ember*: "Why do the practitioners of realpolitik have no use for Károlyi?"—or in other words, why had people not thought it important that the rebirth of the country should rise above the quotidian and interparty haggling and take place under the auspices of a symbolic figure? The composite list of explanations that he supplied missed out only the survival of Hungarian nationalism as a motive.

The big article did not fail, however, to go into the phenomenon of postwar Europe that most angered him at the time: the device of forced exchanges of populations and expulsions that had been initiated by Beneš but tacitly supported by the Great Powers. On this occasion, he focused on the mass expulsion of the ethnic German population from Hungary, but he did not omit to mention the German community of Czechoslovakia as well. For him, this was simply an insupportable practice, and to give any backing to it inexcusable, to the point that he laid in unmercifully to a book by Vámbéry entitled *Hungary: To Be or Not to Be?* which justified the Czechoslovak policy and was indifferent to the national tragedies that it signified. The letter that he and Vámbéry had written to President Beneš in September 1945 elicited only an evasive response a full year later.

In spite (or perhaps because) of the gradually darkening horizon in Eastern Europe, the matter of a trip "home" (he himself always put it in ironic quotation marks) began to preoccupy him increasingly from early in 1946. He was being urged to do so by Imre Csécsy and the Social Democrat Vilmos Böhm at a moment when Károlyi's return, delayed as it had been, was now genuinely on the cards. What he imparted to the two friends was:

I feel I am an American Hungarian, not a Hungarian who makes politics; temporarily my place is back home, and I sense my duty to aid you in your difficult work... Added to this, I would like to be by Károlyi's side during the perilous transitional period.

He was ready to accept that, with the country in a critical condition, he needed to demonstrate “tact and moderation” in disputes, provided those opposing him also renounced the use of “poisoned weapons” and would guarantee freedom of conscience: “As a free American, I do not regard either Georg Lukács or Mindszenty as factors who can affect my judgement.” He noted, last of all, that under no circumstances did he wish “to slip into the country”; in other words, the government would have to be aware of his plan (Csécsy had, after all, tried to entice him by saying that his arrival would have an effect comparable to that of Ady being resurrected). Károlyi, as it emerged from a letter that was written at virtually the same time, saw a great deal more clearly that they were already way out of their depths as far as events in Hungary were concerned: “After the bastard kingdom without a king [i.e. the era when Horthy was regent], the abortion of a Republic of the Holy Crown is already on the way,” and cited Zoltán Szabó, a representative of the best of Hungary’s young intellectuals, who had openly declared that they had forgotten about October 1918, but there was no need to resuscitate it because it would only have a disturbing effect. Károlyi therefore did not consider himself suitable—even if people wanted him—to become president of “this tractable republic that has no progressive sensibility”; indeed, he did not even see the group of followers that Jászi had mentioned: “Where are they? Not one has presented himself in nine months.”

All the same, even if no one foresaw them as having a political role, the Octobrist émigrés were not completely forgotten. The council of the Péter Pázmány University of Budapest, which a quarter of a century before had ruled them “for ever” unsuitable for a teaching post, at its session on February 4th, 1946, unanimously decided,

on a motion by the rector, to invite Professors (!) Ruzssem Vámbéry and Oszkár Jászi to hold guest lectures. The invitation was sent by telegram to America, but it seems not to have reached its destination because no reply came back.

That was what the minister of education, Dezső Keresztúry, who had instigated the plan, told János Gyöngyösy, the minister of foreign affairs, with the request that the Hungarian ambassador to Washing-

ton be asked to forward the invitation to the addressees, since “I consider it extremely important that the younger generation of Hungarians become acquainted with the teachings of Oszkár Jászi at the earliest possible opportunity.” Foreign Affairs did what had been asked of it on July 10th, but for some reason Jászi only recorded in mid-November that he had received Keresztúry’s invitation (which had been repeated in August) via Ambassador Aladár Szegedy-Maszák. The matter continued on this protracted course (to eventual non-realization), though it seems this was more on account of Jászi’s lack of confidence than through the sluggishness of Hungarian bureaucracy.

The curious thing is that at the beginning of June Jászi had actually been a guest for dinner at the ambassador’s residence in Washington, and in his diary he writes in the most glowing terms about the outstanding, clear-thinking young diplomat, in addition to whom he was also introduced to, and eventually formed friendships with, two subordinates, the first counselor, Viktor Csornoky (President Tildy’s son-in-law), who was later to be executed as a spy, and the press attaché, István Borsody, who was to become Jászi’s closest colleague at the very end of his life. For over two decades Jászi had lived in America with the Hungarian embassy as a hostile, unapproachable institution (with the exception of the single encounter with János Pelényi in 1927). He now had the great pleasure of being able to feel that the embassy was his own, and the three leading figures of its staff were close in spirit to himself, although he may have also suspected that it would not be for long (when he next met them, six months later in New York, all three of them already had good reason to be deeply apprehensive about the future).

The days in Washington were refreshing for another reason as well: after lengthy correspondence and much longing he was again able to meet the object of his ‘Romantic passion,’ Muriel, with whom he spent an “unforgettable evening” in a hotel (it does not transpire whether this was in the restaurant or a room) on June 3rd. The attractive young woman, a photograph of whom he had even pasted into his diary, in any event became his main spiritual confidante and solace, and it was one of the major factors in the disastrous breakdown of his marriage. A further source of much joy was the return of son

Andrew from three years of military service, the latter half of which had been spent in Europe, chiefly in Germany, charged among other things—thanks to his knowledge of languages—with hunting down and piecing together secret Nazi documents. His father had worried a lot, in part about his physical safety, in part about his having in the meantime married a refined and sweet but, like Andrew, unpractical young lady by the name of Jean. Now, in July 1946, having packed up his belongings in Worcester and said his good-byes at Clark University to take a rest on his own in Greenfield, Massachusetts, Jászi spent three happy weeks with Andrew at Cold Spring, not far north of New York, where Máli would also join them at the weekends; indeed with son George and Helen also stopping by on one occasion, so that the “old family” was together again for the first time in many years.

Before going on to Oberlin, he stayed for a few days in New York as well, primarily to discuss a series of Hungarian-language radio talks. The original idea had been to produce fifty talks about the history and development of democracy in America for broadcasting to Hungary, but Jászi found the work too great a strain and managed to get agreement that he would only have to put together a substantially more limited set of talks on a subject area that he had chosen himself. He arrived back home at Oberlin on August 1st, resolved that he and Recha, whom he had previously been deluging with reproachful letters, would have to construct a new basis and form of living together. His wife, though, having herself broken off conjugal relations five years before, now announced that she could only imagine and accept cohabitation on “a loving basis”. This time it was Jászi who found it impossible to resume his, and he tried to get her to accept the difference between the close but distinct concepts that Hungarian designates as *szeretem*, or ‘love’, and *szeretet* ‘affection’, but of course this did not work. With Recha again sneaking a look at his diary the next day, she discovered the evidence of the “Romantic relationship”, and even though she took it to be little more than a “senile aberration”, it seems from what Jászi recorded that in reality she was furious. She announced by way of an ultimatum that there were just three possibilities: either it was back to the old relationship or she would withdraw into the role of a female housekeeper, which also meant an end to any intellectual relationship, or else they would divorce.

Diabolical weeks ensued during which—given that Recha's fits of pique and anger, like her bouts of spring-cleaning, regularly ended up with her feeling indisposed or falling ill—Jászi became seriously concerned for his wife's health, even her life, and for 'Tante' Lotte as well. This rendered him unable to work and, according to his diary, on the verge of accepting the ultimatum in interests of restoring the old confidence and tenderness, though one cannot rule out the possibility that he wrote what he did merely to reassure Recha, counting on her unrestrainable curiosity. Recha's later memoirs confirm that during this period she was fervidly studying the diary, analyzing the entries that pertained to her, her health and habits, and quoting from them at length, which shows that on her own admission she did not look at it just on two occasions, as she claimed. Reconciliation came at the beginning of September, after several mood swings, though it remained palpably precarious. Recha even entered into a correspondence with Muriel, and in one "provocative" letter actually "offered" to remove herself if it was a question of Muriel feeling a similar passion for Jászi. On the other hand, she handed over to Jászi the collected documents of her complaints, expecting him to give her a written response. "With her methodical and historical way of thinking, she is very good at reopening half-healed wounds," Jászi recorded. Nonetheless, he did escort his wife to a concert at which György Széll conducted the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and got so carried away by the performance of Beethoven's Third Symphony that he realized, for the first time in his life, just how much he had lost through his indifference to music. He also had a similar experience two weeks later at a Mozart festival.

Mixed signals as to the sense of making visit to Hungary, both encouraging and deterrent, began to proliferate toward the end of the year. From the summer onward, however, Jászi had lost his earlier optimism. As he wrote to Karl Polányi:

History has erased the hopes we had that the Soviets are seeking democracy in Central Europe. They carry on further in the madness of their dialectic, and they are going to trample underfoot every truly democratic endeavour.

It seems that this, far from putting him off, actually spurred his travel plan, or his mission, as he often considered it to be: "My Danube trip seems to me of a growing importance, though I am more unwilling than ever to participate in active politics," he noted after reading reports from Károlyi and Vilmos Böhm about the situation in Hungary. As a means of boosting the academic nature of the trip, he asked for a grant from the Social Science Research Council, which he in any way needed, in addition to the invitation from the University of Budapest. When it came to the end of the year, however, with news coming through of the discovery of an "anti-democratic conspiracy" and arrests running into the hundreds, he decided that the Hungarian government was not now going to pay his travel expenses, so the very same day he sent off a letter to ask for funding from the American Philosophical Society, which did agree to sponsor his visit but specifically asked not to be acknowledged publicly during the trip as they had no wish to get mixed up in politics. In the end, he received a sum of \$3,000 from the two American organizations, which meant that for once he could travel without having to scrimp.

The final weeks of 1946 were packed with incidents, some gratifying, some painful. The first two in a series of 'Jászi Lectures' that had been instituted in his honour were delivered at Oberlin College, on November 11th-12th, with Jászi pleased with the subject (Russia and Central Europe) and speaker (Michael Karpovich), as well as with the large and attentive audience that it attracted. (The series of lectures in Jászi's name, which was to be given added lustre by such distinguished ex-students as James Reston, survives to this day.) In December, he made another trip to New York, where he held talks about the possibilities of getting his *Tyrannicide* published and about the funding of his study-tour to Hungary, as well as attending a Hungarian meeting at which decisions were made on how best to protest against the expulsions of ethnic Magyars from Slovakia and forced population exchanges. He returned home the week before Christmas to be greeted by a distressed Recha, who, while he was away, had been going over the past and now announced that she was tearing up their latest "contract" and from now on would stay beside him purely as a housekeeper. As nothing had happened since their reconciliation, and even Recha was not seeking to "forbid" his

correspondence with Muriel (though that too was to come up later), Jászi concluded that it was more a case of his wife's pride being hurt than her affections. He tried to convince her not to destroy the eventful 25 years they had spent together, but it required persuasion by Andrew, who was there for Christmas and whom Recha was also very fond of, to do the trick.

The big excitement, though, surrounded the birth of George's son, Peter Jászi, news of which was telephoned by Máli on December 20th. "God bless him," Jászi wrote in his diary. "He should live in a better world. I cannot yet realize the feeling to be a grandfather." During the very last days of the year, the desire to go back home (for once the word is not placed in quotation marks) firmed up into a final decision, particularly following a fresh letter from Csécsy, which several days of illness and a brief spell in hospital at the start of the new year did nothing to alter. Recha tried to lay down the law by insisting that they should travel together, but he headed her off firmly by pointing out that this was going to be "a kind of moral trench service" that could only be accomplished, if at all, by him alone. The fact that he saw the visit as a mission is no doubt explained by the fact that the deterioration of conditions in Hungary had not reduced but intensified his wish to travel, as he had a feeling, with good reason, that a last look around the Danubian region was indissolubly part and parcel of his life's work: "Fate calls me," as he commented after reading a letter from one relative who was trying to dissuade him.

On January 10th–11th, Jászi attended a conference on Eastern Europe that was being held in Cleveland, with other participants including Aladár Szegedy-Maszák, István Borsody and Pál Auer, the ambassador to Paris, from the Hungarian side, as well as Jan Masaryk, the Czechoslovak minister of foreign affairs, who, in Jászi's opinion, delivered a very hypocritical, insincere speech. The Hungarians had their own get-together at Auer's hotel to talk over what was to be done, which Jászi then used as the basis for preparing the way diplomatically for his trip. Szegedy-Maszák advised him to wait a few more months until the Moscow Conference of foreign ministers (in March–April 1947) had clarified the international situation. The following month Jászi had a meeting in New York with Adolph Berle, a former under-secretary in the State Department, who promised to introduce

him to the head of the relevant department, and a few days later Jászi indeed met Dawling, head of the Southern Europe Department, and McKisson, who ran the Hungarian desk under him. On asking what assistance he could count on from the State Department, the answer was: moral support, and they would notify the American embassies in the countries concerned. Through Leslie Tihany, a native Hungarian who was then a career diplomat in the American foreign service, he also got to meet the officials in charge of the Czechoslovak and Romanian desks, with whom he spoke about the regional situation in general, then that evening he was able to swap views with, and gain advice from, a score or so of American and Hungarian guests at a dinner held by Szegedy-Maszák. It was at this function that he learnt about the arrest of Béla Kovács, Secretary-general of the Independent Smallholders' Party, the biggest bloc in the Hungarian parliament—a move that proved to mark an ominous turning-point in the slide toward dictatorship.

The trip to Washington also gave him his first chance to see his grandson, a healthy and vigorous baby who immediately won him over. He was most impressed, however, at how his son, George, was so much more a caring and competent father than he had ever managed to be. The sole surviving photograph of Jászi with his infant son George shows, if anything, how awkwardly, almost fearfully, he is holding the child. In any event, Jászi soon got to see his grandson again, because in mid-April he again traveled to Washington, this time to pick up his passport, but although he went into both the State Department and the Hungarian embassy to sort out the matter of an entry permit for Hungary, it appears nothing more concrete was accomplished. In New York on the way home, with help from Ignác Schulz, he obtained a visa for Czechoslovakia and also made a preliminary booking with Pan-American Airways.

Unable to wait any longer for Jászi's ever-delayed arrival, Imre Csécsy had already in 1945-46 set about reviving his teacher's innovations from the beginning of the century, the Radical Party, the Sociological Society and *Huszadik Század*. Apart from the Society, Jászi was none too pleased about that, though not out of an elderly man's vanity of jealousy, since he must have been well aware that Csécsy wanted to do it for him and to save him the work. As he wrote in early 1946:

I was not happy about the revival of the Radical Party, though it did me good to see that our ideals still live on. What I have in mind would be an outfit somewhat like the Fabian Society, which, independently of all parties, would hatch ideas and debate all the problems of a creative (non-dogmatic) democracy.

Events were to bear out his worries, because the party not only remained an insignificant force but eventually, after Csécsy had been kicked out, for a short time became a puppet whose strings were pulled by the Communists. What disquieted Jászi about the resuscitation of *Huszadik Század*, on the other hand, was his lack of confidence in the durability and particularly the inviolability of freedom of the press in Hungary, indeed even in the steadfastness and self-reliance of his own supporters. Moreover, it is clear from his diary that Jászi was most perturbed—to the extent that he actually remarked on it in an otherwise laudatory review—by the hostility to the bourgeoisie that his friend had expressed in *Világos pillanat* (Moment of Clarity), a book that Csécsy published in 1946. Jászi sensed this to be a sign of Budapest's "pathological climate," or in other words, he discerned the prevalent antiliberal mentality of that time.

Nonetheless, he fulfilled Csécsy's request to supply an opening article for the inaugural issue of the reborn periodical by sending 'Huszadik Század—Then and Now.' As the title suggests, for this first speculative and even ideological message Jászi chose not to put the weight on continuity with the *Huszadik Század* of old—that was disposed of in a brief preamble—but on renewal, the necessity for a break with that past, with deterministic, materialistic positivism and the dogmatism of class struggle:

The true foundation for a new Hungary cannot, after all, be a police detachment but only the unification of all working strata in the common interest. And there is no other obstacle to this than petrified dogmas, old as well as new. The most important task for the new *Huszadik Század* will be to demonstrate the truth of this. The old class-war rivalry has lost its sense; among workers solidarity is the commandment for their perpetuation.

To characterize the necessary ideological orientation, he quoted something that Albert Einstein had said in an interview which spelled out for old and new readers alike his own deistic way of looking at things. Even before it appeared the article caused the editorial team and supporters so much consternation that Imre Csécsy was obliged, at the insistence of his associates (and with Jászi's consent), to tone it down and resort to some minor deletions. Jászi's worries were thus vindicated from the very outset, and by the time he received his copy of the first issue he was dismayed by what he thought was its excessive eclecticism and because the other articles had been written under the impression that they were living in a genuine democracy.

Jászi's "new orientation" would no doubt have remained a "family affair" within the small Radical Party camp had it not offered an opportunity for the now Communist sons of the Radical fathers to prove how thoroughly they had broken with their bourgeois roots by staging a harsh ideological showdown. In the April 20th edition of the Communist Party's daily paper, *Szabad Nép* (Free People), Miklós Gimes, the son of parents who had been members of the Galileo Circle, penned an article under the headline '*Huszadik Század Betrayed*' that attacked Jászi and thereby the magazine, which had now "betrayed its moderately progressive past" and was endeavoring to smuggle a new reactionary ideology into democracy. Unfazed, Csécsy responded to Gimes, in the second issue of *Huszadik Század*, with a piece entitled 'Response to a Diatribe' in which he treated the crude attack as a partisan action that ran counter to the Communist Party's democratic line. Sándor Révész, the author of a recent biography of Gimes, is right to suggest that this was a clever stroke on Csécsy's part, but only half-right, because although an onslaught on Jászi had not been included in the party's action plan, an anticipatory attack on civil radicalism was certainly not contrary to the party line and, above all, was of no interest to anyone but a few people. There is no indication that Gimes was rebuked by his superior, the party's chief ideologist, József Révai. (Gimes was to meet his destiny a decade later when, in penance for his past as a Communist ideologist, he turned against the dictatorship of the party-state and, along with Imre Nagy and General Pál Maléter, the son of Jászi's one-time friend in Slova-

kia, was one of the three leading figures of the 1956 Hungarian Revolution who were executed on June 16th, 1958.)

Instead, the article by Gimes was a signal for a broad offensive by former Radicals who were now orienting to the Communists. At all events, a single piece by Jászi was sufficient for a camp of opinion that had at one time been broadly in agreement with him now, in the presence of the big Communist magnet, to take a sharply differentiated position and for it to become clear that even those who had kept faith with Jászi were thinking very differently from him. He himself later on noticed that the most perceptive articles about his return home were those written by historian and journalist Lajos Gogolák, a person who was not close to him but who asked the right question: Did Jászi really have a calamitous role in Hungarian history? He weighed up the charges that had been repeatedly leveled over the past 25 years against all the things he had foreseen that had come to pass, and concluded that Jászi was a true heir of Hungary's great Reform Age generation of the 1840s, his Hungarianness the same as Ady's Hungarianness. The old Jászi's brave critical attitude had a message from historical Hungary for the present day: he and Ady had jointly declared that justice for Hungary could not be separated from justice for humanity as whole.

The rebuff Jászi had encountered back in Hungary was in late May endorsed at the highest official level in the United States as well. A good month after his most recent trip to Washington, a letter arrived from the State Department: "The Department regrets to inform you that you have been denied permission by the Allied Control Commission to enter Hungary." This was utterly devastating, and that same day Jászi communicated it to Vilmos Böhm, who was now carrying on his emigration to Sweden as the Hungarian ambassador to Sweden, and also, two days later, to Károlyi, though "not without a certain hesitation," as the last letter he had sent—true, another strongly didactic one—had gone unanswered for months:

You can imagine that this was a kind of a shock for me because the Communists (or the whole government which invited me?) seem to regard me now as an unreliable and undesirable element.

Böhm responded immediately to inform Jászi that he had asked Károlyi to intervene swiftly, and that seems to have happened, because Károlyi wrote later to say that he had spoken with General Sviridov, the senior Soviet representative on the Allied Control Commission, who had declared that of course it was not right that entry of “an eminent Hungarian” like Jászi should run into any difficulty. The letter from Jászi, however, was only received by Károlyi late, and in the form of a copy; in a letter of June 2nd he gave a stinging account of the conditions in Hungary, advising his friend not to go home, because in the prevailing vile political climate he would only be regarded as an American agent. Fortunately, he did not send this off at the time but attached it to a letter he wrote the following month, in which he endorsed Jászi’s travel plan.

The official side of the story remains unclear to the present day due to the scrappy available documentation of the Allied Control Commission. Neither Jászi’s name nor case turns up in the English- and Hungarian-language minutes of meetings that have been published to date, so all that is known is what the American embassy in Budapest communicated to the Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs on May 28th: the proposal submitted by the American military representation on April 25th had been turned down by the ACC’s Soviet representation on May 8th, but a review of the case had been requested by the American side. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs did not push the matter: Elek Bolgár, another of Ervin Szabó’s former friends, gave an instruction that the Ministry of Education, which had invited Jászi in the first place, should attend to the matter. What is not known is why permission was refused (and on whose advice), or whether the decision was ever rescinded, and if so, when and in what manner. There is no evidence of Jászi ever being officially informed about this.

What only magnified the grotesque nature of the affair was that this was a time when the Hungarian government was awarding Jászi one of its high honours. The president of the republic,

By his decision of February 23rd, 1947, has conferred the Cross second-class of the Order of Merit of the Republic of Hungary on Oszkár Jászi, past Minister for National Minority Affairs, in

recognition of his meritorious and productive activity as a university teacher.

Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy signed the diploma conferring the honour on March 1st, but by the time this had been sent over to Foreign Affairs, on May 28th, to forward via the embassy in Washington to Jászi, Nagy himself was an exile. Jászi, in an acknowledgement of receipt dated July 17th let it be known: "I am returning [the honor] with sincere regret as I am unable to agree with present governmental policy on many fundamental issues."

The next day he wrote a letter about the matter to Ferenc Nagy himself who, while on a visit to Switzerland, had been blackmailed by the Communists into resigning from his post and staying abroad in exile, as it was made crystal clear to him that the complete sovietization and introduction of naked dictatorship was now in full swing in Hungary. This raised the dreadful thought—urged on him by a number of people, including a sympathetic Máli—that Jászi should limit his study tour to Austria and the as yet non-compliant Czechoslovakia, and furthermore not to fly over to Europe on health grounds: "With no Hungary, my plan is left a torso; with no airplane, my journey will hit innumerable difficulties," he wrote in his diary, then later, on June 4th-5th:

Very hectic days. Szegedy-Maszák, Borsody and two more of the embassy staff have resigned. I am now tortured by the dilemma of whether, out of moral duty, I should take up a public stance, which might cost me the Czech visa and could hurt Csécsy and other friends back home. Hungary's sovietization destroyed my whole life work, but I am too old and sick for a systematic offensive.

A few days later, however, he had made up his mind, and on June 10th he started drafting a statement about the situation in Hungary for the *New York Times*.

At the beginning of July, he learned: "Károlyi appointed as ambassador at Paris, Vámbéry as ambassador at Washington. A curious coincidence with my declaration which will possibly be published in these days." He supposed that this would mean definitively sinking

his chances of getting back to Hungary but felt he had no other choice, if he did not wish to be lumped together with the Marxist Károlyi and the unprincipled Vámbéry: "I would have liked to keep quiet," he wrote to Máli, who for once did not agree, objecting that anything was better than fascism,

but that has become increasingly unpalatable when Hungarian history has reached a decisive juncture... I felt that I could not carry on keeping my mouth shut, even if that is at the risk of the pending entry permit... Given my life's work, I have every right to do so. I don't need to study this on the spot. If I did not know my way around when it comes to fundamental tendencies, that would be a sign of senility. Kossuth in Turin was better attuned to what was happening in Hungary than the herd jostling around Parliament and the government's feeding-trough.

On July 14th, the *New York Times* published his article under the headline 'Hungarian Situation', which stated unequivocally: "The dangers of a dictatorial development in Hungary seem to me very great," and that since last year's article on 'Choices in Hungary,'

where I expressed some cautious hopes that in spite of her inevitably close connection with Russia, Hungary may develop a real parliamentary democracy... Recent events leave these hopes at a low ebb.

He explained that pessimistic conclusion as being due partly external factors—over and above Soviet pressure, of course. On the one hand, "in spite of the good will of the United States, Danubian democracy has again been abandoned without any support"; on the other,

There is another factor which hinders a healthy democracy in Hungary. This is fear... The terrible sufferings... led to a widely spread conviction that all the former persecuted elements of the country have only one choice: either to support the communist state, or to experience another more horrid counter-revolution.

"*Dixi et salvavi animam meam*—I told people and thereby saved my conscience: after many grievous torments, I am calm again, elderly,

poor, ill, without power,” he wrote to Máli. Yet his speaking out was to have no real political repercussions, either in America or in Hungary, apart from in the Hungarian-language press within America. He carried on his argument in Hungarian with Ferenc Göndör, the editor of *Az Ember*, who was still defending the Hungarian régime. In an open letter entitled ‘On the Extreme Measure’ he wrote:

I do not believe that democracy in Hungary can be placed on a solid foundation with an electoral law that seeks to harass a majority into a minority... that drives every politician not to their liking off the political stage as a ‘fascist’... The peace and harmony of a totalitarian state do not denote unity of minds but a reign of terror by omnipotent party mechanisms.

In this confessional-style piece, Jászi took issue with the successful trick by which Communist propaganda had succeeded in winning most liberals and Social Democrats over to its side by painting the antidemocratism and fascist specter of the masses. He ended on this note:

I knew in advance that in this era, with every cranny of thought poisoned by all kinds of propaganda, every individual opinion would either look counter-revolutionary or would be exploited by the counter-revolution. I consciously accepted that risk when I set down my isolated opinion. Nor do I deny that it is going to be painful to watch the vacillations of many old comrades and fellow-fighters (especially behind the Iron Curtain), but the praise of those whom I have always opposed would be a great deal more painful. None of that is important, however. Neither being cast off nor abuse nor praise is going to deter me from what I consider to be the one true path, that of following my conscience. Anyone who has failed to appreciate this ultimate political truth, even at the end of their life, has really wasted their life.

His prediction proved right, insofar as he now came in for equal shares of hurtful brickbats and obnoxious praise. The latter included a piece, under the headline ‘They’ve Seen the Light—But Not Enough’ in the right-wing *Amerikai Magyar Népszava* (Voice of the American

Hungarian People) and a leader under the headline 'Jászi Sensation' in *Katholikus Magyarok Vasárnapja* (Catholic Hungarians' Sunday Paper) which paid tribute to Jászi's statement but did not forget to mention his former "treason". The hearty congratulations offered by Aladár Szegedy-Maszák, on the other hand, were a source of joy and pride. All the same, he was by now concentrating more on his trip, even though the Hungarian leg was still unconfirmed, with only Csécsy having faith in it. He made a final reservation of his flight and set to packing under Recha's near-military orders, while also seeing to it that the most recent volumes of his diaries and the letters that Recha had written to him were safely deposited in a fellow teacher's cellar.

On August 17th, a colleague drove Jászi to the railway station at Elyria, where he and Recha tenderly took leave of one another. In New York his son, Andrew, was waiting for him in order to see him off, which deeply touched his father and induced him to contrast that with his other son, George, who had used his wife as an excuse for not coming to say good-bye. The two of them and Máli dined on the last evening in an Italian restaurant. The European-bound airliner *White Falcon* left La Guardia airport on the 20th and, with a five-hour stopover, landed in London on the evening of the 21st. He stayed almost two weeks there, meeting a great many people, most of them Hungarians but also, for instance, professor C. A. Macartney, who had been regularly broadcasting to Hungary in the BBC World Service's Hungarian-language programs and had written a book on modern Hungary from a viewpoint almost diametrically opposed to his own. On the evidence of that meeting, which in the end foundered in topics that were of no great interest, Jászi saw him as no more than a "mediocre journalist," and he formed an equally unflattering impression of Lederer, the *Observer's* Hungarian-born reporter. He did not manage, however, to meet up with his highly esteemed friend and intellectual partner, Michael Polányi, who was teaching in Leeds, and his wife did not pass on Jászi's letters in time (deliberately, according to Recha).

It is striking, though, that neither in London nor in Prague, where he arrived on the evening of September 4th, did Jászi appear to seek meetings with many old and influential acquaintances, such as Seton-Watson, Wickham Steed, Harold Laski, and Beneš. In Prague he

stayed with Jan Blahoslav Kozák, one his former colleagues at Oberlin, and it was through him and Gardavsky, the former Czechoslovak consul in Cleveland, that Jászi gained first impressions of the situation. He subsequently extended that to conversations with the deputy-prime minister, Petr Zenkl, the foreign-trade minister, Hubert Ripka, the health minister, Adolf Prochazka, Professors Maček and Machotka, staff of the American embassy in Prague, as well as a very old acquaintance, Anton Paleček, who had at one time worked for the Young Men's Christian Association and was still an independent Christian and, of all of them, painted the gloomiest picture of the present situation and the likely prospects. Most liberals and Social Democrats, by contrast, even if they were aware of the pressure being exerted by the Communists, were fundamentally optimistic about the country maintaining its independence and Western orientation—and that was barely four months before the putsch staged by the Communists in February 1948. Jászi writes about trying very hard to surmount his own pessimism, but there were times when he felt frighteningly alone.

His itinerary next took him, on September 17th, from Prague to Košice, this time, instead of the slow and crowded passenger trains that he had been obliged to use so often a quarter of a century earlier, by plane and, what is more, one of the low-flying Douglas small aircraft, from which he got a splendid aerial view of the Slovakian countryside in the clear weather. Waiting for him at the aerodrome at the other end were his niece, Lili Madzsar, along with her husband, Béla Simai, and their daughter, Lidi, then in their apartment, through the pictures, pieces of furniture and other objects from the family past, he had a sense of his parents, half-brother Viktor, and grandmother. The next day gave him the chance to meet old acquaintances from Hrušov again, two of Máli's former 'entourage,' the widow of her murdered son by her first marriage, Károly Garay, and the cook, Mariska. The ten days he spent there resting were a wonderful tonic, but it was now that he grasped the full reality of the tragedy that had befallen the ethnic Magyar community of Slovakia, with ruins of human fates to be encountered at every turn. It was such an overpowering experience that, without any transition, he switched from two decades of writing up his diary in English to Hungarian. Through speaking with many Slovaks, as well as Hungarians, he was able to reconstruct how rela-

tions between the two ethnic groups had evolved, the accusations that Czechoslovaks had leveled against the Magyar minority, the stages by which they had been deprived of rights and expelled from the country, and the imposition of Slovak as a compulsory language. By every external sign, he ascertained, Košice was a Slovak town. Yet he was also given testimony that Slovak national ideals had largely been awakened from 1938 on by the re-annexation of the country to Hungary, and hence by the Horthy régime, under the First Vienna Award, and that between then and 1945 the Hungarians had given the Slovaks no assistance. He now heard for the first time eye-witness reports of the appalling events in the calamitous final year of the war and the outrages that had followed it.

Moving on from Košice, Jászi then spent almost three days in Bratislava, during which the Hungarian consulate issued him with an entry permit, which meant that section of the trip was now secured. Before that, though, it was the turn of Austria. In Vienna he was first met in American army uniform by Stefan Rundt, Recha's son, who took him in his splendid car to his house in the suburbs. He was working for military intelligence in Austria and was able to supply his stepfather with a lot of interesting information. After so many ordeals and privations during the war, Stefan was now greatly enjoying his princely good fortune, while remaining fully aware that it was only temporary. Here Jászi still had many friends and close acquaintances to welcome him, among them Karl Renner, now chancellor of the second republic, who confessed that he did not like being in that formal office. He recounted with unconcealed antipathy the aggressiveness and opportunism shown by the Communists, blaming the long-dead Otto Bauer for many of the difficulties. Jászi made the acquaintance of Vice-Chancellor Schärff and the Social Democrat Oscar Pollack, as well as meeting Otto Leichter, now back from the USA, Rudolf Charnatz, and Franz Pop, the deputy provincial governor of Lower Austria, who happened to have just got back from Budapest and so was able to tell him about the frauds that had been perpetrated during that August's general election. In Jászi's personal estimation, Austria's Social Democrat leaders were now completely Western gentlemen in their appearance, with all hint of the trade union representative vanished from their behavior.

He had originally intended to fly to Budapest on October 13th, but the flight from the American base at Tulln was cancelled, so he used the lost time to prime himself with information. With the assistance of an American officer, he paid a visit on Vince Nagy and Dezső Sulyok, two refugee Hungarian politicians who were staying with around a score of companions in a hotel in Saalbach in the Austrian Alps. Vince Nagy, a friend from a long time back and once a minister in Károlyi's cabinet, told him in detail what was going on behind the scenes in Hungarian politics, not least the fact that the reason why Károlyi had not been invited to become president was that the Communist leader, Mátyás Rákosi, had placed more trust in Tildy.

In the end, Jászi arrived in Budapest with the Arlberg express on October 20th, accompanied by Imre Csécsy, who had traveled out to the border station of Hegyeshalom to meet him. At the Eastern Railway terminal a dozen friends and supporters were waiting for him with a big bunch of chrysanthemums. According to an article of October 22nd in his old newspaper, the liberal *Világ*, the group had been uneasy about the shape in which they would be seeing their political leader again after 28 years, "instead of which a pink-cheeked, youthfully sprightly, happily smiling man stepped down from the train," and with even greater exaggeration: "Illness, exile and difficult years have left no mark on him." He made no statement to the reporters who were present: "I have come home in a private capacity," he said, "In any case, I am not a politician." He quickly took stock of what was to be seen. Though the number of ruined buildings disconcerted him, he was entranced by how lively the city was. He could see privation but also an ostentatious luxury that he had not experienced in London.

The article that appeared in *Világ* two days later, illustrated with a sketch portrait, introduced Jászi and his work to younger or more forgetful older readers, closing its portrait with the comment that "to this day he speaks Hungarian with such a suavely juicy dialect as to belie his having lived overseas for almost three decades." The same edition of the paper also carried a brief but eye-catching two-column news item announcing that György Donáth, the main defendant in the largely fabricated 'Conspiracy Trials', had been executed. This striking but chance coincidence illustrates that the era of political

show trials and physical elimination of political opponents, actual or potential, had already begun even as, with Jászi's arrival and reception, it was being suggested, not only on the part of old Radicals but also the holders of power, that 'people's democracy' was the repository and guardian of civil democratic traditions. Jászi came at literally the last moment when this double game could be carried on, for the demarcations that had started in the spring of 1947 were taken further by the autumn, then in the spring of 1948, except for Csécsy, the leaders of the Radical Party—including Zsigmond Kende and Béla Zsolt (writer and journalist, the author of *Nine Suitcases* among other novels)—'took leave' of their one-time mentor. That came as no surprise to Jászi, as he had already recognized quite a long time before that his friends in Hungary were deluding themselves when they thought they were living in a slightly defective but nevertheless still true democracy. That view was reinforced by his first lengthy conversation with Géza Supka and Csécsy in the latter's Pauler Road apartment, where Jászi stayed during his days in Budapest, after conceding to Csécsy's somewhat overbearing invitation, seeking as it was both to protect and to monopolize him. Following the conversation, he noted that Supka saw the situation more clearly than did his host.

Jászi's first call was to the Farkasrét Cemetery, where his parents' graves stood and, in accordance with his wishes, his own ashes were eventually laid to rest. He was unable to locate the grave of his elder half-brother, Viktor, as the plot had evidently been reassigned after the payments for its maintenance had lapsed. He also made a pilgrimage to his last place of residence, the agreeable house at the corner of Virágárok Road in the Pasarét district, but he had trouble recognizing it, as three new houses had been constructed in its big garden and there was now a street running between his mother's and Máli's former houses.

So hectic and varied was the schedule of meetings and talks that Jászi kept to over the ensuing days that he broke with his custom and noted down in his diary only hurriedly, sketchily, in keywords and usually without precise dates, the names of the people he met and what they had talked about, or the institutions that he visited. Besides this, though, there is hardly any source for what transpired during these days. The Radical Party newspaper *Haladás* carried a single re-

port, under the headline 'Oszkár Jászi by Mother's Grave,' but otherwise the press barely paid him any attention, and subsequent historical research has managed to turn up very little new data. During the first few days he encountered mainly old friends, though he did make the acquaintance of József Bognár, the young mayor of Budapest, who initially as Smallholder Party politician and subsequently as a fellow traveler was to take up a number of posts in the one-party system. One of the visits he made was to György Bölöni, Ady's one-time friend and now also one of the régime's trusted men, "in the nice villa of a Nazi who few the coop."

On October 25th, he made a call on Mátyás Rákosi, who due to a painful leg received him propped up in bed, talking with him for an hour and a half. Jászi found him cordial and "a good chatterer," as was indeed still typically the case with the cynical Rákosi. He declared himself to be against collectivization (only to set this off the following year) but for tractors, co-operative farms and modernization, whereas he was enraged by the hostile line being taken by the United States in Eastern Europe with the suspension of exports, its war-mongering propaganda and the pack of spies who were based in the embassy.

It was possibly the same day that Jászi also met one of the toughest critics and opponents of Rákosi's party, Prof. Gyula Moór, one of Bódog Somló's former students and his successor in the chair of philosophy of law, who as a parliamentary representative for Zoltán Pfeiffer's Hungarian Independence Party during the foregoing months had shown dauntless courage in exposing the Communist bid for power. He painted the country's and his own situation in harshly pessimistic tones, complaining that even the Radical Party had helped in the campaign against themselves and thought it likely that he would be obliged to seek refuge. József Szabó, another professor of jurisprudence whom Jászi met that day, was later to be imprisoned for "attempted defection," or more likely for having the intention to flee the country. István Bibó and Zoltán Keszthelyi, who at the time were officials in the Ministry of the Interior, paid a joint visit on Jászi in Pauler Road. The talk was mainly about public opinion among rural workers and how the economy was shaping up: how prevalent was an orientation to, and sympathy with, the West, what was the extent of passive resistance, what were the chances of agrarian reform, and what consequences

would the collapse of “sound money” have. Jászi took a copy of Bibó’s little book on *The Misery of Small Eastern European States* to read with him during his travels, and was to continue to pay heed, indeed refer to his work and his skillfully analytical essays, holding Bibó to be one of the country’s few intellectual forces who, with an eye to the future, needed to be rescued from behind the Iron Curtain.

He also conducted a rather lengthy conversation, centered mainly on the past, with Károly Peyer, the prewar leader of Hungary’s Social Democrats. He reproached Peyer for the pact that had been made with István Bethlen 25 years before, which Peyer still considered to have been necessary and the right thing to do (six months later, as an American immigrant, he was turning to Jászi for help). Quite unlike Peyer in that he was part of the emerging party-state system was the Supreme Prosecutor, József Domokos, who before the war had been Rákosi’s defending counsel and prior to that had worked under Jászi in the editorial office of the *Bécsi Magyar Újság*. Another encounter was with the “opposition group” of the resuscitated Sociological Society, the members of which tried to convince Jászi that it was “wrong to fortify the reaction” (this was the common denominator that linked them to the Communists and opened them to Party exploitation.)

On October 29th, Jászi accepted an invitation from the Freemasons to deliver a talk to the Martinovics Lodge, of which he had been a founding member and Master 40 years before, in the premises that had been restored to them since the war. This was most certainly a very short-term encounter, as Jászi had maintained no contact with freemasonry that was worth speaking of since leaving the country, and although he had never openly broken with the movement, in *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*, the volume of memoirs that he had published in Vienna, he had written with no little irony about the contradictory role it had played before the 1918 revolution. For this one-off occasion (he did not resume any contact with them afterward and did not even let them have the text of his talk), then, he revisited an organization that had been banned in 1919 and had only been resurrected as a legal entity since the end of the war, and even then only for a short time. As yet that could only be a suspicion, so 550 brother masons greeted the returned Jászi with thunderous ap-

plause. His only comment about the event in his diary was: “I proclaimed a reversion to moral fundamentals.”

In the archives of Hungary’s freemasonry there has survived a minute of that October 29th ‘labor’. According to this, in the name of the new generation of the Martinovics Lodge, Dr Sándor Erdélyi first greeted “Brother Jászi, whose spirit shines out for us, even when he is far away from us.” Then Grandmaster Dr Rudolf Balló gave an assurance that

The seed sown several decades ago is now yielding its fruits. Do not be distressed if not every fruit has ripened as yet, if some among them are rotten. That is the painful fate of prophets and pioneering scholars.

Finally, the Master of the Lodge, handed on the ‘gavel’ by saying that they would staunchly remain the pupils of Jászi and his associates, guardians of those thoughts that in their time might have given the country, and maybe Europe as a whole, another face.

What Jászi found deeply moving—probably irrespective of his relationship to freemasonry—was the very fact that he could again speak to a hall of five hundred listeners in his native land. In that sense, that day and that talk—for which he had only been able to prepare the night before—were the high spot of his whole three-week visit. Csécsy described the occasion in a letter to his daughter a few days later:

That evening, instead of going immediately to bed, he drafted the speech he was to give the next day and read it out to us. That was a moving experience for me. I saw that his condition was still very shaky; in the morning when I looked in on him once, he sat me down beside his bed and grasped my hand, and when I asked him if there was anything, he said, ‘Nothing, I just wanted to see you.’ That’s what came to mind when I heard the run-through of the talk: it was visibly a great strain on him to draft it, although he did it very rapidly. When he read it out, I felt as if I were hearing his final will.

The speech did indeed have something of that character, because Jászi made use of the occasion to link the struggles of his younger

years, their truth and relativity, with the most recent poignant experiences in his old age and to draw a true balance on that basis:

I sense that common decency is commanding the confession that is now happening in the world since Hitler; but even before Hitler the persecution of various national groups already surpassed all past cruelty. I often attacked Apponyi and his associates because they believed that by making Hungarian-language education compulsory they were going to create a united Hungary. The absurdity of that was perfectly obvious, but I have to tell you that Apponyi and the rest never resorted to the sort of instruments that so-called liberal and progressive politicians employ today.

He thus reminded his audience that the dreadful coarsening of public life could not simply be ascribed to Hitler, because he too had been the product of a deeper-seated process. "The pillars of our entire civilization have been shaken," he said, and the first among those pillars that he listed was the Greek Stoic school of philosophy, which was a profession of the world's unity and individual freedom. As second, he mentioned natural law and moral commandment, the categorical imperative, of which Christianity had been the continuation and popularization. That system had been dismantled by the relativizing, mechanistic and deterministic currents and movements of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The talk was really to do with the essence of democracy, which was not merely a matter of carrying through certain economic and constitutional changes, but what Ady referred to as 'every person is sublime': "Without a genuine moral foundation, all that any democratic experiment can bring is a new class rule and new mechanisms of oppression." In the end, though, his creed was optimistic:

We must not allow ourselves to despair; we must hold on to the ideals that steered us in the golden age of freemasonry. The great spirits of freemasonry of old were much clearer about the path and future of humanity than the prophets of today's utilitarianism, economic interest, and intoxication with power.

The text of the speech, which Csécsy took down in shorthand and eked out with Jászi's own notes did not appear in print at the time and only came to light decades later.

The most important of Jászi's meetings were those with young intellectuals of the Eastern European Institute and the Eötvös College, a student hall of residence. "Many interesting young sparks," he recorded in his diary, into which he pasted the list of questions that the college students had worked out in advance, which related primarily to the possibility of a Danubian confederation and its problems, and to the direction that American foreign policy was taking. 'Talks about Transylvania' was the subheading under which he grouped those of his encounters that concerned mainly conditions in that region and the Communist terror that was raging there. Béla Zsolt, whose journalism he had greatly admired in earlier years, he characterized now as:

A fanatical Jew, with little sensitivity for the bigger context. He rages about Pfeiffer; he supports the régime blindly, because otherwise there will be a pogrom and a new Horthy.

The weekend of November 1st-2nd, in accordance with a long-held wish, was spent in the house of Lajos Kunffy's family at Somogytúr, just to the south of Lake Balaton. In the midst of their financial worries and the difficult situation they now faced in their old age, "Ella and Lajos's bravery very moving," he noted. On getting back to Budapest, he paid a visit on Zoltán Tildy in his official presidential residence. He had already met Tildy's wife before, in Cleveland, and the unfavorable impression he had formed of her then was only reinforced. Mrs Tildy complained bitterly about Cardinal Mindszenty's intransigence (despite this Jászi made an appointment to see the prince-primate, though the meeting did not take place after Mindszenty apparently enquired from the go-between what faith professor Jászi professed). During the final days, calls were made on István Ries, the justice minister, Dezső Keresztúry, the education minister ("a good man with real backbone; sees the position clearly"), Géza Supka, Lajos Hatvany, Seldon Chapin, the American ambassador to Budapest (to whom he recommended that the United States press for land reform in Hungary), and Árpád Szakasits, leader of the Social Democratic Party, who adopted "a statesmanlike pose" ("Resolutely

opposes union with the Communists, approves co-operation”—though he soon abandoned that position). He also took a walk in the Buda hills, on Svábhegy and the Jánoshegy, and was again transported by the panorama that he had not seen for so long. “Budapest has exhausted me. I was twice on the verge of collapse. The general climate of denunciation and uncertainty have veritably made me ill.”

That may be why Jászi did not attend the Hungarian Radical Party’s ‘Károlyi soirée’ on the anniversary of the October 1918 revolution, although in his festive speech Zsigmond Kende referred to his pioneering role and work, with *Haladás* excusing his absence as being due to indisposition. Yet when he left Budapest on November 11th, Jászi was amazed to discover that he was not feeling tired, even though he had spent two almost completely sleepless nights; indeed, in the diary there is no trace of the usual litany of complaints about his health. He was again heading for Prague, and the faithful Csécsy accompanied him out to the border station of Szob, standing outside on the platform in the rain, despite Jászi’s protests, until the train got under way again. For Csécsy, over and above the joy of a friend and pupil at seeing Jászi, the latter’s visit, not to say everything he could count on in that connection after his departure, gave rise to a lot of unease and worry, as he somehow had to reconcile unconditional loyalty to the man with his loyalty to ‘people’s democracy’ and the role of ‘constructive opposition’ that he had taken upon himself. In the longer run, of course, that was unsustainable, and Jászi repeatedly encouraged Csécsy and his friends to distance themselves from him, so that they could speak more freely. The last thing he reckoned on was before long Rákosi in person would taking him to task on Jászi’s account and his friendship to him.

From Prague, Jászi flew on to Paris on November 14th, being welcomed at Le Bourget aerodrome by Károlyi, whom he had not seen since 1934, Imre Csécsy’s daughter, Magdolna, and the writer Gyula Illyés, who happened to be on a visit to the French capital. After the war, even the ‘City of Light’ made a sad impression on Jászi, although he was a good deal better-off during the week he spent there under the attentive care of the Károlyis and Magda Csécsy than he had been on earlier visits to Paris. At a dinner arranged in his honor that evening there was a lot of arguing about the situation in Hungary, natu-

rally enough, though Zoltán Szabó, one of those present, was later to recall that the two old friends had a blazing row with one another. Jászi's diary does not record anything as dramatic, merely noting that their old divergence of opinion still remained. Károlyi might not have been quite so keen on the Soviets, but he did not wish to notice the consolidation of dictatorship in Hungary. Károlyi agreed on the necessity for integration but he concurred with the "Jewish" misconception that the only choice was between the Communists and a new Horthy régime, yet Jászi could not help noticing that Mrs Károlyi agreed with the British mistrust of the Soviets.

The following day, in his room in the Hotel Elysées, Jászi had a long talk with Gyula Illyés, to whom he had already been drawn to the point of exchanging occasional messages with him, through Csécsy, before the war. (Illyés for his part, as soon as he heard in Paris about Jászi's visit to Hungary had made arrangements for *Válasz* (Answer), the periodical that he edited, to print an appreciative article on him as the father of the 'village research' movement.) Fortunately accounts of the meeting have been preserved on both sides. "In his small hotel room, with the window overlooking the courtyard, I spoke for the first and last time in my life with Oszkár Jászi," Illyés was to write three decades later:

Strangers though we were, we clasped hands with the warmth of very old acquaintances: we may have been a world apart from one another, but our thoughts had often coincided. He switched the light on. So that was the face out of which the sunshine had shone for a middle-class élite that had been heroic even in its failures. From which Ady and Károlyi had awaited oracular utterances.

Jászi too saw confirmation of his opinion at the time, that Illyés was not just an outstanding writer and poet but also a person and thinker of some consequence. Notwithstanding his peasant origins, he had a firm footing in materialist philosophy, which is what stayed with him from Marxism, though he did not apply this to economic questions. He had a good eye for the dangers of the situation, had withdrawn from politics, not considering active struggle against the régime to be either possible or desirable, and thought a writer's job was a hard one,

because “a writer’s words in print can easily turn into bullets.” Jászi wrote that sentence down, though the signs are that he did not grasp what was really intended by it, because the thing that made Illyés very uneasy, given that he would soon be going back home to a country that was heading to dictatorship, was precisely Jászi’s diligent note-taking during their conversation:

He does not trust his powers of memory, yet he wishes to speak frankly with me about conditions in Hungary; with his recording of precise data and my scrupulous opinion it might be turned into an essay... I have rarely seen a deeply cultured man who scales such heights of ingenuousness.

What worried Illyés, in other words, was that Jászi might quote him in some piece he wrote about Hungary or make his opinion a hostage to fortune in some other way, so he tried to deflect the conversation to the past or to America and the world situation and, finally, Jászi’s health. “If I were to have said everything that I thought, then that would have been tantamount to turning my friends in Pest over to the authorities,” he was to say in a later interview:

The chambermaid brought in tea. She was not allowed to pour it out. My host had his own procedure for preparing the tea bag, with boiling water being poured onto the tea in a warmed up cup. I had that explained to me.

Thus, at their sole face-to-face encounter these leading figures of two generations of intellectuals swapped ideas on tea-making, though it becomes clear from Illyés’s description that in connection with Jászi’s early book on *Art and Ethics*, which he had read as a student, one genuinely moot point that came up was whether the collective of intellectuals that included politicians and poets should feel a deeper responsibility for the fate of ideas or of the masses:

We knew that we were never going to see one another again. Rather than with words, we both of us expressed that by laying on our left hands to the usual handshake after the second squeeze.

Before departing, Jászi took his leave of the Latin Quarter of his younger days in the company of Magda Csécsy, whom he had grown

very fond of, and of course Károlyi too. On the last evening—just as at the start of their exile—there was talk about a Károlyi foundation for which the mansion in Egyetem Road would provide a home, in a Left Wing but not Communist spirit, in the form of debates, lectures, and scholarships for young people of peasant origin. It emerged that this was all to be covered by the huge sum of compensation, totaling 26 million forints, that Károlyi had asked for, and received, from the Hungarian government, the first 200,000 Swiss francs of which had already been placed on deposit in a Swiss bank. Jászi was flabbergasted but felt that he could not put the matter in words, seeing that their paths had in effect parted. He did, however, note for himself: “It is the end of a legend of his career as selfless liberator. He is any longer a free man. He can be squeezed by the dictators whenever they will to do it.” (He was, however, wrong about that in the end.)

All the same, when the time came to set off their leave-taking at the Invalides air terminal was affectionate enough. With a stopover in London, Jászi flew on to New York, arriving there a day late, due to landings forced on them by fog, on November 22nd. Recha was waiting for him at the hotel, and that same day he also got the chance to tell Máli about his experiences. He confessed that, quite contrary to what might have been supposed, he had been almost relieved to quit Hungary. He and Recha then spent a few days with son Andrew in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he also took the opportunity to say goodbye to Salvemini, who was returning to Florence. It was thus December before Jászi got back to Oberlin. There he made the round of his friends, and then on the 30th of the month he sat down to writing up his impressions. For his diary entry on the following day he nevertheless reverted, exceptionally, to Hungarian:

Perhaps the saddest New Year’s Eve in my life. Recha’s melancholy has welled up again, and the old wounds and complexes have been renewed. Full of accusations against me, she regards me as the one who has ruined her life. At every turn we irritate one another, she is falling apart physically and mentally, and I can hardly continue my work. I don’t know what I am to do... I carried on with the lecture. It didn’t go well. The weather was foggy and gloomy, and ‘the wings of my soul are despondent.’

The Exile Cannot Return

The trip to Europe represented a definite break in the life and career of Oscar Jászi. The very fact that he took the extremely tiring, three-month trip upon himself, despite all attempts to dissuade him and after so much indecision and illness, can be put down to an inner imperative that would not be denied and for which he mobilized every last ounce of mental and physical energy. The rancor of almost three decades of exile, and the tense expectation of the last two years, simply did not allow him to let drop the chance to see the Danube region again, to say farewell and be of possible service. In the end, he stood up well to the strains of the journey, but the effort exhausted him, while by rejecting the idea of settling back home for good, or even temporarily, he in effect wound up his political career. He was conscious of the break that the trip had brought about, deciding that once he had written up his account of the journey he would slow down to a tempo more suited to an “old invalid.”

As has already been mentioned, he sat down more or less straight away to produce that account, conceiving it as taking form in multiple strands. He agreed to give a two-part talk in Oberlin College, the text of which he promised to give to the American Philosophical Society, one of the sponsors of the journey, but he also had in mind an article that would be for a wider readership. As was by now his habit, he offered the part that would deal with Hungary to *Foreign Affairs*, but for once Armstrong decided to publish a piece from Schoenfeld, the recently returned American ambassador to Budapest—a choice that Jászi himself could fully appreciate. In the talk on ‘Danubia Old and New,’

with the crafting and polishing of which he obtained considerable help from Recha, Jászi separately analyzed the fluid and in many respects uncertain position of the three countries he had visited before going on to summarize the unfavorable impressions he had gathered of the new nationalism that was afoot in Europe:

This new doctrine of nationalism soon found the support of some influential theorists who are always inclined to give their blessings to the *faits accomplis* of power politics. Even our leaders of Western democracies (Mr. Churchill included) acquiesced in those solutions as so-called historical necessities, with the hypocritical proviso that the operation should be performed in a 'humanitarian way.'

He recalled that, *Racial Problems in Hungary*, the book in which Seton-Watson, 40 years before, had exposed the crimes of Hungarian nationalism to the world's gaze, had served as one of the most cogent arguments for dismembering Hungary:

But today one hears only the feeble voice of the persecuted which is easily silenced. No book is written today by an influential foreign authority on 'Racial problems in Czechoslovakia.' And the United Nations does not care for such small episodes...

In the end, he drew the sorry conclusion that the Danubian states had been unable to solve their old problems of freedom and national co-existence even in the new world order that had evolved since the war. His trip had reinforced his conviction that the only instruments capable of doing that were the democracy and federalism that were lacking in Central Europe.

The two talks were delivered on March 1st and 3rd, 1948, to audiences of 250 in Oberlin's First Church. Jászi was anxious ahead of the first talk, as was usual with him, but he felt it went down well enough, while he felt that the second one had been a real success. (An extensively expanded version of the text was printed in the annual *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society* for 1949, but even so it did not amount to an essay that would have stood up to the same wider circulation as earlier articles.) By chance, it was on March 1st that Imre Csécsy, who had been elected a National Assembly representative in the

general election held at the end of August 1947, happened to run into Mátyás Rákosi and his usual train of minions in the corridor of the Parliament building. As he described the scene in a letter to his daughter Magda in Paris, Rákosi had greeted him “with a charming smile” as the agent of American fascism, vindicating that choice of words by informing Csécsy that “Jászi has again made a statement about Ferenc Nagy. What a shame it had been to let him into the country and feed him here.” As he was given no opportunity to answer on the spot, Csécsy tried to clarify his relationship to Jászi: he did not agree with him on a number of fundamental issues, he had asked him repeatedly, and even got him to promise, to be tolerant in making any statements about the situation in Hungary, and in any case he knew nothing about a recent statement. Nor indeed had any statement been made at that point in time, so Rákosi was either bluffing or perhaps only then had news about the statement published the previous summer in the *New York Times* filtered through. Nevertheless, as Csécsy saw it, he had not been mistaken in his own judgement about Jászi.

However it may have been, a complete rupture with Rákosi’s Hungary was so very much in the air that even before he had received her father’s message from Magda Csécsy, Jászi wrote to Csécsy:

I am feeling the strains of travel much more now than I did while wandering about. The journey inflicted wounds on me, and so far I have been unable to sublimate my somber experiences... I am unlikely to find any composure until I have written my little book, *The Exile Cannot Return*, in which I would like to set down for the modern generation the psychology of the current crisis regarding the unbridgeable antithesis between West and East. After what has happened in Czechoslovakia, I sense more clearly than ever that it is the duty of the small number of *free* Hungarians to speak distinctly, explicitly and without any soft-pedaling. I have done that, though I am aware that this will be the start of my definitive banishment... Just one duty remains for me, as an old Wanderer on the threshold of his last journey: to make an accurate record of the vision I have had and the inferences I draw from it.

Again he implored Csécsy to announce that their political alliance was at an end, so that both of them could be less constrained. What he did not say, though, was that he had already done this for his own part.

The letter was datelined from Cleveland, where a recording was being made of a radio talk that Jászi had been commissioned by the State Department to give on Voice of America on March 13th to mark the centenary of the Hungarian revolution of 1848. He introduced this by recalling that during the 28 years he had spent in emigration the Ides of March had always been the time when he felt the affinity to “the old country” most clearly, he confessed, but today “what pervades the whole thing is not the spirit of Petőfi, Kossuth and Eötvös, but an atmosphere of the East that is more and more inflating the totalitarian and almighty state.” He went on to speak about his own recent travel experiences, specifically pointing up his disappointment in his old friends’ mistaken standpoint. They had spent hours trying to convince him that they were living in a thriving and promising democracy, and that a fully planned economy was going to evolve on a foundation of individual human rights. It was useless his explaining to them that they were deluding themselves and their supporters with these vain hopes—these friends were lost to him.

Though he never wrote it down, it seems obvious that it was primarily from this angle that he felt his Danubian trip had been a failure. He was well aware that there was no chance of him being able to alter the direction of political developments in Central Europe, but what he considered his true ‘mission’ was to be of service to a free-thinking stratum of the intelligentsia in preserving its inner integrity during the difficult years that were to come. The way he saw it, the very people who were standing in the way—through their mistaken conjectures and articles of faith—were his closest friends; his intellectual and, in part, emotional rage during these months was turned primarily against them. That autumn, he published a big article on ‘The Philosophy of Soviet Fellow Travellers’ in the Hungarian-language press of the USA and Canada, in which, on the basis of one of Imre Csécsy’s most recent pieces, an article entitled ‘Politics and Humanity,’ he examined the position of those

who have joined the régime not out of self-interest but—in spite of, and while still maintaining, their divergent principles—think they cannot do anything else than support the experiment to bring a Communist state into being.

He buckled down to work several times during that year on the book to which he gave the working title *The Exile Cannot Return*, but all that came of this was two outlines. The ampler of the versions summarizes under 39 points both his own observations and contributions from various sources, written and oral, regarding the dictatorship in Hungary. Intriguingly, he interpolates here a work by Albert Camus, the 1944 play *Le malentendu* (*Cross Purpose*), that he had read that summer, the dreadful symbolism of which (a man returns home but is not recognized by his own mother and younger sister, who murder him) he sensed as akin to his own. It is worth mentioning that from then on Jászi made a point of familiarizing himself with postwar European literature by reading, one after another, the more recent works of Camus, Sartre and Arthur Koestler, but Sartre's anti-Americanism exasperated him, whereas Koestler he thought to be no more than "a clever journalist" and not to his liking.

Though Jászi had few illusions by now, he nevertheless followed the proceedings of a Danubian Conference that was put on in Belgrade in the summer of 1948, and in an ensuing review ('An Epilogue to the Danubian Conference') he regretfully confirmed that due to the Soviet dominance it had proved impossible even to find a way of guaranteeing freedom of navigation on the region's shared waterway. He took a wider perspective in examining the question of Danubian union in an essay entitled 'Federalism in Danubia,' which takes the fulfillment of the USSR's will in the region for granted but poses the question of the ultimate goal of that will. Was it dominion or federalism? The analysis leaves no doubt that the only thing Moscow had in mind was a harsh centralized rule based on military might, a verdict that he set out even more pointedly in an abbreviated version of the essay published under the title 'Russia Balks Danube Unionists.'

For Jászi 1948 was the year in which any postwar hopes were finally laid to rest, as well as being a gloomy time both in his work and

his family life. Christmas and the New Year were spent with Recha and the ill Lotte, who was now almost 90-year-old:

Looking forward to the new year very low and blue. My vitality has descended in the last weeks considerably. Growing irritability towards Recha. She also suffers in this situation, but her social instinct can overcome more despair than my solitude. The growth of my book is very slow and I doubt more and more whether I shall see its end. Under these circumstances my death would be logical. Brought with me from the safe my Will and great heap of letters which I intended as greetings after my passing away. My relation with most of those persons has become so distant that I think I shall burn this correspondence and simplify in general the will. Shall write last messages to only half a dozen persons. Also I shall simplify the plan of the burial.

A few days later he did indeed incinerate those letters, and he also steeled himself for a still more radical break. On New Year's Day he received a telegram of good wishes from the Károlyis, which stirred him up quite considerably. The nice gesture, as he wrote for himself, made his position towards them even more difficult. Over three decades it had hardly ever happened that he was not the first to get in good wishes for the new year, but now it had been a full year since there had been any contact between them, and he found that unbearable after thirty years of fierce friendship and, for all the conflicts, ever-renewed hopes. Two days later, as he recorded, "Buried in a drawer K's picture, making an end to an insincere situation." The day after that: "Nervous breakdown, whole day in bed." He sought opinions on his planned letter of response from both Máli and Andrew, with whom he was sharing all his concerns at the time. He could almost always count on an approving answer from his son, who was now teaching at the University of California in Berkeley, though Máli, as so often before, was more hesitant. Nevertheless, on January 11th he went ahead and wrote a final letter to Károlyi to announce that the friendship was at an end. He appended a copy of the article in which he had taken issue with Csécsy, noting that he did not feel that this referred to Károlyi, because his case was more serious than that of the fellow travelers, as from the time of the fall of the October revolution

he had “viewed the future on a basis of Communist principles,” but he also carried a greater responsibility for everything that was happening, as he had a share of power and the numerous advantages that derived from that:

And out of that circumstance a personal problem also weighs on us. Can there be any further life, I wonder, in a friendship that derives its nourishment purely from memories of the past but has no roots either in the present or in the future? In other words, does such a politics- and ethics-free domain of relations exist between people who fight for ideals and values?

He considered that he was acting precisely in Károlyi's own spirit in wishing to confront this dilemma, however painful it might be. He signed the letter with a singularly pathetic closing formula that differed from the usual one only in the choice of the final word: “warmest greetings from your ever-faithful opponent.”

Károlyi never responded to this. According to his wife, he accepted the break uncomprehendingly and with regret; in *Faith Without Illusion*, his 1956 volume memoirs, he was to write charmingly and affectionately about their work together and their quarrels. Jászi himself later regretted having sent the letter; character and true friendship were more important than great but cold principles, he wrote at the end of his life. What, then, drove him to take the step, since for well nigh three decades he had been pursuing exactly the same argument, which as he formulated in the final letter boiled down to the fact that he, unlike Károlyi, denied “the possibility of accomplishing democracy and human liberty on the basis of the Bolshevik objective and Bolshevik morals.” It was not this that had changed but circumstances for Károlyi and himself. By accepting the post of ambassador to Paris at the very time when the likes of Pál Auer, Aladár Szegedy-Maszák and others were resigning from posts in which they represented the Hungarian government Károlyi had associated himself with the Communist trampling on democracy, and he had not even been deterred, just days before the final exchange of messages between them, by the crudely provocative arrest of Cardinal Mindszenty the day after Christmas Day. A second change was the new financial situation in which the Károlyis found themselves after the compensa-

tion payment. Ever since they had met in Paris, this transformation had been on the mind of the puritanical Jászi, and in fact, from what he had been informed, irked him more than their political differences, even though he was well aware that Károlyi wished to use a substantial portion of the award for charitable purposes, such as implementing some of his long-cherished cultural projects. "It was not right that he should have turned into the wealthiest man of the new era when the whole country was destitute," he tried to explain to Máli. A third new factor is to be sought in the altered Cold War climate, the harsh and implacable confrontation between Western and Soviet camps, which even with Jászi led to a fairly radical shift in those whom he chose to have around him; continued friendly relations with Károlyi were hardly compatible with that. This may also explain why Jászi chose not to retract his severe verdict even when, a few months later, Károlyi too broke with the Hungarian government and became an exile for a second time.

In March 1949, a year after the centenary celebrations for the '48 Hungarian revolution, at the request of Aladár Szegedy-Maszák, Jászi again produced a talk in Voice of America's Cleveland studio, this time to mark the 30th anniversary of the Hungarian Soviet Republic of 1919. Apart from the explanation that he offered for the collapse of the civic republic (which as ever was the aspect most on his mind), the most interesting part of Jászi's talk, to which he gave the title 'The 1919 Model of Proletarian Dictatorship,' was the manner in which he compared the styles of the two dictatorships. The brutal revolutionary frankness with which Béla Kun rejected any kind of morals was contrasted with the hypocrisy of "his most talented pupil," the wily Mátyás Rákosi, who had learned that you don't trap birds by banging on a drum, but "one has to make a great show of the empty slogans of national interest and democracy" and, step by step, obliterate the peasantry, the bourgeoisie, and all as yet unconsolidated power factors.

During the course of the year the opportunity also arose, in response to an invitation from Hunter College in New York, to throw light on the methods and essence of the policy that Russia was engaged upon in the satellite states. He could see and recognize the differences in the degree and pace with which the individual countries were being brought into line, but on this occasion the analysis con-

centrated on the common features, the gradual but implacable sovietization of the state organization, the economy and cultural policy. What he considered most alarming of all the phenomena, however, was an observation that in his account of his trip to the Danubian region he put in these terms:

The tragic conflict between the West and the Russian East seems to be ultimately based on the fact that the Russian leaders and their satellite followers are men without conscience.

In the West, he asserted, the accepted approach when critical decisions had to be made—even if in practice it often failed to prevail—was that a person had to follow his own conscience, even when the authorities or society might be exerting a contrary pressure on him. On the other side of the Iron Curtain the stipulation was precisely the opposite: there the individual had no possibility of choice but was obliged to follow blindly whatever was designated the interest of the state, or useful and necessary from the viewpoint of the proletariat. Finally, he explained to his student audience (with Máli also taking a place among them for once) the sorts of political and social forces, apart from the emphatic presence of Soviet armed forces—the ‘Muscovite’ party leaders, Marxist functionaries and intellectuals, compliant or well-meaning ‘fellow travelers’—that made it possible to carry such a policy through against a majority in society.

In 1949, he made two visits to both New York and Washington, as well as spending a month with Andrew and his family in Berkeley getting to know his second grandson, Paul. At the local university, on October 10th, he had the opportunity to hear Thomas Mann giving a lecture on ‘Goethe and Democracy.’ According to his diary entry, the talk was constructed in masterly fashion, Mann being a great showman and indeed even putting one in mind of a businessman, but Jászi did not sense any genuine metaphysical or ethical conviction in him, and he was even assailed by doubts as to his total sincerity. It is not out of the question that one thing at work here was the recollection of the time during the war when the reticence of distinguished German émigrés had prevented an international protest being voiced against Washington’s united-front policy. That may also account for why it would seem that he made no attempt to meet the writer face to face.

Jászi felt very contrite, on the other hand, for not taking advantage of his stay in New York to pay a visit on his last love, Muriel, because he felt he was in such a wretched condition, both physically and mentally, that he did not wish to show himself before her, so he asked Máli afterwards to find some way of glossing over his plight and his cowardice.

His activities were now circumscribed in all respects, but at the end of the year, for dismal financial reasons rather due to any falling-off in interest, he felt obliged to cancel his subscriptions to the *American History Review* and *Political Science Review*, two academic periodicals for which he had been a regular author. He still paid close attention to the news from “home,” of course, which were going from bad to worse. Csécsy wrote to tell him that his friends had expelled him from the Hungarian Radical Party, which he himself had founded, and later also reported that *Huszadik Század* had been forced to cease publication. Jászi was fearful of even worse consequences to come for Csécsy on reading about the verdict in the show trial of László Rajk, but it did not come to that, though one person who “disappeared” was József Szabó, professor of jurisprudence at the University of Szeged, one of the young academics whom Jászi had got to know in 1947. Jászi wrote to George F. Kennan, the influential diplomat and top ‘Kremlinologist,’ to ask for his help in that case and those of other persecuted intellectuals. This was an issue that was to be aired in a publication entitled ‘Forgotten Men Behind the Curtain,’ for which Jászi was asked to supply an article, which he duly did, feeling it was his duty, even though he was skeptical as to its expediency. Oddly enough, a Cleveland-based CIA agent was also to look him up on the case two years later, in March 1950.

A more gratifying development that occurred at much the same time was a request that Jászi received for his collaboration, and also specifically an article, on Danubian confederation for an émigré magazine that Imre Kovács was looking to launch under the masthead *Korszerű Világposta* (Contemporary Global Post). “At last!” he exclaims in his diary, “An initiative raising great hopes in which there are ideals, perspective and drive.” This marked the start of the happiest phase of his final years, not to say his entire time in emigration: his links, which were to continue until his own death, with the new wave

of young, left-wing intellectuals who left Hungary in 1947–48 and clustered around *Látóbatár* (Horizon), which started life in Paris as a mimeographed news bulletin before becoming a regular magazine based in Munich. “It is a great joy and solace to me,” he was to write later to Zoltán Szabó,

that I see hope for the future in this small circle alone; on the essential points it follows the October objectives. Besides *Látóbatár* there is truly no other place on Earth where far-sighted and honest Hungarian thinking would find a home.

It was the first time in a long while that he had been in a situation where a manageable group of sympathetic young people had sought his intellectual guidance. The first pieces that he wrote for them, as yet, crudely reproduced news sheet—“The East–West War” and “How Peace Is Being Made”—recalled the glory days of the progressive movements, and not merely in respect to their form.

He was already a rather lone figure of his generation. In 1949 he heard of the death of old Ignóty, who had moved back to Budapest after the war. Jászi had always greatly admired his talent: “For all his faults, he approached human greatness,” he wrote to Máli. He had never regarded Ignóty as a true friend, though, unlike Dezső Földes, his Cleveland physician and friend, who died in 1950 after quarter of a century of examining, treating, curing, and operating on his hypochondriacally inclined and no doubt often tiresome patient. Among his contemporaries, virtually the only ones left were the Polányi siblings. Michael, the youngest of them, became his intellectual partner in old age, with Jászi reading and commenting on everything that he wrote, and when he was appointed a guest professor at the University of Chicago they finally got the chance to make up in Oberlin for the encounter that had evaded them in London. Jászi rarely met Laura, who lived in New York, but Recha, as an old friend, was in regular touch with her by letter, and Jászi would chip in to this from time to time. The friendship with Karl, on the other hand, who in Budapest and Vienna had once been the closest to him, gradually fell away, with Jászi—on the evidence of his diary rather than their correspondence—growing increasingly cold in his attitude toward him. During the several visits that Karl Polányi made to Oberlin, to deliver lectures

both to Jászi's own classes and in chapel, it was just his garrulousness, lack of intellectual discipline and obscurity that had irritated Jászi, but in time he also sensed a lack of honesty in his "Christian socialism" for it concealed fellow travelling with the Communists. The success of Polányi's 1944 book, *The Great Transformation*, was unexpected for Jászi, as even with his help Polányi had been unable to secure a professorship in America and obtained merely an appointment as guest lecturer at Columbia University: "Karli became a famous man through his semi-Marxist *Kauderwelsch* [i.e. Double Dutch]," Jászi noted in his diary. "A Harvard professor wrote a criticism of his 'economics' in a book published by Columbia University Press." He nonetheless did eventually write a considerably delayed response, in which he congratulated Polányi on his success but at the same time flagged up that this was a parting of ways:

You stand on the line of historicism, whereas I cannot imagine a political life that is either fruitful or decent without the rehabilitation of natural law... I don't believe that a fragment of Assyria's economic history could give guidance of any kind for the solution of the economic and moral problems of today.

It was presumably with the intention of rubbing it in that he also mentioned Michael Polányi's visit and their agreement on basic questions.

The letter had the tone of a parting in another respect too. Jászi mentions in it that he had made a start on his own "intellectual burial," by which he meant that he was placing the bulk of his manuscripts, letter and diary, after going through them, into the safekeeping of the Oberlin College library. He had, in fact, reached agreement with Julian Sabin Fowler, the head librarian, that his papers would be held for 15 years after his death in a closed stock in the Theological Faculty's archives, and after that period had elapsed a committee of trustees appointed by him, comprising his sons, friends and colleagues, were to decide on the final location of the collection (it was transferred to the library of Columbia University, New York, during the 1970s). He nevertheless dutifully carried on both his diary and his correspondence, and even in places enlarged it. Thus, he exchanged views on religious and metaphysical issues with Csécsy and, through

him, two elderly private philosophers, but even here he could not renounce his restless spirit:

An absolute faith in an omniscient and omnipotent God is the only thing that might truly save the still remaining brief episode in my life. I am not capable of blind faith, even in regard to God. As an infinitely weak but conscious and free agent of his cosmos, I cannot forego the freedom of criticism, even in respect to the Creation. I often feel that it is only possible to believe in a moral order, if I curb divine omnipotence... Clearly, such a view cannot bestow ultimate certainty and composure; with my spiritual make-up, I am incapable of that.

The outbreak of the Korean War in the summer of 1950 showed with conspicuous clarity what side people were taking in a divided world. Jászi's reaction is proof of just how American he had become, not just in his loyalties but emotionally too. "We are mobilizing," he wrote at the start of the conflict: "The news electrified me because I was afraid that we shall swallow this new ignominy too and destroy the last remnants of our prestige."

In the succeeding months he paid close attention not just to the progress of the war but also to the tone adopted by the American press and government. The war crisis, in his opinion, demonstrated the government's weakness, while he felt that what it was really about was being obscured by the two-facedness of the United Nations Organization. What really upset him was the way events were being hypocritically presented in the press and propaganda as though it were only a matter of the war being fought for South Korea, without any mention of the Soviet Union that was pulling strings in the background.

He evidently had almost as much trouble with the UN as he had with the lamentably toothless League of Nations of the interwar years. What particularly annoyed him were high-flown speculations about a "united and indivisible world" predicated on that institution (Wendell Wilkie's book, *One World*, for instance). He did not believe for one minute in an international order being implemented in this way, 'from above,' as he could only envisage it as a process initiated by building organically from the ground up, with a set of ever-

expanding federations. The final years of his working life were to be devoted primarily to arguments and initiatives connected with that, working with Clarence Streit and Stephen Borsody. As far back as 1939, Streit had published a book entitled *Union Now*, in which he envisaged that the only way of avoiding war lay in the immediate union of North America and the democracies of Western Europe. Jászi thought highly both of the book and its author, and after the war he too became a member of the national council of the Atlantic Unionist movement (this played an important role during the Cold War in bringing about unity across the Atlantic). When Justice Owen Roberts of the US Supreme Court put Streit's name forward at the beginning of 1950 for the Nobel peace prize, Jászi was one who enthusiastically endorsed this. Before long, though, differences in views arose as Jászi considered it was only natural that attention should also be given to creating a parallel European Union, whereas Streit saw the two as being at variance. Jászi and Borsody jointly placed a statement in the *New York Times* that advocated a "federation of federations."

Stephen Borsody, a journalist and historian who was born in Eperjes (now Prešov, Slovakia), in the northern uplands of Hungary that were later incorporated into Czechoslovakia, schooled there and gained a doctorate in law and political science at the Charles University in Prague, was an expert on the problems of the Danubian region (he was then engaged on writing *The Triumph of Tyranny*, the 1960 edition of a book that was subsequently retitled *The Tragedy of Central Europe*), and he had by now become Jászi's closest colleague and good friend. Having resigned in 1947, at the same time as Szegedy-Maszák, from his post as press attaché at the Hungarian embassy in Washington, DC, he was to become a history professor at Chatham College, Pittsburgh—a relative proximity that made it possible for the two to meet and exchange ideas in person fairly frequently. That was extremely fortunate for Jászi, because he was the sort of person who liked having younger colleagues and disciples but had by then lost those he had been able to rely on. Imre Csécsy no longer filled that bill, while in January 1950, at Cleveland's Unitarian Church, he bid a final farewell to Jack Ranney, who had been one the very first students he had taught at Oberlin and with whom he had remained in close and affectionate contact throughout Ranney's further career as a political scientist. Besides Ranney, he had

another American acolyte, John D. Lewis, the former student who became a departmental colleague at Oberlin and with whose family he also mixed socially. The two had been working together for years on *Against the Tyrant: the Tradition and Theory of Tyrannicide*, but by this stage relations had cooled somewhat during the efforts that were expended on repeated revisions of a work that was going nowhere fast. Even frequent meetings, discussions and agreements were unable to overcome their differences, so that in the joint preface to the book, dated May 1955, the authors were reduced to accepting separate responsibility for those chapters of the book they personally had written and annotated. Part 1 of the book, given the title 'The Development of the Theory of Tyrannicide to 1660,' was written by Lewis, Part 2, 'The Use and Abuse of Tyrannicide,' by Jászi, though the latter also includes a description of the historical types of despotism and the struggles that have been waged against it. Jászi did not labor as long, or as suffer such agonies, on any of his other books. He had made a start on it even before the Second World War, at a time when despotic régimes were casting a dark shadow across the world with their rule or the threat of such rule, and he had picked it up again after the war, when the fascist despotisms had collapsed but the Communist ones were gaining ground. He had increasingly felt that he was laboring on a work that would only see the light of day posthumously, bitterly referring to it in those terms in his letters, which indeed turned out to be an accurate prediction. "I lost contact with my book and find it very incomplete and bad. I lost my way," he recorded in early 1950 after a fairly prolonged break from the work.

As a counterpoint to history's tyrants that spring, he wrote an article for the *Journal of Central European Affairs* to celebrate the centenary of the birth of his successful (and envied) model, Thomas Masaryk. In this he recalled their first encounter, in Budapest before the First World War, when Masaryk was a guest of the Sociological Society, then subsequent meetings in Prague, at the Hradcany. He sensitively describes the startling transformation by which the one-time academic turned into a statesman, indeed looked every inch a general through his experiences during the war and the successful creation of the Czechoslovak state. That impression only pointed up Jászi's failure, as this was precisely the transformation that he had not managed

to carry through in his own case. After going through Masaryk's enduring deeds, he went on to recount—for the first time on public record—the conversation at their last meeting, when he asked the president what he would do, if he were a Hungarian statesman, about the Magyar minority in Slovakia. To this Masaryk, after a few minutes' thought, had answered:

Well, in this hypothetical case, I would try two things. First, I would fight for an honest carrying out of national autonomy for the Hungarians. In the second place, I would advocate the return to Hungary of those territories in the frontier regions where the Magyars constitute a solid, homogeneous majority...

to which he then added:

Of course, I do not know how far such a Hungarian statesman would be successful under prevailing conditions. But at least he would advocate a reasonable program which one day might become reality, instead of the orgies of chauvinism which cannot achieve anything, but only create new inner convulsions and new war...

Five years later this article was cited by Hubert Ripka, foreign minister in the former Czechoslovak government in exile, in his own appreciation of Jászi in a special issue of *Látóhatár* that was dedicated to Jászi, supplementing it with Masaryk's own approbatory comments on, and opinion of, Jászi, though avoiding the above-cited last meeting—an omission that Stephen Borsody remedied by adding an editorial footnote.

The collaboration with Borsody grew closer still at the beginning of the 1950s. Due to passing fragility on Jászi's part, the younger friend took his place in the autumn of 1950 at a conference in New York. Following up the joint statement in the *New York Times* they also published an article in *Liberation and Union* on the importance and likely benefits of a European union. As Borsody was later to expound in a separate essay, Jászi's central concern during this period was the business of saving and preserving peace, a task that he saw as being realizable through an international body that wielded genuine power (World Organization for Durable Peace). He considered American

policy at the time to be extraordinarily flabby. Low as his opinion of President Truman was (“What a small man!”), he did not at first hold out much hope of Eisenhower either, who was then starting to be noticed in the political arena, as he was repelled that the latter proclaimed his salvational foreign-policy ideas in the company of pseudo-academics and big businessmen who were basking in the limelight. Later on, though, he was to concede that Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles, his Secretary of State, had been right that it was not possible to seek a true thawing of relations with the Soviet Union without demanding liberation for the Eastern European satellites.

Around the turn of the year, Jászi sank into a rather critical state, both physically and mentally. For months he had been tormented by an eczematous skin condition, treatment of which by specialists in Cleveland, including irradiation, had been to no avail. In the end, Mihály Somogyi, an old friend who was a biochemist, suggested a dietary approach which helped. The state of his nerves, on the other hand, was being increasingly worn down by the frequent resurgences of Recha’s fits of paranoia, her furious bursts of spring-cleaning and ever-newer ultimatums. Recha now wanted to break up the household, he informed Máli (in Hungarian, of course, and even then taking care not to mention his wife by name)—and in his view this was “not a matter of love or jealousy but of power and revenge.” When an attack subsided, he wrote, “we go around on the tips of our toes, which is a great joy.” Máli and Andrew were the ones with whom he talked over all his troubles and worries.

It was to them that he sent, on June 16th, 1951, a “strictly confidential” letter that he chose to entitle ‘How Did I Lose My Last Chance of Life?’, in which he writes that a week earlier he had received an invitation from the president of the New School for Social Research in New York to hold a series of lectures—two hours per week—during the autumn semester on the course for retired professors. The fee would come to \$1,500 in total, which was fine for those who lived locally but hardly for him, with the costs of travel and renting an apartment:

Despite that, I was delighted to have the opportunity. It would have been good, both from mine and from Recha’s point of

view, to spend three months alone in peace and quiet. It would have been gratifying if I could have been the first to teach the problem of tyrannicide at a college. Perhaps it would also have helped the book's publication. It would have been refreshing to set myself in the service of an assignment again, to be close to a few old friends, to regularly talk over our problems with Máli, to be within easy reach of Gyuri and his family, and maybe to give impetus to the cause of Danubian Confederation, which nowadays is more pertinent than ever. I also hoped that with my truly humble habits I would be able to save a few hundred dollars and thereby relieve our financial difficulties and alleviate R.'s frequent fits of despair.

(We know from a letter that he wrote to son George at the end of 1949 that it was impossible for Jászi to subsist on his annual pension of \$2000: that left him \$160 dollars short monthly on his outgoings, which included \$90 of hospital expenses for Recha's mother.) He continued:

I knew that the task would not be easy and might involve some risks, but I felt it cannot be my goal to side-track my life for a brief time in moribund idleness and resigned philosophizing. Yet the plan triggered an acute reaction on Recha's part that I had not counted on—all the less as there has not been a week or a quarrel in which she did not underline that I can go, if the way we live does not suit me.

In reality, already on the day the invitation arrived he had considered it certain, and what is more recorded in his diary, that his wife would be opposed to the plan, and indeed the very next day Recha had raged that it was she who would have to pay the price of this "adventure."

With the exhausted and melancholic state I am in today, these arguments had considerable suggestive power on me. Truly, my health has declined over recent months; I often feel giddy, and the least thing that has to be seen to (including writing letters, for example) weighs heavily on me. The deterioration of my memory is depressing, and I cannot recall the closest names. The opacities sometimes disturb my eyesight. My irritability has greatly intensi-

fied. My self-confidence is *at the lowest point*. Maybe R.'s current situation affected me even more strongly. Poor thing, she is in a bad way, both physically and mentally. Fear complexes are troubling her, and overwork has worn her out. She often reproaches me for not caring about her future, and that I do not appreciate the work she does for me... I felt more and more that she is right, and that with my 76 years I cannot embark on such an adventure. In the end, I cried off on the pretext that was on doctor's orders. After that negative final decision, however, I often felt that I had been a coward, that life is not real unless it has some risk, and I had thereby renounced for ever a combative and non-vegetative end to my career.

He finally asked,

If there is anything you have to say, do so without naming names and in generalities. There is nothing to be done about it anyway. My defeat is final. The matter would hardly be of any interest to Gyuri.

He did, however, write about the episode to Csécsy, and a month later he produced a postscript to the account in which he informed his family that he had had second thoughts while ruminating about the business:

I have exonerated Recha and condemned myself for good. That realization has once and for all released me from a complex that could have become calamitous. On thinking over and over again what has happened, I see clearly that I was the sole one with any blame for the unfortunate decision... it was a *Fahnenflucht*, the dereliction of a clearly perceived duty.

The whole affair told so strongly on his nerves that only after prolonged vacillation could he bring himself to join Máli and her family for a holiday at Gloucester, Massachusetts. It turned out that the New School were also interested in asking Jászi to lecture in the spring term, though not on the subject of 'Tyrannicide,' but he had neither the wish nor the strength to work up new topics for 24 lectures: "I am simply not smart enough or have enough wit to jump into a new

topic without preparing for it,” he explained to Máli, who was worried about his having again declined. He therefore stayed in “pleasant but at times oppressive” Oberlin, besides the ever more oppressive Recha, whom he did not wish to deprive of her future widow’s pension by leaving her. He wrote to Máli: “Don’t take all this too seriously, my lamb. I’ll somehow manage to carve out a tolerable balance, either here at home or following Tolstoy’s example.”

It was about this time that Recha again caught Jászi out in a “lie,” in that she discovered the correspondence with Muriel had not ceased over recent years but had merely been routed through the address of Ruth Grover, a friend of theirs in Oberlin (Jászi, of course, had long experience of using such ‘cover’ addresses, having received letter from his friends in Budapest during the Horthy era via the addresses of assorted American professors). The up-and-down course of their relationship and moods carried on, though: there was no escape for the couple. Thus, in April 1952 Recha dramatically stormed out of the house after one of their rows, but the next day she emerged from one of the ground floor apartments. She still refused to give up the detective work, and after her husband’s death she read through the diaries of his last few years, from 1953 to 1956, in order to clear up how far the Muriel affair had gone both over time and emotionally.

Yet the fact is that Jászi was already an old and sick man by 1951. His knees were so crippled by arthritis that he needed a metal brace for one of his legs to get around. On top of that, the eczema stubbornly persisted, whatever was done, and Recha claimed that he had growing problems with his prostate over a decade but was unwilling to undergo surgery for that. Last, but not least, Jászi’s new personal physician, Dr Gyula Holló, is alleged to have written to Recha that her husband was suffering from advanced arteriosclerosis, the symptoms of which were noticeable to him but without his being able to understand their cause. Jászi even set out some of these afflictions in a letter to Máli, adding: “I feel it is an ever-growing obscenity to go out on the street in such a condition and put my decrepitude on display. On the other hand, I find solace in reading Hungarian poetry.”

It was around this time that he obtained a copy of the large-scale poem ‘Halotti beszéd’—Funeral Oration—by Sándor Márai, himself an exile from a sovietized Hungary, this time following the Second

World War (the poem takes as its starting-point the oldest relic of written Hungarian, which dates from the early thirteenth century CE). As he wrote to Máli:

I read it with tears streaming from eyes. It is the first poem to give voice to the real spirit of emigration. I was previously familiar with him only from the short articles that he wrote for starvation wages for the vile *Szabadság* in Cleveland; but even those trifles, makeshift and written amid material cares as they were, could sometimes be fascinating through their great cultivation and splendid insights. There is no doubt that he is the greatest Hungarian writer living today, and I am delighted that he accepted the invitation to join the editorial board of *Látóhatár*.

This periodical had by now become his real love affair, and this was where he sent his last longer pieces of writing, which again returned to the subject of Danubia. As was observed by Péter Hanák, a historian of the Danube region's problems, on seeing the deepening gulf between the ideal and reality, Jászi reached the big question of his life's work, one to which he dedicated a whole essay: 'Why Did the Formation of a Danube-Valley Federation Not Work?' The short preamble captures in an extremely interesting fashion the contradiction that lies in the very question, in terms not just of the slogan 'Danubian federation' but also his life's work. He self-critically acknowledges, on the one hand, that the question has an excessively rational character—in point of fact ultimately derived from his mentor Gyula Pikler's 'insight theory'—which was that the Danubian peoples should have realized that it was better to co-exist peacefully within the frame of a federation of states than to fight one another. On the other hand, however, Jászi rightly points out that for decades on end that ideal and slogan had remained a live issue of democratic opinion in all these countries. So why had it never been possible to realize it? "Why did the concept of an Eastern Switzerland stay in a state of aching desires?" After all, there are dreams that are stronger and more real than the little games of mundane politics. It was therefore worth "risking as a response to the now sadly hypothetical question that has been raised that if the great turning-point should occur at some time, we shall need to see clearly and be on our guard."

Federation, the article made clear, was not simply an alliance of states; it was a relatively recent phenomenon that had only truly materialized in the cases of Switzerland and the USA. "Federation was born out of the spirit of democracy": in other words, the preconditions for it were not just economic and political but also psychological, because it could only come about between equals and on a basis of shared values. Federation was truly "the political counterpart of Christianity." In seeking causes, the essay surveys the historical antecedents and the stages of the 1918-19 failure, seeing the tragic dilemma of Hungary's democrats in the fact that they fought for a program that they knew had no chances of being implemented in the near term:

Both internal and external politics were opposed... But there was also a more or less organic cause for the lack of success: revolutions cannot codify. Revolutions cannot unite the past to the future, and unless that happens codification is not possible.

Still, the values that had been set forth, he insisted, lived on and had an influence even after the collapse of the revolution. Insight on its own, however, was not sufficient for those values to be put into effect: "It is necessary to instill faith and enthusiasm in the new values," as was being manifested in the efforts to achieve European unity and the activities of its proponents. At this point he offers a lengthy quotation from an article published by Konrad Adenauer in *Die Zeit* that emanated utter conviction about overcoming the difficulties that stood in the way of Franco-German reconciliation and alliance. He leaves to the end the question "What can we expect from the Danube?":

In truth it will be even more difficult to forge unity here than in western Europe. Maybe it will not even be possible until the United States shows the way with much assistance and well-meant *douce violence*. That is also how it was in western Europe. We have reason to hope that America will understand the decisive importance of Danubian unity in world politics.

At the end of his own path in life, then, all he can hope is for his new home to help in finding a solution to the Old World problem.

“Reliving my memories, our memories, was painful,” he wrote to Máli in October 1952:

The painful mingling of splendid, great durable values with lowly human frailties darkens the past, indeed the future as well. All the same, only honest pursuance of those values will be able to bring salvation for our descendants.

According to a report by Imre Vámos in March 1953, this article “has stirred up a huge storm both among our friends and among our opponents. The democrats swear by it, while the usual mudslinging has started on the other side.”

Jászi was also to find himself confronting a radical right wing in America too, in the shape of the ugly McCarthyite ‘witch-hunting,’ which he was at times worried might engulf his sons. “The climate in which public life is being conducted today is hard to bear,” he noted in one letter. In the presidential election of November 1952 he voted for Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic Party candidate, but he was not too unhappy about the victory of Eisenhower and the Republican Party because he expected them to take a tougher line toward the East. His outrage at the propaganda being put out on behalf of the Soviet bloc, prompted by coming across a pamphlet by Iván Boldizsár entitled ‘Against the Hungarian People,’ induced him to write another piece. What annoyed him, above all, was the phenomenon of the fellow traveler, as he had long ceased to expect anything else from convinced Communist authors, but Boldizsár was a gifted journalist who had begun his career among the ‘village researchers’ and in principle had remained throughout a National Peasant Party member, and this attempt, through the use of forged documents, confessions obtained under duress, or American newspaper articles that were critical of their own country, to ‘prove’ the existence of an Imperialist plot against Hungary was particularly infuriating—not least because the propagandists of the Communist dictatorship had evidently convinced themselves that they would be able to persuade the Anglo-Saxon populaces with this kind of thing. “The thinking is on the level of Simple Simon says,” he noted, before adding that Simple Simon might have been an innocent figure once, “now, however, he has become an international danger in countries without a real democratic tradition.”

His pessimism regarding the foreseeable future was not dispelled even by the news of Stalin's death. The entry in his diary for March 5th, 1953, reads:

Stalin is dead. A terrible tyrant with a false religion. His successor can only be worse. Without a terrified power behind him, he must show that he is even more a proletarian dictator and hater of the West.

The early signs of a 'thaw' in Hungary gave him more pause; indeed, they instinctively prompted enthusiastic responses, like that in a letter of January 1954 to the émigré Károly Ravasz:

When I read Imre Nagy's speech setting out his government's policy, it truly clutched my heart: 'Here you are!' I said to myself in my subconscious thoughts, 'the Soviets have appropriated every essential point of the program of our October revolution, openly avowing the errors, crimes and stupidities of the Soviet system. Yet all these can only be overcome with a new political régime, in a spirit of individual freedom and human dignity, without which any political objective is purely a tactical game and a nasty deception of suffering people.'

Yet the existing régime "is not going to be switched over either by Imre Nagy or by much greater people than him." It is clear that he sensed something from what was historically the first Communist reform experiment, but his decades of experience of Communism did not permit him to place any credence in that sense, even if he evidently had no doubt about Imre Nagy's good intentions. He categorically sought to dissuade Ravasz or any other émigrés who were thinking that the new situation might be a useful juncture for them to return home.

On June 8th, 1953, Jászi had an honorary doctorate of laws conferred on him by Oberlin College. The "presentation" of the candidate was performed by Prof. John D. Lewis. He gave a lightning sketch of the whole career, but naturally with the emphasis on the years at Oberlin:

Oscar Jászi taught successive generations of Oberlin students to look honestly and realistically at the world they must live in... We

in Oberlin have known Oscar Jászi for many years as teacher, colleague, and friend. We are better and wiser for knowing him. He has enlightened our minds, he has fortified our souls.

A big congratulatory article to mark the event appeared in the June 6th issue of *Az Ember*, the style and warmth of which Jászi recognized as belonging to his long-time associate, Pál Kéri, who after the many tributes did not forget to remark on the heavy eastern Hungarian tang that marked his English accent:

Prophets may be disowned by their own country, but a prophet cannot disown his own country. To be sure, we are greatly obliged to America for having given haven to so many of our shipwrecked—but we think we have repaid part of that debt by giving America such a man.

These last years, which stretched out somewhat longer than Jászi himself had suspected, in any event represented a closing of accounts. At the beginning of 1953, he decided that he would set to writing his memoirs. Having put his papers under lock and key, he realized,

How much drivel they will piece together from them in fifteen years time. Brooding on that led me to the idea of an autobiography, of me telling the story of my ineffective life and intentions.

He kept Máli informed about the plan and its difficulties from February 8th onward. By April 20th he had made a certain amount of headway: “At present I am surrounded in my Purgatory by 35 diary volumes, for I shall have need of them to underpin my memory.” In July he reported that he had made a start on regular work on the memoirs, but a month later he ruefully noted, “How am I supposed to write memoirs when in my diary I often cannot remember what happened yesterday.” By the end of the year he was speaking of “utter prostration,” of being unable to devote more than four hours a day to work and having become so slow that Recha had taken over from him the jobs of preparing breakfast and washing up, for which he needed two hours. Máli, generous as ever, found ways of ensuring that she visited him two or three times in the year, in part so as to relieve tensions between the spouses.

Gyula Borbándi, one of the *Látóbatár* editors, gives an idea of what shape Jászi was in at the time, based on a visit he made to Oberlin on April 10th, 1954. Having arrived in the morning, he had to wait until

the master of the house appeared, leaning on a walking-stick. It takes two and sometimes two and a half hours until he has done with washing and dressing in the morning, Madame Recha informed me. He was no longer in top form, being poorly, but that was evident at most in his physical condition, not his mental capacities and freshness.

Jászi was interested first and foremost in the circumstances in which the Munich group and *Látóbatár* itself—“our magazine”—found themselves:

Every little detail was of interest to him, including whether the waves of McCarthyism that were unsettling progressive circles in the American intelligentsia were sweeping across to Europe... How had they been received in the camp of the Hungarian emigration in Europe? Had it affected our editorial policy? Had it harmed our magazine?... Then, how should we judge Tibor Eckhardt's activity?... It was interesting to observe with what moderation and dispassion he spoke about him... At the big, dark table in the Oberlin living-room, he spoke about how important and necessary it was that the by-gone civic radicalism and the still living agrarian radicalism join forces... He was thinking in terms of the unity of Hungarian progressive movement...

On October 17th, 1954, Jászi set down his intellectual will and testament in the form of an English-language letter to his wife. In this, he gave thanks to Recha, first and foremost, for having helped him through this difficult phases of his life, for having created a tranquil home, and tirelessly taking care of him in his old age. He also expressed his gratitude for Recha's alert and critical spirit:

In spite of occasional controversies which are inevitable in any marriage, I was always conscious of our agreement in essential values.

He gave orders for how his library was to be handled, parts of which he had already donated to the Oberlin College library and to Elmhurst College, where teaching of Hungarian language had started. He asked that his sons, Máli and Stefan be allowed to pick out a few books for themselves, but the remainder should be sold in their entirety by his wife. He acknowledged that his earlier disposition regarding his papers and diary was still valid. He also did not forget about Mrs Margit Rosenthal, the mother of his ill-fated daughter, Alice, whom he still wished to support through Csécsy, but he subsequently annulled that provision since the lady died in the meantime.

I am asking for the cremation of my body, and beg Recha, George, Andrew or Máli to give a place to the urn close to them. Should such a demand arise, my ashes could be transferred and buried if possible in the grave of my brother, Victor Jászi (Buda, Farkasrét Cemetery). But this should be done only in case Hungary would become a really free country. Under this hypothesis my friends (should I have still friends?!) may use as an epitaph the following words of my immortal friend Endre Ady, which once he wrote about me: 'As his roads widened, like riverbeds, so the paths of many of Hungary's decent men and intellectuals joined him from all directions.'

(He had evidently forgotten, or did not wish to remember, that he had already looked in vain for his brother's grave when he was in Budapest in 1947.)

He was thorough in his preparations for his death and even burial, but he had not yet reached the end of the road, and a few months later, on his eightieth birthday, he was given the satisfaction that up till then he had waited for in vain. For the occasion, the intellectuals around *Látóhatár*, under the editorship of Stephen Borsody and Imre Vámos, produced a Jászi issue that was dedicated in its entirety to saluting his life's work. Besides the poems that Ady had dedicated to him, two further poems—Béla Horváth's 'Köszöntő' (Good Wishes) and Anna Lesznai's moving 'Ünnepi korholás' (A Festive Dressing-Down)—gave the little volume a festive and intimate tone. Besides Borsody and Vámos, there was also an article from Imre Kovács to represent the *Látóhatár* group, while Vince Nagy, Béla Halasi and

Ernő Lorsi wrote as old friends, Hubert Ripka on behalf of his allies in the Danube Basin, and John D. Lewis and Michael L. Hoffmann for his students at Oberlin. A bibliography was included of Jászi's major publications in both Hungarian and English languages, and finally the first part of Jászi's memoirs, dealing with his native land and his younger days.

The special issue, which had been secretly prepared (Jászi had only been led to expect the publication of his memoir), was presented to its subject on his actual birthday, March 2nd, 1955. Jászi was so touched that he had to withdraw for a while to his "cabin" to have a good cry. In the next issue of the periodical, he gave his thanks to the editors, authors and other memorialists:

I felt that under the influence of a big gift I can now prepare for the final journey, since you, my friends, have given me back the homeland from which my enemies strove to keep me away for decades on end.

For the first time in a long while, he had felt that

I have not lived in vain, and both the old homeland and the new have a need for the creation of an Eastern Switzerland, to unify Hungarians and other peoples under the protection of a well-organized internationalism.

In this 'Acknowledgement' he also discharged his debts to the circle of intellectuals and friends, the individual members of which, his main fellow toilers, he listed off the top of his head, so he claimed:

What would have come of me without the tolerant and polemical company of Gyula Pikler, Bódog Somló, Károly Méray-Horváth, Zoltán Zigány, Gyula Rácz, Rusztem Vámbéry, Arnold Dániel, Valéria and Pál Dienes, Ervin Szabó, Pál Szende, Dezső Szabó, Lajos Fülep, Lajos Bíró, Róbert Braun, Michael Polányi, Ödön Wildner, Péter Ágoston, Zoltán Rónai, Anna Lesznai, István Apáthy, József Madzsar and so many other free, believing, thinking and forward-looking people.

It seems unlikely to have been by pure chance that the names of Zsigmond Kunfi, Karl Polányi and Geyza Farkas were missing from

the list. The name that he most emphatically missed from the commemorative issue was Mihály Károlyi's, for the authors had seemingly agreed among one another in advance simply to avoid any mention of his person and his role as being a delicate issue. For Jászi, though, that was both distressing and unacceptable—all the more because on March 21st, not quite three weeks after their joint eightieth birthday, he received news of Károlyi's death two days earlier.

He immediately wired to Catherine Károlyi: "Please accept my deepest sympathy. I will mourn him until the end of my life. He was the greatest of our October." In his diary that evening he wrote that he was remorseful for having allowed himself to be led by reasons of principle, by cold dogmatism, to break with him. It was, in truth, a matter that he had felt uneasy about for years, and he had taken some timid steps to try and resolve it. Already back in 1952 he had sent a message via Zoltán Szabó that he was thinking increasingly about him, and it was hurting him that things had worked out the way they did (Jászi was well aware, however, that the message would not be passed on because Szabó himself was on bad terms with his father-in-law). Later he also asked Máli to try and mediate, but he himself never took the initiative and indeed did not even know their address in the South of France, though it would have been easy enough for him to find out. On February 23rd, 1955, just over a week before their joint birthday, he made the following entry in his diary:

I have been thinking often of Károlyi, for months now, and I feel that my behavior toward him was too strict. I have asked Vámos to find out and let me know his address. Why? I have no definite plan how to correct my error, however honest and proper the moral basis it had.

From Mrs Károlyi's return letter in April he learnt that by then his great friend had already been dying and, imagining in his agony that Jászi was with them in their house in Vence, had conducted conversations and arguments with him. Deeply moved, Jászi wrote back:

What you wrote about Mihály's last weeks makes it clear that an instance of telepathic communication existed between Mihály and me at the time. In recent weeks I had been extremely de-

pressed, and it was almost constantly in my consciousness and I reproached myself for having allowed my political principles to prevail over our old solidarity, ordained as it was by fate.

But over and above any solidarity for a friend, the Jászi commemorative issue needed to be corrected on points of fact. Thus, in his April 'Acknowledgement' Jászi made it clear that there would have been no October 1918 revolution without Károlyi:

That this revolution was able to come into being was due to the person, heroism and unselfishness of Mihály Károlyi... Now, with fate having called him away somewhat earlier than me, I will stake my faith on it that, for all his great faults and mistakes, which I see very clearly and which, sadly, estranged me from him in recent times, he was a true historical figure... My own work cannot be assessed without him.

To put it another way, Károlyi's death and that omission again dramatically illustrated for Jászi that they had been predestined to act together. When he had broken with Károlyi in 1949 over the latter's serving the Rákosi régime, Jászi had defended his own life's work and its democratic purity. Paradoxically, he did the same now by defending the dead Károlyi's historical honor. Alongside the pain that he felt for a friend and the stirring of his sense of justice, he could not help feeling that, through their joint actions in 1918 and during the early years in exile, the two of them were historically chained together, so that he could not expect posterity to recognize his own merits unless Károlyi's role were clarified (or condemned, should it come to that). He therefore could not accept the unspoken attempt that those who were celebrating him were making, by keeping quiet about Károlyi's role, to put him in a place of sole intellectual leadership of the democratic Hungarian forces in exile. In this manner, the temporal coincidence of his own unexpected 'transfiguration' and Károlyi's death, lonely and on the boundary of the two worlds, gave Jászi's remaining active months a dramatic charge and again set his life's work in a historical perspective.

This would explain the almost desperate effort, belying his age and state of health, with which, during the last months in which he was

able to work, “I energetically refreshed the memory of Mihály Károlyi and demanded his rehabilitation,” as he wrote to Stephen Borsody. The topic of Károlyi, having been ignored for years, came increasingly to dominate his thoughts, his diary and his correspondence. As he wrote to Mrs Károlyi, he wanted now to sketch his “cherished portrait of Mihály” in the next issue of *Látóbatár*. He urgently asked her for proofs of the English-language volume of her husband’s memoirs, *Faith Without Illusion*, that was about to go to press. He also had the files of Károlyi’s letters transferred to Oberlin for temporary safe-keeping, with the intention of studying them too. He entered into correspondence with still living mutual friends, and when Pál Kéri wrote back that he had greatly admired Károlyi and had lived in the glory of his “charisma,” Jászi noted: “He really did have some sort of charisma.”

In the early 1980s, this is how Gyula Borbándi recalls Jászi’s late struggles with the subject of Károlyi:

Látóbatár announced that in its next issue Jászi would be taking a detailed look at Mihály Károlyi. In June, news was received from Oberlin that he had made a start on collecting material, but then three weeks later he informed us that external circumstances were standing in the way of his regular work. What had happened was that in the suffocating heat of first few days of July he had grown dizzy and fallen while taking a walk in the street. With his forehead bleeding, he was taken to hospital, where the doctor closed the lacerated skin with a few stitches; there was no bone fracture. He was allowed home from hospital in early September. He asked *Látóbatár* not to excuse the delay in his essay on Károlyi on grounds of his illness but because he wanted to wait until the appearance of Károlyi’s memoirs, and that book had not yet been finished. In the autumn issue, *Látóbatár*’s editors did indeed explain the delay in publication of Jászi’s piece as due to waiting for Károlyi’s memoirs, and also announced that the title would be ‘Mihály Károlyi’s Character and Objectives’... In November, Jászi informed *Látóbatár* that he was planning a round-table on Károlyi. He had prepared a draft questionnaire, which he sent for us to comment on, and he asked us whom he should send it to.

It turned out that Jászi was more curious about the opinions on Károlyi held by his opponents than by his followers, and he wanted to draw on this in his own essay, which according to the promise made in the periodical's first issue of 1956 "covers the whole Károlyi question and provides a historical synthesis of the democratic revolution of 1918."

Jászi felt it was supremely important that he write this essay, which he envisaged as being his last task in life. As he wrote to Máli on November 24th,

I couldn't care less how many weeks or months or even years she [i.e. Recha] spins out my totally barren life, the only important thing is that I should write the Károlyi portrait that is expected from me and to which I am bound by a pledge of honor.

And to Mrs Károlyi, on December 7th: "I am modest enough by now not to speak about my memoirs. I wish to devote all my remaining energy to one goal." It was a job that he was only able to start, though, but not finish. Admittedly, he took on a bigger task than his strengths were up to, because what he planned was a three-part essay. In the first part he wanted to repeated his earlier "psychological experiment"; in the second, he would have compared the main conclusions that Károlyi had drawn in his 1923 volume of memoirs, *Fighting the World*, with his own 1920 volume, *Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Hungary*; while in the third part he wanted to give a summation of first-hand observations of his own and a few others. Out of all this, the only bit completed was a few pages of the second section, which was to be entitled 'Károlyi on Himself,' and even that consisted of no more than a selection of extracts from *Fighting the World*—sad evidence of the rapidity with which Jászi's mental stamina was by then declining.

He did get a little further forward with the Károlyi questionnaire, however. In his preamble, he justified the round-table on the unjust accusations against Károlyi that were discernible even among his former supporters, though the slightly odd and negative manner in which the questions are posed was designed expressly for anti-Károlyi groups and individuals:

- “1) In your opinion, with what policy did Mihály Károlyi wreck the country?
- 2) With what policy would it have been possible to save Hungary without sacrificing the objectives of the October revolution?
- 3) Was there a personal fault or anything unexplained in Károlyi’s policy?”

He was intending to send the questions out to around fifty Hungarian émigrés, and at the end of December he asked Anna Lesznai to help him with the copying. The letters were sent out with a dateline of February 11th, 1956—to 40 addresses on his own reckoning. We do not know the full list, but by no means everyone on it could be seen as anti-Károlyi. The answers that were returned, we learn from Borbándi, were sent off to *Látóbatár* in two installments during April. They were not published at the time because the promised essay from Jászi had still not materialized; however, they were carefully preserved and eventually published by Borbándi in 1982, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Jászi’s death.

Jászi obtained a copy of *Faith Without Illusion* during the final days of 1955, followed a few week’s later by a report from Catherine Károlyi about the success the book had been enjoying in Britain. “Your letter gladdened me greatly,” he wrote back to her on February 11th:

Bertrand Russell’s review and the Book Society endorsement may represent a real turning-point in the Károlyi story. If there were any event that could boost my greatly impaired capacity and will for work, this news of yours would be it, to be sure... I have as yet only be able to skim through the memoirs, but with the swimming of my head I am unable to read regularly.

He would have liked to write a review of the book, but feeling that his frailty would prevent from doing so “for the time being,” he consoled himself with the thought that the delay could only be for the good of the cause: “Let B. Russell’s be the first word, as the opinion of the best Western conscience.” In his last letter to Mrs Károlyi, on April 11th, 1956, he congratulated her on this, adding what a pity it was that her husband was not able to read and enjoy it.

Since around the middle of 1955, writing each and every brief letter had required a huge effort on Jászi's part. On doctor's orders, a few lines of thanks in English that had been mimeographed in advance to reply to birthday greetings only needed his signature, but in the case of old friends like the Kunffys he often supplemented that in order to take his leave. His handwriting had by now become visibly awkward and shaky, and in his diary there were a growing number of gaps and omissions that Recha filled out—whether at the time or later is unclear—with her own argumentative and reproachful comments. The entry for September 11th, written in Hungarian, perhaps so Recha would not be able to read it, runs:

I am thinking a lot about possible reforms... I must shake off the state of *dirty somnolence*. I would make a start with a diary reform: 1) Descriptions must be compact and factual; 2) ... for shoring up my memory; 3) and cutting back on subjective elements. 4) I shall write in Hungarian as the Hungarian concepts are much more concise and precise.

However, he did not have the time or strength for this, any more than to complete his memoirs. In the first week of April 1956, on the urging of his doctor and the family, he went into the local hospital to undergo the long-overdue prostate surgery. As George A. Lányi, his successor in Oberlin College, was later to write, the plan was to carry out the operation in two stages. The first intervention, on April 11th, was successful surgically speaking, but then a post-operative infection supervened, and for a few days he sank into a coma. He came through with the aid of powerful modern medicines, but his mind was now clouded. Friends were told that the second stage of the operation could not go ahead because of his weakened condition, but Recha recounts in her own memoirs that the doctors told her he was suffering from cancer. No doubt they considered this was inoperable. He was nursed for a considerable period in the hospital, but when the insurance cover ran out, Recha could not afford the costs, so the College contributed \$1,000, she recalled.

In July, Lányi went on, he was transferred from the hospital to a modest nursing home that was set in a small garden on the outskirts of town:

At that time, he would still sometimes engage in lively conversation with his wife and other visitors, but he could not stay on the same subject for any length of time. Time and space got mixed up in his still often feverishly working mind. Many was the time when he thought he was in Hungary, especially in Kolozsvár, but sometimes Budapest. He often enquired after his long-dead brother, Viktor, and also mentioned his younger sister, Alice. Many times he felt he had to get up and work or travel to a congress or flee from dreadful political conditions. When I got back to Oberlin in September 1956, after a year's absence, I found him sitting in a wheelchair under a big tree. His wife was spooning tea into his mouth. He had a friendly smile, his lovely dark eyes sparkling warmly on me. He recognized me and asked me in Hungarian that I had been away on a trip, had I not? and what had the summer been like by Lake Balaton? Then he spotted that he had made a mistake and asked me to tell him where I had been. He listened, and he visibly registered the names of certain mutual acquaintances... He was no longer in a state to take cognizance of world events. For him time stood still. His wife was even unable to get him to understand that Mátyás Rákosi, whom he so despised, had been deposed; he knew nothing about the Hungarian revolution and the further ruination of his native land. By then his mind was wandering in a timeless present.

Recha wrote to Armstrong too, who had asked about Jászi, that her husband could no longer grasp what was happening in Hungary, though if he were fully conscious he would certainly have had hard words to say about the people who had first encouraged the uprising and then left the insurgents in the lurch.

Despite the postal difficulties and delays of those days, Imre Csécsy, faithful to the end, paid close attention to Jászi's condition, and when he heard that he had been moved to the "Wallace Rest Home"—the nursing home as Lányi tactfully called it—he thought of organizing a collection among friends in Budapest so that his friend could be readmitted to hospital from what he interpreted as being a "poorhouse." Despite being informed of the medical prognosis via

Michael Polányi, he was unable to accept the fact that Jászi could not be helped. Máli explained that such a collection “would not be what Oszi wanted,” and anyway he was getting appropriate medical care but he could not register his surroundings. “I visited the old fellow at the beginning of November,” she wrote. “By then he did not notice my presence, though he did make a gesture when I asked if he knew whom I was.” According to one memoir, in November, after the defeat of the Hungarian revolution, the Oberlin students staged a protest, with one sign, among others, that read ‘Jászi’s students protest against the Soviet intervention.’ Lányi also records that Jászi’s condition took a turn for the worse in October, and for weeks he did not even recognize his wife. He did recover somewhat after that:

He again uttered a few words every now and then. He always perked up a bit if spoken to in Hungarian, though toward the very end he also lost his hearing. Around Christmas he was still asking me what the weather was like... On January 7th Michael Polányi visited us here to deliver the Jászi Lecture, which the College organizes every other year in honor of Oszkár Jászi. Mrs Jászi, who spent long hours every day at his bedside, nursing him with a care and expertise that was beyond any nurse, was astonished to see that her husband, who normally slept through the greater part of the day, not only recognized the dear friend whom he had not seen for so long but for a few minutes actually conversed with him, with obvious delight and fully rationally.

Recha confirms that Polányi was the last visitor to whom he spoke comprehensibly (and in Hungarian). He was unconscious for days after that, but according to his doctors not suffering. His heart, which had given him so much trouble in older age, proved strong and stood up to the very end. Lányi writes:

His splendid and compelling head, with its domed brow and strong features, had become so completely emaciated that his transfigured face resembled a death mask. His wife was holding his hand when he finally slipped away into a better existence, quietly and without recovering consciousness.

Recha relates that in the minutes after his death she stayed with him, speaking lovingly to him and kissing him passionately, because she had a sense of reclaiming him that was not to be rebuffed and her own pride also did not obstruct. The very day Jászi died saw the publication of *Against the Tyrant*, the book that he had co-authored with John Lewis and that he had prophesied a long time ago would be his posthumous work. The date was February 13th, 1957. Hungary had barely started to regain its senses after the shock of the defeated revolution and the violently reinstalled Soviet power.

The funeral service was held on Sunday, February 24th, in the French neo-Romanesque chapel of Oberlin's Theological College. Recha was joined by Máli, George and Andrew, the ten-year-old Peter, as well as by Recha's son, Stefan Rundt, and some sixty colleagues, friends and neighbors. Rev. Joseph King, the local Congregationalist minister, conducted brief prayers and read several passages from the Old and New Testaments, including "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith" (2 *Timothy* 4:7). John Lewis gave a farewell address on behalf of the students and staff of Oberlin College, Stephen Borsody on behalf of Jászi's Hungarian friends and the wider Hungarian community. Lewis finished his remarks by noting that Jászi had been one of the few whose life had consistently been an expression of their convictions, and perhaps that explained why those who became close to him sensed his greatness. Borsody laid the emphasis on the link between Jászi and Hungary's freedom:

By tragic coincidence, while we were losing Oscar Jászi, we have also lost anew our hopes of seeing freedom come true in his native Hungary... The name of Oberlin, to many Hungarian liberals of the twentieth century, became a symbol of freedom—not unlike Turin was in the nineteenth century, when Louis Kossuth lived there in exile.

The ashes were buried in Oberlin cemetery, but 34 years later they were disinterred to be laid to final rest, in accordance with Jászi's will, in his native land of Hungary.

The American press, apart from the local papers, paid little attention to Jászi's death or life's work. *The New York Times*, to which he

had been a fairly regular contributor of articles and letters since his very first trip to America in 1923, paid homage to him in a few inconsequential lines as “Ex-Oberlin Teacher.” Recha was quite rightly outraged, and at her request Hamilton Fish Armstrong promptly dispatched a correction to the paper, which was printed on February 26th. Brief though it was, the letter did justice to the teacher, fighter and thinker who had been so detested by all antidemocratic régimes in his own country but rightly loved and respected in America. “Jászi was a political visionary whose visions had practical results,” Armstrong emphasized. The following day, Recha thanked him warmly for the article: “It was an *Ehrenrettung*,” a vindication of Jászi’s honor, she noted gratefully. In Britain, Michael Polányi produced a succinct appreciation of Jászi’s career and significance:

For thirty years Jászi was abused by the mouthpieces of the Horthy regime, and coolly ignored by the Soviet-sympathizing intelligentsia opposing Horthy. Uncompromising, he stood alone. But, more recently, the ideals for which Jászi had fought, have been rapidly gaining ascendancy. And almost overnight, he was acknowledged once more as the true teacher of modern Hungary.

Having made reference to the eightieth birthday, he wound the article up:

The revolution of October 23, 1956, was in fact nurtured altogether on the intellectual soil of the opening decades of this century. Thus it has established Oscar Jászi’s historic role as a spiritual leader of a future Hungary.

In Hungary itself, the only published news of the death was an article by Mihály András Rónai in the foreign-political weekly magazine *Magyarország* (Hungary), which gave a review of Jászi’s career that, while mindful of the limits of what could be said, was nevertheless free from abuse. In the West, too, only one substantial Hungarian-language article about him saw the light of day, in *Látóhatár* at the beginning of 1957, where the editors paid tribute to “the teacher of a new generation.” It would be hard to find a more elevated appraisal than theirs with which to close this portrait of Oszkár Jászi’s career:

An entire nation should be in mourning, because one of the noblest Hungarians of the modern age has departed from the ranks of the living. But the nation for whose elevation he fought with his brilliant mind and dauntless ardor, the nation for which he suffered so much persecution and so many slanders, is today in even greater slavery than ever: it cannot stand around the grave of the man who was their advocate in his heart.

To this, speaking “on behalf of the muzzled nation,” they added with the fine but naïve faith of all exiles: We do not doubt that the same pain aches in the depths of the souls of a new young generation of revolutionaries as torments us while we mourn our deceased teacher and friend.

Yet, since Jászi’s reburial in Budapest in 1991, there has been little sign that either the nation or the younger generation seeks to draw anything from either his teachings or his life.

Selected Bibliography

- Ady Endre összes prózai művei* (The complete prose works of Endre Ady), I–IX. Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó, 1955–1982.
- Hanák, Péter. *Jászi Oszkár dunai patriotizmusa* (The Danube patriotism of Oscar Jászi). Budapest: Magvető, 1985.
- Jászi papers*. Columbia University Butler Library Rare Books and Manuscripts Division. New York.
- Jászi, Oszkár. *Magyar kálvária—Magyar föltámadás: a két forradalom értelme, jelentősége és tanulságai*. (Hungarian calvary —Hungarian resurrection: the meaning, importance and lesson of the two revolutions). Budapest: Magyar Hírlap könyvek, 1989.
- Jászi Oszkár válogatott levelei* (Oscar Jászi's selected correspondence). Ed. by György Litván, and János F. Varga. Budapest, Magvető, 1991.
- Jászi Oszkár naplója 1919–1923* (Oscar Jászi's diary 1919–1923). Ed. by György Litván. Budapest: MTA Történettudományi Intézet, 2001.
- Jászi Oszkár publicisztikája* (Oscar Jászi's articles). Sel. and ed. by György Litván and János F. Varga. Budapest: Magvető, 1981.
- Károlyi Mihály levelezése, 1905–1920* (Mihály Károlyi's correspondence, 1905–1920). Ed. by György Litván. Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó, 1978.
- Károlyi Mihály levelezése, 1920–1925* (Mihály Károlyi's correspondence, 1920–1925). Ed. by Tibor Hajdu. Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó, 1990.
- Károlyi Mihály levelezése, 1925–1930*. (Mihály Károlyi's correspondence, 1925–1930). Ed. by Tibor Hajdu. Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó, 1991.

- Károlyi Mihály levelezése, 1945–1949. (Mihály Károlyi's correspondence, 1945–1949). Ed. by Tibor Hajdu. Budapest: Napvilág Kiadó, 2003.
- Litván, György, and László Szarka (eds.) *Duna völgyi barátságok és viták. Jászi Oszkár közép-európai dossziéja*. (Friendships and debates in the Danube basin. Oscar Jászi's central-European dossier) Budapest: Gondolat, 1991.
- Pók, Attila. *A magyarországi radikális demokrata ideológia kialakulása* (The development of Hungarian radical democratic ideology). Budapest: Akadémiai Kiadó, 1990.
- Repiszky, Tamás. *Ágas-bogas családfa. Adalékok Jászi Oszkár családtörténetéhez*. (Branching family tree. Notes to Oscar Jászi's family history). Manuscript.

For a complete bibliography of Oscar Jászi's writings see:
Jászi Oszkár bibliográfia. Budapest: MTA Történettudományi Intézet – Századvég, 1991.

Index

- Adenauer, Konrad, 518
Adler, Alfred, 237, 239, 301
Adler, Max, 187, 336
Ády, Endre, viii, 5, 19, 22, 46, 49, 51, 58, 67–68, 74–75, 77, 88–89, 93–94, 96–97, 104, 140, 169, 173, 184, 218, 234, 238, 243–44, 248, 280, 284, 308, 339, 343, 362, 380, 400, 418, 459, 466, 468, 477, 487, 490, 493, 523
Ágoston, Péter, 115, 172, 295, 321, 524
Albrecht, Archduke, 292
Alexander, King of Yugoslavia, 404
Alexy, Lajos, 314
Alth, Waldemár, 316, 399
Ambrózy, Lajos, 315–16
Andrássy, Gyula, 8, 53, 65, 93, 145, 148
Apáthy, István, 47, 55, 78, 123–24, 155, 524
Apponyi, Albert, 63, 68, 93, 132, 145, 192, 205, 261–67, 269, 273–74, 282, 490
Apponyi, György, 377
Arany, János, 426
Aristotle, 313
Armstrong, Hamilton Fish, 261, 272–74, 288, 308, 388, 416, 443, 497, 531, 534
Arrowsmith, Miss, 319
Artz, Frederic B., 321, 393, 442
Asztalos, György, 4
Atatürk, Kemal, 265
Auer, Pál, 473, 503
Averescu, Alexandru, 220, 251
Babes, Emil, 79
Babits, Mihály, 128–29, 169
Bajcsy-Zsilinszky, Endre, 459
Bakunin, Mihail Alexandrovits, 297
Balásy, Antal, 465
Balázs, Béla, 128, 181, 189
Baldwin, Roger, 308
Balló, Rudolf, 489
Balogh, Edgár, 361–63
Balthazar, Dezső, 30
Bánffy, Miklós, 155, 229
Bánóczy, Margit (Mrs. Bódog Somló), 70
Barbusse, Henri, 216
Barcsay, Andor, 155
Bárczy, István, 201
Bárdossy, László, 399, 435
Baróthy, Árpád, 277
Bartha, Albert, 161
Bartók, Béla, xviii, 430–31, 460
Bartóky, József, 52
Bátor, Viktor, 431
Batthyány, Ervin, 28
Batthyány, Tivadar, 143, 147–48
Bauer, Otto, 187, 317, 484

- Bebel, Ferdinand August, 30–31
 Beck, Colonel, 110–11
 Beethoven, Ludwig van, 393, 471
 Bem, József, 253
 Benedek, Károly, 195
 Beneš, Eduard, xviii, 152, 201, 204, 207, 209–10, 219, 221, 226, 232, 239–41, 245, 255, 258, 289, 298, 343, 385, 420, 423, 434, 447–50, 455, 464–65, 467, 482
 Beneš, Vojta, 447
 Bentham, Jeremy, 313
 Berinkey, Dénes, 7, 149, 165, 174, 214
 Berle, Adolph, 473
 Bernhard, Professor, 72
 Bernstein, Eduard, 36, 72, 119, 121, 217, 241
 Berthelot, Henri, General, 152
 Bethlen, István, 155, 205, 240, 252, 258, 263, 273, 293, 298, 309, 325, 328, 374, 411, 488
 Bibesco, Prince, 261
 Bibl, Victor, 317
 Bibó, István, 487
 Biedermann, Imre, 87
 Bíró, János (John), 192, 225, 267, 282, 350, 454, 465
 Bíró, Lajos (Louis), 136, 192, 225, 282, 385, 524
 Blake, William, 238
 Blank, Aristide, 248, 258
 Boétie, Étienne de la, 334, 363, 383, 405, 444
 Bognár, József, 487
 Böhm, Vilmos, 145, 196, 243–45, 467, 472, 477
 Bokányi, Dezső, 149, 155, 168
 Boldizsár, Iván, 519
 Bolgár, Elek, 185, 478
 Bölöni, György, 216–17, 228, 294, 299, 315, 320, 374, 460, 487
 Bölöni, György, Mrs. (Itóka), 3, 299, 315, 320
 Borbándi, Gyula, 522, 527, 529
 Borgese, G. Antonio, 430, 438, 446
 Boross, László, 78
 Borsody, István (Stephen), 469, 473, 479, 510, 512, 522, 527, 533
 Bouglé, Céléstin, 285
 Brătianu, Ion I. C., 248
 Braun, Éva, 462
 Braun, Róbert, 7, 104, 107, 113, 126, 132, 167, 198, 331–32, 337, 341, 345, 359, 372–74, 388, 400–01, 407, 413, 462, 524
 Briand, Aristide, 376
 Brüll, Adél (Léda), 49
 Bryce, James, 45
 Bunzel, Julius, 133
 Bush, Chamber president, 276
 Butler, Nicholas Murray, 386
 Buza, Barna, 147
 Caldwell, Robert, 259, 261–62, 268–70, 288, 294, 308
 Campbell, 324
 Camus, Albert, 501
 Cannon, Cavendish, 452
 Carey, Henry Charles, 198
 Carol II, King, 376, 420
 Castle, William R., 262, 273–74
 Cézanne, Paul, 282
 Chamberlain, Austen, 376
 Chamberlain, Neville Arthur, 420
 Chapin, Seldon, 491
 Chaplin, Charlie, 334
 Charles IV of Habsburg, King, 118, 142, 143, 144, 226, 231, 232
 Charmatz, Richard, 103, 187, 317, 344, 484
 Chlopotel, Ion, 407
 Churchill, Sir Winston, 428–29, 438–39, 464, 498
 Ciciu-Pop, Stefan, 138, 156
 Clemenceau, Georges Benjamin, 151, 153

- Clemenceau, Michel, 153
 Clerk, Sir George, 196–97, 205, 207–08, 237
 Cnobloch, Hans, 167
 Collins, F.H., 24
 Comte, Auguste, 80
 Condorcet, Antoine, 80
 Coolidge, Archibald, 272–74, 282
 Corteanu, A., 249
 Costa-Foru, Constantin, 248–49, 258
 Coudenhove-Kalergi, Count Richard Nikolaus, 339, 444
 Cripps, Sir Stafford, 440
 Császár, Elemér, 175
 Csécsy, Imre, 87, 156, 167, 353, 392, 409, 414, 417, 462, 467–68, 473–76, 479, 482, 486, 489, 491–93, 498–500, 502, 506, 508, 510, 515, 523, 531
 Csécsy, Magdolna, 492, 494, 499
 Cseresznyés, Sándor, 414
 Csernyák, Imre, 146, 149
 Csornoky, Viktor, 469
 Csurgay, Tibor, 399
 Czakó, Ambró, 320, 461, 465
 Czernin, Ferdinand, 447, 449

 Dániel, Arnold, 7, 106, 220, 373, 524
 Dante, Alighieri, 313
 Darányi, Ignác, 12–13, 51, 84
 Daruváry, Géza, 258
 Darwin, Charles Robert, 6
 Davies, Jim, 408
 Davila, Charles, 447, 449
 Deák, Ferenc, 12, 31, 153, 343
 Del Vecchio, 378
 Déry, Tibor, 228
 Dewey, John, 349–50, 415
 Diaz, General Armando, 149, 151
 Dienes, László, 251, 323
 Dienes, Pál, 524
 Dienes, Mrs. Pál (née Valéria Geiger), 537
 Diner-Dénes, József, 59, 119, 145, 147, 203, 414
 Dollfuss, Engelbert, 397
 Domokos, József, 488
 Domokos, László, 167
 Donáth, György, 485
 Duca, Ion, 248, 253, 258
 Duggan, Stephen, 266, 276, 288, 443
 Dühring, 198
 Dula, Martus, 138
 Dulles, John Foster, 513
 Durkheim, Émile, 37, 38, 64, 80–81
 Dvořák, Max, 237
 Dvořák, Victor, 168

 Eckhardt, Tibor, 431, 434–35, 438, 522
 Edwards, William G. M., 120
 Einstein, Albert, 446–47, 476
 Eisenhower, Dwight David, 513, 519
 Eisenmann, Louis, 75, 285
 Elemér, Oszkár (Jászi's pen name), 9, 14, 20
 Eliot, Charles William, 282
 Engelmann, Géza, 312–13
 Engels, Friedrich, 185, 359
 Eötvös, József, 9, 11–12, 21, 33, 60, 66, 131, 343, 491
 Erdélyi, Ioan, 156
 Erdélyi, Sándor, 372, 489
 Erdős, Renée, 61–62, 88
 Ernst, Ottó, 320
 Esterházy, Mór, 118–20, 139, 192
 Esterházy-Weiss, Jenő, 120

 Faragó Károly, 215
 Farkas, Geyza, 106, 172, 373, 524
 Fay, Stephen. B. (István), 277, 344–45
 Fejérváry, Géza, 42, 44, 48, 51
 Fejtő, Ferenc, 343
 Fenn, P. T., 408
 Fényes, László, 318–20, 428, 438, 448, 459
 Flieder, Robert, 219

- Foch, Ferdinand, 157
 Foerster, Wilhelm, 428
 Fogarasi, Béla, 125
 Földes, Dezső, 334, 393–95, 413, 507
 Fowler, Sabin, 508
 France, Anatole, 3, 36, 41, 241
 Franchet, d'Esperey, 149–53, 157, 153
 Frank, Sándor, 327
 Frankfurter, Felix, 282, 288
 Franz Ferdinand, Archduke, 59
 Franz Josef, 42, 44, 318
 Franzos, Lotte, 373
 Freud, Sigmund, 239, 451
 Fried, Alfred H., 119
 Friedjung, Heinrich, 103
 Friedrich, István, 196, 201
 Fülep, Lajos, 524
- Gábor, Andor, 128, 230–31
 Gafencu, Grigore, 248–50
 Garami, Ernő, 28, 44, 118, 139, 143–45, 147, 149, 163, 165, 180, 196–97, 201, 228, 231, 240, 268, 288, 316, 335, 413, 459
 Garay, Károly, Jr., 320, 377, 462, 483
 Garbai, Sándor, 145, 196, 336
 Gardavsky, Jaroslav, 483
 Gaulle, Charles de, 446
 Geiser, Karl, 276–77, 288–89, 296–97, 308, 310–13, 321, 338, 390–91, 393, 408
 Geisers, 308, 311
 Gellért, Hugó, 349
 Geőcze, Sarolta, 28
 Gergely, Tibor, 188–89, 209, 300, 359, 379, 420, 428
 Gerő, Ödön, 68
 Ghibu, Onisifor, 64, 65
 Giddings, Franklin Henry, 24
 Giesswein, Sándor, 214
 Gimes, Miklós, 476
 Giolitti, Giovanni, 226
 Goebbels, Joseph P., 393
- Goering, Hermann, 393
 Goethe, Johann Wolfgang, 114, 378, 393, 505
 Goga, Octavian, 70, 220–21, 248–49, 340, 376, 420
 Gogolák, Lajos, 477
 Goldis, Vasile, 138, 156–57, 159
 Goldscheid, Rudolf, 103, 106, 119, 186, 288, 319, 374
 Gömbös, Gyula, 391, 411, 435
 Gönczi, Jenő, 414
 Göndör, Ferenc, 107, 283, 328–29, 335, 353, 387, 435, 465, 481
 Goode, William, 284, 293
 Görgey, Arthur, 9, 10, 109
 Görgey, István, 10
 Gottlieb, Jakob, 2
 Gottlieb, Lujza, 2
 Gratz, Gusztáv, 14–16, 19, 21, 28, 42–43, 52, 222, 226
 Gregory, 284
 Grover, Frederick, 321
 Grover, Ruth, 516
 Groza, Petru, 248
 Grünberg, Karl, 186, 225, 227
 Gusti, Dimitrie, 248
 Gyöngyösy, János, 468
 Gyulai, Pál, 9, 13, 14
- Habsburg, Otto, 435
 Hadik, János, 142, 145–46
 Halasi, Béla, 363, 368, 428, 523
 Halász, József, 253
 Halász, Miklós, 428, 462, 465
 Hamilton, Alexander, 312
 Hanák, Péter, xiv, 341, 517
 Hansen, Muriel, 412, 425, 435
 Haraszi, Sándor, 358
 Harrer, Ferenc, 7, 176, 318
 Hartmann, Karl von, 80
 Hatvany, Lajos, 14, 67, 89, 118, 145, 147, 149–51, 152, 174, 228–29, 234, 247, 378, 418–19, 491

- Hegedűs, Lóránt, 15, 24, 52, 390, 406–07
- Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich, 378
- Heimann, Eduard, 451
- Heine, Heinrich, 85
- Heine, Wolfgang, 72
- Heinemann, Helen (George Jászi's wife), 451
- Heller, Hugo, 237, 310
- Heng Su Jao, 323
- Herczeg, Ferenc, 116, 388
- Herriot, Edouard, 285
- Hirsch, Yvette, 2
- Hitler, Adolf, xiii, 28, 368, 385–87, 390, 392–93, 398, 408–10, 420, 425, 427–28, 432–33, 435, 439, 445–46, 490
- Hlinka, Andrej, 168
- Hobbes, Thomas, 313
- Hock, János, 145, 204–06, 215–16, 225–26, 240–41, 261–62, 267–68, 271, 276, 278–80, 413, 459
- Hodža, Milan, 138, 161, 232, 245, 420, 448
- Hoffmann, Michael L., 337–38, 524
- Hohler, Thomas, 282
- Holló, Gyula, 516
- Hollós, József, 345
- Holmes, professor, 412
- Hoover, Herbert, 381, 384
- Hort, Dezső, 359
- Horthy, Miklós, ix, xiii, 197, 207, 209, 214, 217, 220–21, 221, 225–26, 229, 231, 234–35, 239–40, 242–43, 246–47, 253, 257, 261, 265, 272, 278, 282–84, 298, 325, 349, 357, 386, 398, 405, 410, 425, 433–34, 439, 442, 445, 450, 457, 468, 484, 491, 493, 516, 534
- Horváth, Béla, 417, 419, 523
- Horváth, Mihály, 382
- Hurban, V.S., 465
- Hus, Jan, 346
- Huszár, Károly, 206
- Ignotus, 41, 67, 87, 104, 106, 299, 332, 363, 388, 428, 507
- Ilesic, Fran, 132
- Illyés, Gyula, 419, 492–94
- Ionescu, Take, 221
- Iorga, Nicolae, 221–22, 376
- Isac, Emil, 132, 234
- Istrati, Panait, 360
- Iván, András, 183
- Jaksic, Zarko, 114
- Jakubovits, Manó, 2
- Jánosi, Zoltán, 214, 215
- Jánossy, Lajos, 379
- Jasa, Tomic, 138
- Jászi (Jakubovits), Ferenc, 2, 3
- Jászi, Alice (Mrs. Madzsar), 3, 191, 238, 319, 376, 391, 394, 412–14, 462, 523, 531
- Jászi, Andrew (András), 90, 279, 376–77, 418, 426, 429, 451, 470, 473, 482, 495, 502, 505, 513, 523, 533
- Jászi, Ferenc, Jr., 90
- Jászi, Mrs. Ferenc (Jászi's mother), 1, 2, 71, 89–90, 187, 190–91, 219, 222, 245, 257, 268, 270, 279, 281, 290, 297, 301–02, 308, 318–19, 322, 337, 364, 366, 371–73, 379, 486
- Jászi, George (György), 90, 359, 364, 377–81, 384–85, 399, 417, 426, 431, 451, 453, 457, 470, 473–74, 482, 514, 523, 533
- Jászi, Jean, (Andrew Jászi's wife), 470
- Jászi, Paul, 505
- Jászi, Peter, 473, 533
- Jászi, Recha, xviii, xix, 1, 87, 186, 227, 236–39, 244, 255, 258, 260, 266, 280, 285, 289, 292, 299–303, 307–08, 310–11, 315, 317, 319–22, 324, 326, 331–33, 336, 338–39, 364, 369, 372–74, 377–79, 381, 384, 394, 397, 400, 408, 421, 426, 428, 432, 435–37, 452–54, 464, 470–73, 483, 484,

- 495, 498, 502, 507, 513–16, 521–23, 528, 530–34
- Jászi, Viktor, 2, 3, 5, 7, 30, 291, 483, 486, 531
- Jaurès, Jean, 31, 60, 96
- Jay, John, 313
- Jekel, Peter, 169
- Jeszenszky, Imre, 192
- Jevtic, Bogoljub, 399
- Johnson, Alvin, 326, 336, 363, 382, 428, 443, 451
- Joseph, Archduke, 144, 146–47, 207
- Joseph, II., 172
- Jósika-Herczeg, Imre, 264
- József, Attila, 368
- Juhász Nagy, Sándor, 214–16
- Justh, Gyula, 11, 68, 70, 72–73
- Kádár, Imre, 234, 251
- Kádár, János, xiv, 200, 359
- Kafka, Margit, 1
- Kant, Immanuel, 128, 393, 417
- Károlyi, Adam, 425
- Károlyi, József, 173
- Károlyi, Mihály, ix, xiii, xiv, xvii, 11, 83, 84, 87, 91, 93, 107–10, 118–21, 123, 124, 130, 136, 137, 138, 140, 142–6, 149–54, 157, 161, 162, 163, 165, 170, 171, 172, 173, 175–7, 180, 181, 185, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 199, 201–5, 208, 210–12, 213, 215, 216, 218, 219, 220, 221, 225, 226, 228, 231, 239, 240, 241, 243–47, 254, 258, 260, 261, 262, 263, 266, 267, 268–71, 277, 280, 281, 283, 284, 285, 290, 293, 294–96, 298, 299, 305, 307, 309, 312, 313–14, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 333, 337, 344, 346–54, 358, 365, 366, 367, 368, 377, 379, 381, 391, 404, 407, 416, 425, 432, 433, 434, 439, 440, 445, 448, 449, 450, 451, 453, 459, 460, 461, 467, 468, 472, 477, 478, 479, 480, 485, 492, 493, 495, 502, 503, 504, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529
- Károlyi, Mrs. Mihály, 193, 283, 294, 320, 493, 525, 527, 528, 529
- Károlyis, the, 201, 208, 225, 226, 244, 257, 281, 283, 285, 294, 315, 335, 425, 492, 502, 503
- Kassák, Lajos, 243
- Katz, Otto, 368
- Kaufmann, professor, 427
- Kautsky, Karl Johann, 24, 31, 36
- Kecskeméti, Paul, 409
- Kellogg, Frank Billings, 338, 364
- Kelsen, Hans, 319
- Kemény, Gábor, 387, 388
- Kende, Rózsa, 87
- Kende, Zsigmond, 486, 492
- Kendeffy, Katinka, (Mrs. Imre Biedermann) 86
- Kendeffy, Margit, 86
- Kennan, George F., 506
- Kérékjártó, Béla, 268
- Keresztúry, Dezső, 468, 469, 491
- Kéri, Pál, 521, 527
- Kernstok, Károly, 107, 169, 299, 318
- Keszthelyi, Zoltán, 487
- Kéthly, Anna, 459
- Khuen Héderváry, Károly, 70
- King, Hazel, 311, 321
- King, Joseph Rev., 533
- Kinszki, Imre, 127, 297
- Kipling, Joseph Rudyard, 8
- Király, János, 173
- Klatschko, Samuel, 8,
- Klatschko-Furtmüller, Aline, 224
- Koestler, Arthur, 368, 501
- Kolnai, Aurél, 126–28, 182, 184, 187, 319, 428
- Kóris, Kálmán, 106
- Kosáry, Domokos, 441, 442
- Kossuth, Lajos, 6, 10, 131, 150, 225, 242, 243, 253, 278, 318, 329, 334,

- 335, 339, 343, 361, 382, 388, 389,
390, 466, 480, 500, 533
- Kosta, Hadži, 138
- Kovács, Alajos, 155
- Kovács, Béla, 474
- Kovács, Gábor, 172
- Kovács, Imre, 506, 523
- Kovács, István J., 215
- Kozák, Jan Blahoslav, 427, 447, 483
- Kristóffy, József, 43, 44
- Krofta, Kamil, 240
- Kun, Béla, 183, 191, 193, 195, 210, 211,
224, 305, 504
- Kunffy, Lajos, 87, 180, 491
- Kunffy, Mrs. Lajos (Ella Tiller), 153,
154, 204, 213, 301, 308
- Kunffys, the, 87, 296, 491, 530
- Kunfi, Zsigmond, 46, 63, 104, 142, 143,
144, 145, 146, 147, 161, 165, 169,
172, 173, 174, 176, 180, 192, 196,
201, 203, 210, 211, 215, 243, 247,
382, 429, 459, 524
- Kusanovic, Sava, 447, 449
- La Guardia, Fiorello, 420, 423
- La Piana, professor, 447
- Lagardelle, Hubert, 39, 40
- Landler, Jenő, 83, 145
- Lange, Oscar, 449
- Langer, professor, 444
- Lányi, George A., 530, 531, 532
- Laski, Harold J., 284, 344, 417, 440, 465,
482
- Lázár, Aurél, 138
- Le Dantec, Felix, 36, 38
- Lederer, Emil, xii, 187, 408, 482
- Leichter, Otto, 484
- Lengyel, Emil, 267, 345
- Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich, xiii, 123, 198,
199, 208, 210, 211, 277, 352, 383,
408, 409, 416, 425, 458
- Leopold, Gusztáv, 24
- Leopold, Lajos, 49
- Lesznai, Anna, (Máli, Amália Mosko-
witz) xvii, 61, 62, 87, 88, 89, 97, 106,
181, 187, 189, 190, 200, 204, 209,
212, 213, 225, 227, 236, 238, 244,
247, 257, 287, 288, 289, 290, 292,
300, 301, 302, 308, 315, 317, 318,
319, 320, 331, 332, 339, 359, 372,
376, 377, 384, 394, 408, 414, 418,
420, 421, 424, 428, 436, 437, 452,
458, 462, 464, 470, 473, 479, 480,
481, 482, 483, 486, 495, 502, 504,
505, 506, 507, 513, 514, 515, 516,
517, 519, 521, 523, 524, 525, 528,
529, 532, 533
- Lewis, John D., 75, 408, 441, 511, 520,
524, 533
- Liebermann, Ábrahám, 2,
- Liebermann, Leó, 2, 5, 10, 12, 35,
- Liebermann, Róza. *See* Mrs. Ferenc Jászi
- Liebknecht, Wilhelm, 185
- Lincoln, Abraham, 310
- Linder, Béla, 147, 148, 222, 231, 240,
241, 245, 247, 298, 299
- Lindsay, professor, 261
- Lippmann, Walter, 282, 349, 416, 417,
430
- Locke, John, 313
- Lónyay, Károly, 434
- Lorsy, Emő, 524
- Lovászy, Márton, 145, 147, 163, 165,
171, 172, 201, 203, 228, 231, 245,
247, 268
- Ludwig, Emil, 386
- Lukachich, Géza, general, 146
- Lukács, Georg (György), 26, 53, 64, 67,
125, 126, 128, 164, 175, 179, 181,
182, 189, 379, 385, 468
- Lupas, Ioan, 65, 115
- Lupu, Nicolae, 248
- Macartney, C. A., 482
- MacDonald, Ramsay, 352, 387
- Maçek, Josef, 483

- Machiavelli, Nicolo, 313, 363
 Machotka, Otakar, 483
 Madermacher, Ludwig, 301, 302
 Madison, James, 312
 Madzsar, József, 3, 187, 191, 214, 219, 224, 238, 244, 245, 281, 302, 320, 321, 324, 337, 359, 372, 391, 412, 414, 415, 524
 Madzsar, Lili, 191, 421, 483
 Madzsar, Mrs. József. *See* Jászi, Alice
 Madzsars, the, 187, 190, 391, 412,
 Magyar, Lajos, 143
 Makovicky, Peter, 79
 Maléter, István, 143, 168, 212, 224, 298, 394
 Maléter, Pál, 476
 Malinowski, Bronislaw, 24
 Mályusz, Elemér, 196
 Man, Hendrik de, 333
 Maniu, Iuliu, xviii, 156, 158, 159, 160, 221, 248, 249, 251, 339, 340, 374–76, 400, 411, 429, 446, 455
 Mann, Thomas, 412, 430, 437, 438, 446, 505
 Mannheim, Karl (Károly), 385, 386, 409, 430
 Manoilescu, Mihail, 236, 249
 Márai, Sándor, 516
 Marx, Karl, 7, 24, 39, 40, 59, 60, 85, 185, 198, 199, 347, 359
 Masaryk, Jan, 435, 448, 473
 Masaryk, Tómaš Garrigue, xviii, 201, 204, 213, 214, 219, 227, 246, 272, 274, 289, 298, 328, 343, 385, 450, 453, 511, 512
 Matisse, Henri, 282
 Matuska, Péter, 317
 Mayreder, Rosa, 186, 193
 Mazzini, Giuseppe, 334
 McCarthy, Joseph, 519, 522
 Meller, Simon, 175
 Menczer, Béla, 377
 Méray-Horváth, Károly, 344, 524
 Merriam, Charles, 289, 308, 324, 326, 331, 336, 339, 426
 Meštrovic, Ivan, 400
 Metternich, Klemens L. W., 318, 360
 Michels, Robert, 319, 326
 Mihalache, Ion, 248
 Mille, Constantin, 248
 Miller, professor, 276, 289, 307
 Milotay, István, 91
 Milutinovics, Miklós, 94
 Mindszenty, József, 468, 491, 503
 Mocsáry, Lajos, 78, 109, 343
 Moholy Nagy, László, 438
 Möller, doctor, 299
 Molnár, Ferenc, 101
 Molter, Károly, 253
 Montesquieu, Charles-Louis, 313
 Montlong, Oscar, 120
 Moór, Gyula, 378, 487
 More, Thomas, 313
 Móricz, Zsigmond, 169
 Moskowitz, Amália. *See* Lesznai, Anna
 Moskowitz, Geyza, 8, 89
 Moskowitz, Mrs. Geyza, (Mama Hermin), 89, 287
 Mosoiu, Traian, 248
 Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, 471
 Mudron, János, 94
 Mussolini, Benito, 265, 319, 364, 386, 398, 412, 428, 439
 Musulin, Alexander, 120
 Nagy, Emil, 328
 Nagy, Ferenc, 147, 479, 499
 Nagy, Imre, 358, 476, 520
 Nagy, Vince, 214, 215, 485, 523
 Nagyatádi Szabó, István, 214, 337
 Naudet, Abbé, 36
 Naumann, Friedrich, 72, 99, 103
 Nietzsche, Friedrich Wilhelm, 24
 Ninçîç, Momçilo, 247

- Odescalchi, Artúr, 168
 Oppenheimer, Franz, 72, 198, 319, 428
 Ostrogorsky, M., 45
 Osvát, Ernő, 254
 Osvát, Kálmán, 253, 254

 P. Ábrahám, Dezső, 155
 Paál, Árpád, 251, 252
 Palasovszky, Ödön, 412
 Paleček, Anton, 483
 Palmer, consul, 258
 Pareto, Vilfredo, 24
 Pašić, Nikola, 231
 Pázmány, Péter, 6
 Peidl, Gyula, 204, 205
 Pekár, Károly, 24
 Pelényi, János, 262, 307, 325, 326, 327, 469
 Pethő, Sándor, 388
 Petőfi, Sándor, 361, 500
 Petrovics, Elek, 7, 447
 Peyer, Károly, 415, 488
 Pfeiffer, Zoltán, 487, 491
 Picasso, Pablo, 282
 Pikler, Gyula, 6, 14, 22, 27, 28, 29, 37, 38, 52, 53, 80, 172, 173, 409, 517, 524
 Plato, 297, 313
 Plotinus, 106
 Poincaré, Raymond, 285
 Polányi siblings, 238, 377, 507,
 Polányi, Karl, 8, 26, 94, 126, 164, 187, 192, 199, 230, 377, 421, 450, 453, 461, 471, 507, 508, 524
 Polányi, Laura, 421, 461, 507
 Polányi, Michael (Mihály), xii, 8, 9, 428, 430, 482, 507, 508, 524, 532, 534
 Pollack, Oscar, 484
 Pollacsek, Cecile, 8
 Pollacsek, Károly, 238, 302
 Pollacsek, Mihály, 8
 Pollacsek, Mrs. Károly (Irma), 302
 Pop, Franz, 484
 Prochazka, Adolf, 483
 Prohászka, Ottokár, 28, 40
 Proudhon, Pierre-Joseph, 297, 454
 Pulszky, Ágost, 6, 12
 Pulszky, Ferenc, 6
 Putney, professor, 267

 Rácz, Gyula, 155, 524
 Rádl, Emanuel, 345, 346, 363, 385
 Raffay, Sándor, 168
 Rajk, László, 368, 506
 Rákos, Sándor, 101
 Rákosi, Jenő, 51, 138
 Rákosi, Mátyás, 405, 485, 487, 488, 492, 499, 504, 526, 531
 Ranney, John C., 381, 510
 Rappaport, Charles, 319
 Ratzenhofer, Gustav, 24
 Ravasz, Károly, 520
 Rédei, József, 243
 Redlich, Joseph, 187, 316, 317, 336, 344
 Reinhardt, Max, 186, 237
 Reinitz, Béla, 243
 Renner, Karl, 103, 131, 187, 201, 219, 237, 317, 344, 363, 374, 484
 Reston, James, 472
 Révai, József, 476
 Réz, Mihály, 137
 Ries, István, 491
 Ripka, Hubert, 483, 512, 524
 Rippl-Rónai, József, 87
 Roberts, Owen, 510
 Rolland, Romain, 36, 121, 123, 416, 425
 Rónai, Mihály András, 534
 Rónai, Mrs. Zoltán (Flóra), 428, 429
 Rónai, Zoltán, 104, 171, 172, 203, 255, 374, 428, 429, 524
 Rony, Hugó (dr. Rohonyi), 438
 Roosevelt, Nicholas, 372
 Roosevelt, Eleanor, 267, 308,
 Roosevelt, Franklin Delano, 267, 381, 383, 384, 398, 428, 429, 438, 439, 458, 464

- Rosenthal, Alice (Jászi's daughter), 462, 523
- Rosenthal, Margit (Mrs. Gyula) 87, 462, 525
- Rothermere, Lord, 328, 365
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, 313, 363
- Rubakin, Nikolai, 123
- Rubido-Zichy, Iván, 252, 253
- Rundt, Arthur, 237, 319
- Rundt, Recha. *See* Jászi, Recha.
- Rundt, Stefan, 237, 484, 523, 533
- Russell, Bertrand, 297, 529
- Sacco, Nicola, 324
- Saffa, Anna, 291
- Salvemini, Gaetano, xii, 387, 430, 438, 446, 447, 451, 495
- Sartre, Jean-Paul, 501
- Schärf, Adolf, 484
- Scheler, Max, 378, 412
- Schmitt, Eugen (Jenő Henrik), 22
- Schoenfeld, Arthur, 497
- Schöpflin, Aladár, 128
- Schücking, Walter, 119, 363
- Schultz, Ignác, 438, 448, 449
- Schwarzwald, Eugenie, 186, 237, 374
- Seidler, Ernő, 183, 184
- Seignobos, Charles, 344
- Seitz, Karl, 301
- Serbescu, 248
- Seton-Watson, Robert Williams, viii, 65–67, 75, 92, 207, 208, 217, 247, 248, 254, 257, 284, 285, 293, 318, 344, 347, 403, 406, 453, 482, 498
- Sforza, Carlo, 326, 336, 344, 430, 451, 459
- Shaw, Carroll K., 443
- Shaw, Norman, 322, 324
- Shotwell, James Thomson, 326
- Simai, Béla, 374, 483
- Simai, Lidi, 483
- Simonyi, Henri, 215, 226, 316
- Smith, Adam, 127, 198
- Somló, Bódog, 7, 14, 15, 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 53, 55, 61, 63, 64, 70, 71, 155, 167, 172, 173, 219, 487, 524
- Somogyi, Béla, 336
- Somogyi, Mihály, 278, 280, 334, 513
- Sorel, Georges, 359
- Sosnosky, Thomas, 317
- Spann, Othmar, 307
- Spencer, Herbert, 6, 16, 24, 37
- Spengler, Oswald, 255, 350
- Spinoza, Baruch, 85, 313
- St. Thomas of Aquinas, 313
- Stalin, Joseph, 277, 415, 416, 417, 425, 458, 466, 520
- Steed, Wickham, 284, 465, 482
- Štefanek, Anton, 132, 138
- Stetson, Raymond, 321
- Stevenson, Adlai Ewing, 519
- Streit, Clarence, 426, 510
- Strindberg, Johan August, 412
- Šubašić, Ivan, 455
- Sulyok, Dezső, 485
- Supka, Géza, 413, 414, 486, 491
- Sviridov, general, 478
- Szabó, Dezső, 100, 101, 524
- Szabó, Ervin, xvii, 3, 7, 8, 25, 26, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 39, 40, 41, 52, 58, 61, 62, 64, 80, 101, 104, 120, 125, 126, 128, 129, 135, 136, 141, 183, 184, 185, 224, 225, 238, 319, 337, 382, 478, 524,
- Szabó, József, 487, 506,
- Szabó, Zoltán, 468, 493, 507, 525
- Szabolcsi, Lajos, 116
- Szakasits, Árpád, 491
- Szász, Zoltán, 242
- Szebenyei, József, 271
- Széchenyi, István, 9, 21, 60, 69, 109, 241, 382
- Széchényi, László, 258, 262, 273, 274, 275, 316

- Szegedy-Maszák, Aladár, 469, 473, 474, 479, 482, 503, 504, 510
 Szegedy-Ormai, Mór, 101
 Szekeres, János, 156
 Széll, György, 471
 Szemere, Miklós, 20
 Szende, Pál, 46, 77, 94, 96, 104, 147, 187, 191, 193, 201, 203, 204, 209, 222, 232, 235, 238, 240, 241, 243, 245, 247, 282, 285, 299, 316, 345, 348, 362, 374, 404, 524
 Szigeti, József, 428
 Szilágyi, Dezső, 12
 Szurmay, Sándor, 102, 110

 Takaró, Géza, 465
 Táncsics, Mihály, 361
 Tarczai, Lajos, 387
 Taylor, A.J.P., 346
 Teleki, László, 388
 Teleki, Pál, 221, 423, 432, 442
 Terebessy, János, 438
 Thomas, Norman, 384
 Thomson, S. Harrison, 11
 Tihany, Leslie C., 474
 Tildy, Mrs. Zoltán, 491
 Tildy, Zoltán, 465, 469, 485, 491,
 Tiller, Ella. *See* Kunffy, Mrs. Lajos
 Tillich, Paul, 446
 Tiso, Jozef, 465
 Tisza, István, 21, 22, 42, 70, 71, 83, 85, 90, 91, 110, 118, 133, 137, 138, 139, 147, 382
 Titulescu, Nicolae, 376, 400
 Tocqueville, Alexis de, 45
 Tolstoy, Leo, 23, 208, 271, 276, 516
 Tormay, Cécile, 196
 Tönnies, Ferdinand, 72, 319
 Török, János, 225, 298
 Tóth, Lajos, 465
 Trefort, Ágoston, 12
 Trotsky, Leon, 123, 225, 381, 415, 416
 Truman, Harry Spencer, 513
 Tufts, the, 311
 Turati, Filippo, 226
 Turner, Elisabeth, 322
 Türr, István, 225
 Türr, Stefánia, 225

 Ujházy, László, 278

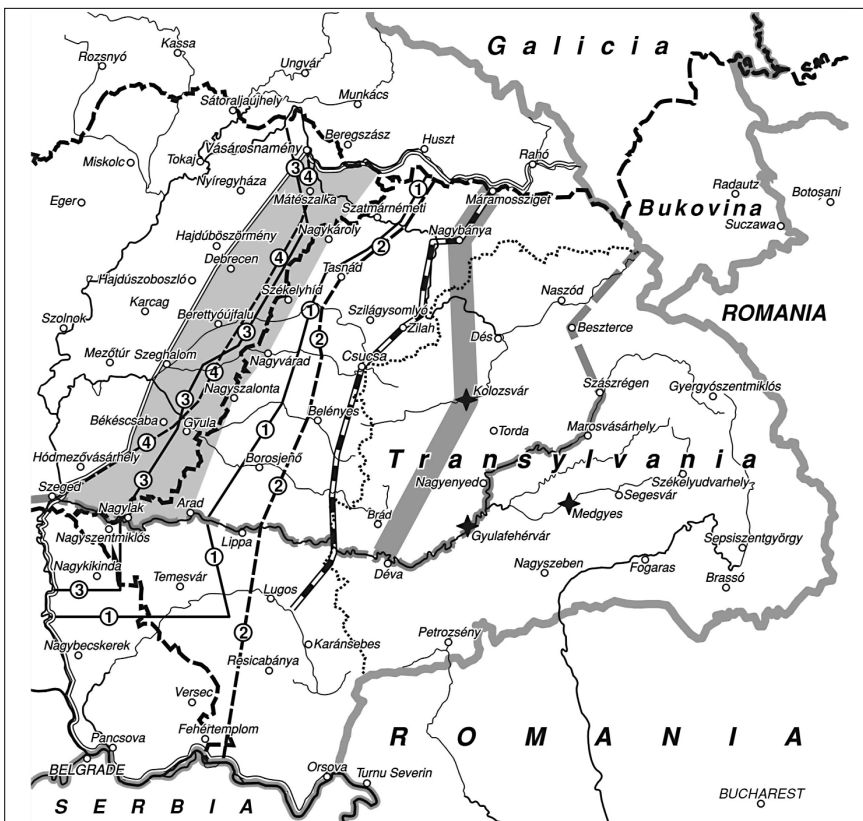
 Vaida-Voevod, Alexandru, 138, 254
 Vaitoianu, Arthur, 248
 Vámbéry, Ermine, 19, 29–30,
 Vámbéry, Ruzstem, 7, 24, 172, 214, 318, 321, 337, 345, 347, 357, 414, 420, 421, 431, 432, 435, 438, 439, 441, 448, 449, 460, 464, 467, 468, 479, 480, 524
 Vámos, Henrik, 196
 Vámos, Imre, 519, 523, 525
 Vanderbilt, Gladys, 258
 Vanzetti, Bartolomeo, 324
 Varga, Eugen (Jenő), 104, 164, 171, 172
 Varró, István, 357
 Vaverka, doctor, 410
 Vázsonyi, Vilmos, 93, 96, 118, 119, 140, 142, 300
 Vedres, Márk, 107
 Véghelyi, Mrs. Viktor, 87
 Vészi, József, 28, 50, 229
 Vészi, Margit, 192
 Vezér, Erzsébet, xvii
 Villard, Oswald G., 349, 350
 Vincze, Sándor, 155
 Vix, Fernand, 180, 181
 Vörös, Sándor, 349

 Washington, George, xi, 321, 323
 Webb, Beatrice, 24
 Weber, Max, 24, 381
 Weber, Victor, 149
 Weissberg, Alex, 368
 Weisz, Endre, 101
 Wekerle, Sándor, 51, 119, 138, 139
 Welles, Sumner, 435

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| Weltner, Jakob, 203 | Wölfflin, Heinrich, 237 |
| Wildner, Ödön, 7, 24, 524 | |
| Wilkie, Wendell, 509 | Zalai, Béla, 175 |
| Wilkins, Ernest H., 347, 427, 437 | Zenkl, Petr, 483 |
| Wilson, Woodrow, 122, 139, 140, 156, 158, 177, 272, 282 | Zigány, Zoltán, 524 |
| Wolfner, Pál, 42, 52, 53 | Zinoviev, G.J., 292 |
| Wollmann, Charlotte (Tante Lotte, Recha's mother), 426, 437, 471, 502 | Zola, Emile, 23 |
| Wollmann, Recha. <i>See</i> Jászi, Recha. | Zsilinszky, Antal, 434, 450 |
| | Zweig, Stefan, 123 |
| | Zsolt, Béla, 248, 486, 491 |



1. Hungary at the end of the 19th century



The End of the Hungarian Rule in Eastern Hungary and Transylvania 1918–1920

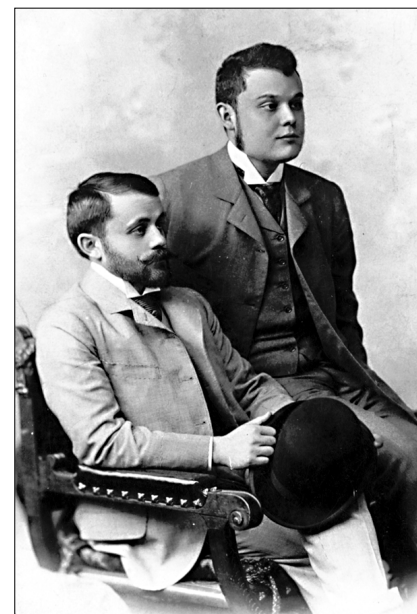
- Boundary of Historical Transylvania
- Boundaries in 1918
- Boundaries in 1920
- ==== The New Hungarian-Romanian Boundary According to the Secret Treaty of Bucharest signed by Entente-Powers and Romania in 1916
- Line of Demarcation of Belgrade from 13 November 1918
- ◆◆◆ National Assembly of Romanians (in Gyulafehérvár) and Saxons (in Medgyes) and Mass Meeting of Hungarians (in Kolozsvár)
- Temporary Neutral Zone by Barthelot-Apáthy from 31 December 1918
- Front-line from 20 Januar to 16 April 1919
- ~ Neutral Zone of Vix-Memorandum

Entente-Plans for Western Boundary of Great-Romania 1916–1920:

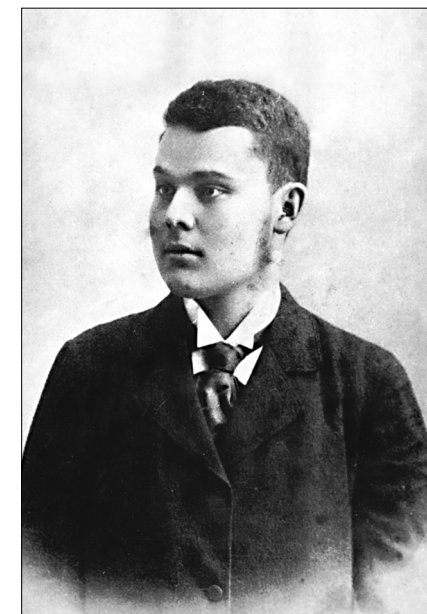
- ① Expert Proposal of the U.S.A.
- ② Expert Proposal of Italy
- ③ Expert Proposal of France
- ④ Expert Proposal of Great Britain



3. Nagyvárad, high school



4. Jászi with his brother, Viktor, 1899



5. Oscar Jászi as a university student



6. The salon of Cecil Pollacsek, 1903. (Among others, Mihály Pollacsek with his wife and children, Oscar Jászi, Anna Lesznai, Ervin Szabó, Ruzssem Vámbéry)



7. Bódog Somló



8. István Apáthy



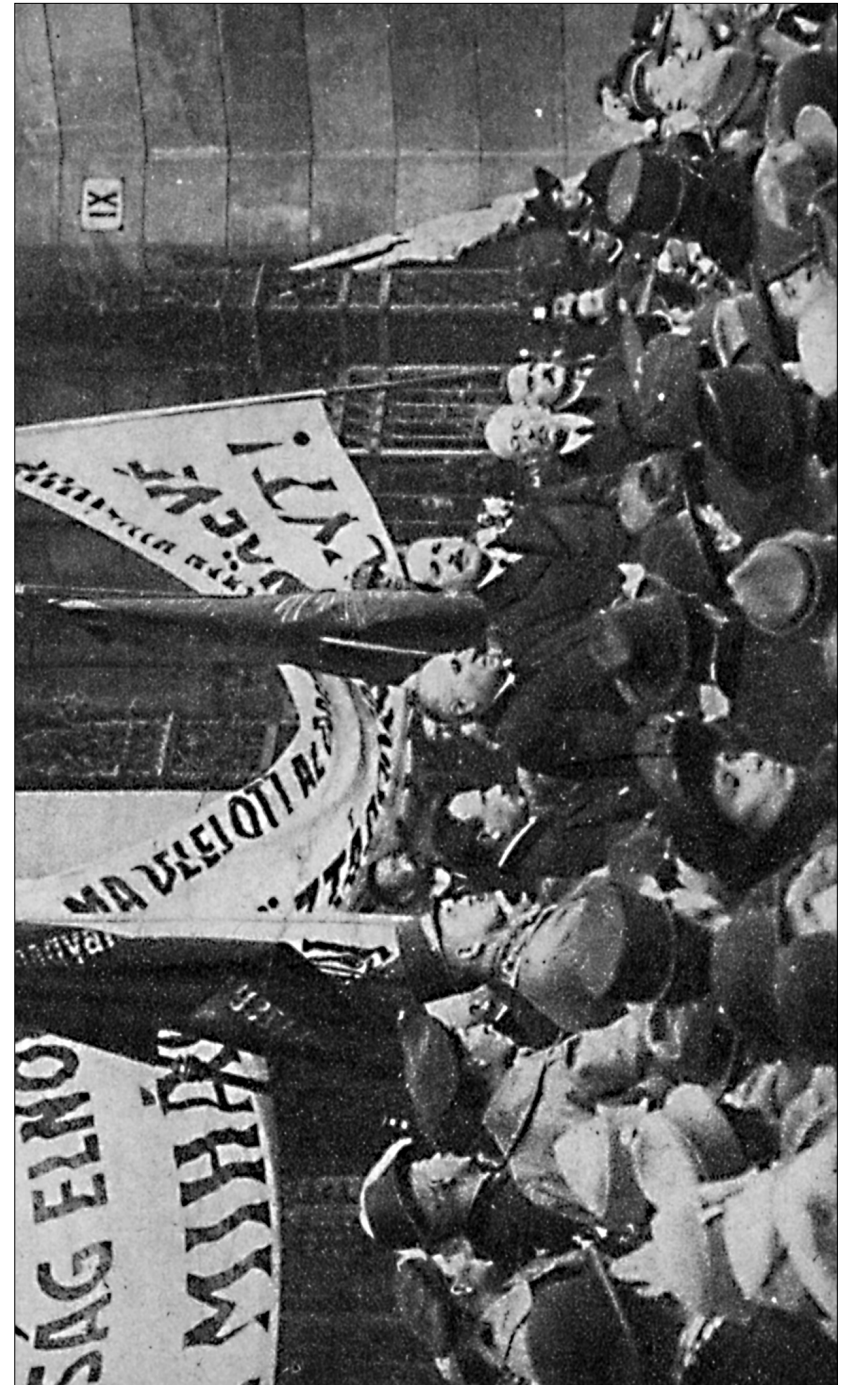
9. At an excursion in Buda, with Ervin Szabó and the Dienes couple



10. Protest for universal suffrage



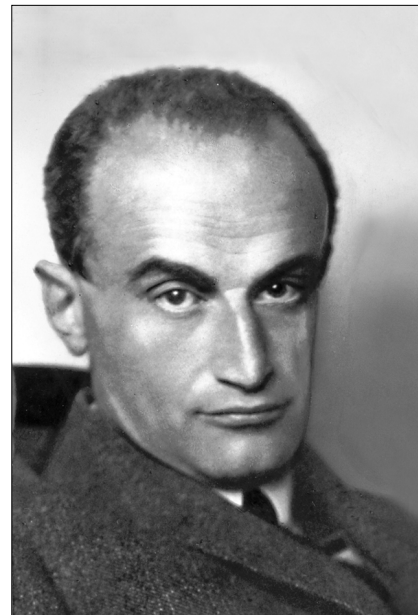
11. At Körtvélyes (Hrušov) before World War I. (Oscar Jászi, Alice Jászi, Anna Lesznai, Ervin Szabó)



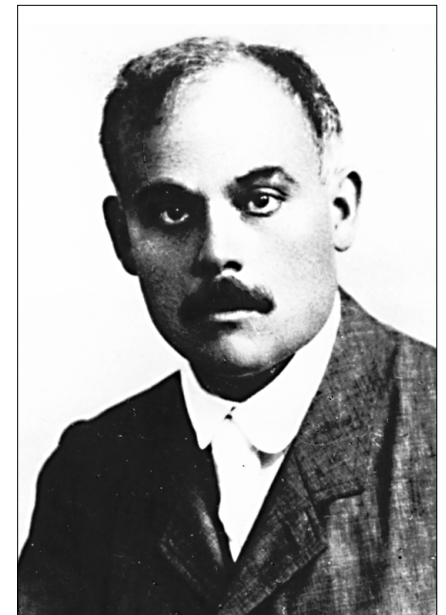
12. In revolution (Ernő Garami, János Hock, Mihály Károlyi, József Diner-Dénes, and Oscar Jászi)



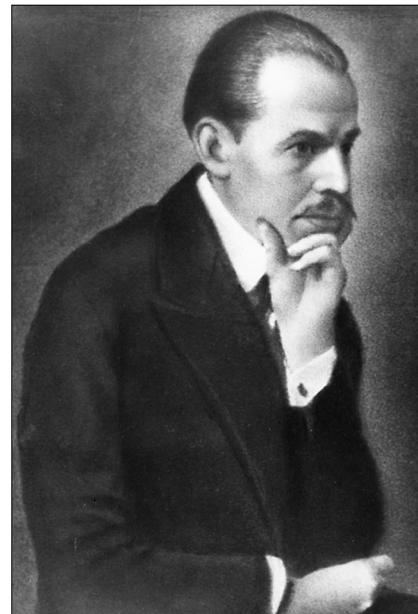
13. Zsigmond Kunfi



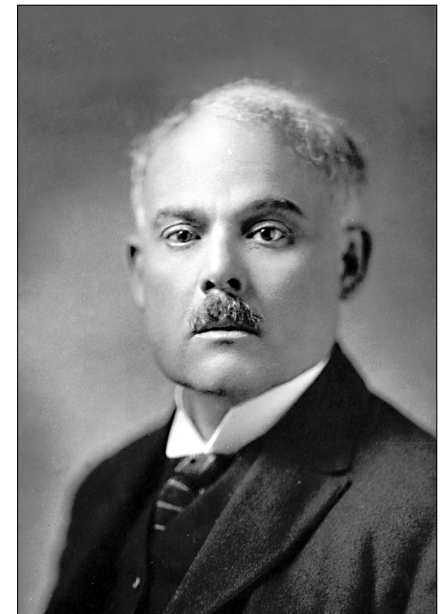
14. Lajos Hatvany



15. Jászi during the first years of emigration



16. József Madzsar



17. A portrait from the 1920s

65.

Este Káspárkút. Mémorizajaim faragottak. A kő-
csővöt megemelték ottan némi díszítések ve-
rezték. — Most nagyot gútéval tárolnak
skorot. Aggadtak: nem sikerült - e a feladat.
nem kéjt csinálni.

Mr. Paul, Ethel, Marjorie.

D.C. 1.2 April D.C. shotelte maraſlam. Kiſi ſemikireſin
ſareſimſim, miſd aſul kiſiſt keſakſim kima ſe-
kuni aſuſiſt ſanſiſt i ſiſiſt.

D. u. sile J. Piaggio i västerl. Republika. Fini korr. Hades-
nål, a ki felolwala eiraes metefiirkei dolgrahit. Omm
Kööräjes emog. Eisthetellan kyeu kija ki tere i tere
business-man ei suob wäl? - Igien effekt ei tani näl-
dub uen kööräjes filosofi ei miiveltrepe telt ned.

Pima yon St. Biaggini a. Holofytra g'yrakiten a
waritro bijen. ing aon ten helje raportiten me
20th.

Pilgortel, Zitel, Merini, Shakopere.

darit' Medmenes (Kifina bevela Pokov Lydi-ta). Kivovle
Kupfi, Veinibey (Medmenes vel yit), Kaleri, Pokovshik.
Kip do vovle kolap yiv. Ryzee Veubiba mounit,
ky dlistroni univrit alapribba megrenidifera, nefekti

46

у вітаті баваріама іні.

Dec. 2. Lapu. Kida' auni' ije R. Vecchiaba. Medonit
munit most spedit k'ip ucenbae ritten ing sa kela'
mip ngoll vall. k'ip a Medon, munit a potrich, munit
a dimbilikas angba ngapan' aklitiok -

Gyógykezelés a gyógyítás és a tanítás és elterjesztés
költségei. Sajnos, a jórészt juttatott kora és az
a főmunkát a fővárosi kórház, az előzőekben azelőtt
munka, mint a jórészt kórházban és a kórházban
létük, hogy a kórházban a kórházban.

Mimi & Kidou leave. Reiko says so.

H. P. A. , Mexico.

Dec. 3. Lapd. A nagy kiterjedtetű daczai hóviharjének. Csak
Lőrinc szorogna. Ebéd. Kézfertőt. a Pannia Vírtörőben.
Meynertem nap új rekvisitál utólagos Placcban.
Tízlelő fegyverek. Meynertem neki Ady című könyv
ról. Oh nagy csomaj volt ez az életben. Hoz
csakam, leg. Kiskaj is imágo. - So' kiskaj perit. Most
Vízre rendkívül bátor fellépés.

D-u. ci este hotelul! Băile, mării, Lăcrăș
Lauri rege, maeștrii regei regei regei regei regei
Ki. Lăcrăș regei regei. Lăcrăș regei regei regei regei
om maeștrii regei.

Körlevél

Hány év múlva jutunk haza?

En mikor megfontolom ember
lesek - de fiatalon!
Károly
5 év múlva Barany

három - nagy és
nagy belátással Monty

Soha. Egyenként 10 év múlva.
máskor,

egy év múlva. Magyar.

3 év múlva Barany

Gyomlási - Hájai diktatura bukása
után, - néhány hónap Hájai

Teljes komolyan látom a jövőt. Egy év
lehet, nekem tartom, hogy jövő ősz, mint
hogy 10 év múlva megint haza.
(válasz)

19. a) Answers to Jászi's poll, 'In how many years will we get home?'

Hogy mikor mehetünk? Haza
az nem annyira fontos, de az
az egy bizonyos hány éves évi-
szelőt és egy évi és egy évi és
melyik magunkat a földön és
melyik a földön.

Ha meg akarunk menni, akkor
bizonyos hány éves évi és egy évi és
- ha meg akarunk menni - akkor, mint a földön és
melyik a földön.

5 év múlva Barany
Melyik a földön és egy évi és
melyik a földön és egy évi és

de nem egy év, de nem egy év
melyik a földön és egy évi és
melyik a földön és egy évi és
1924 Tancsics, de Hájai és
melyik a földön és egy évi és
melyik a földön és egy évi és

Magyar 1923. Jan. 6.

Magyar 1923. Jan. 6.
Magyar 1923. Jan. 6.
Magyar 1923. Jan. 6.

19. b)



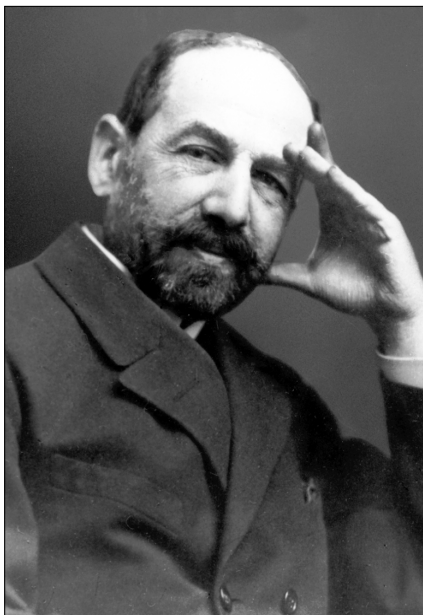
20. Róbert Braun



21. Thinking of home... (With Recha in their Oberlin apartment)



22. Jászi and Károlyi at the Elyria train station



23. Rusztem Vámbéry



24. Imre Csécsy



25. László Fényes



26. Jászi the professor



27. Leaving for home



28. Lajos and Ella Kunffy



29. In exile for good



30. Máli, Jászi's life-support during the last years
of his life